Saturday Review

July 8, 1967 35¢

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED

By Augustine Cardinal Bea

Maze pattern from "Labyrinth," Expo 67 (See Communications)

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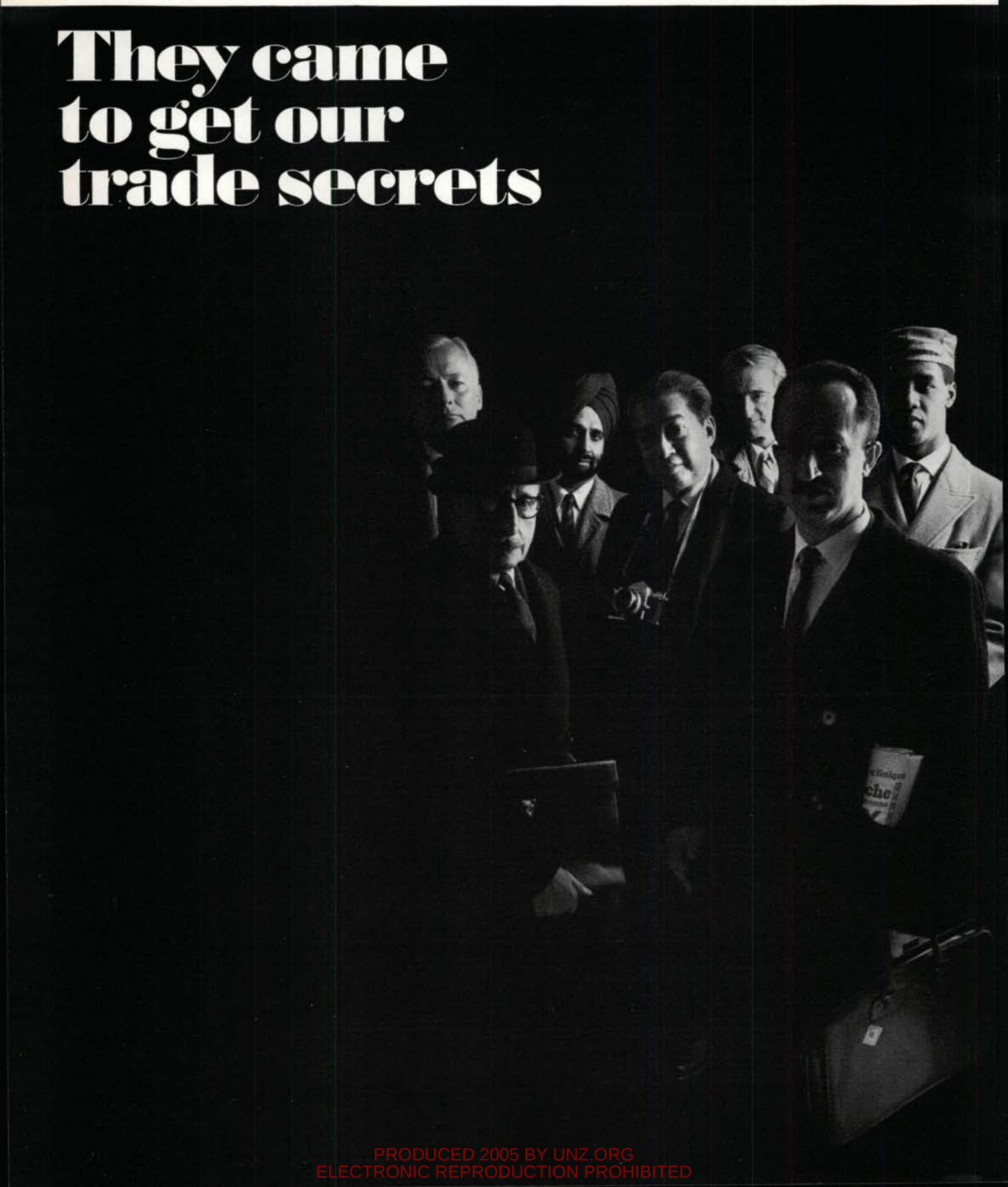

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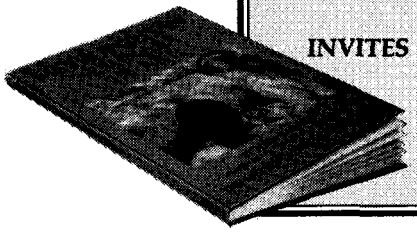
"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?

THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot as far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



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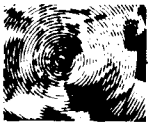

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

Apologia

"I cannot be a Christian," the hippie said to me:
"'Trust no one over thirty,' and Christ was thirty-three."

—Richard L. Greene.

Business Briefs

ON JUNE 5, the Dow Jones Industrials dropped fifteen points on bad news from the Middle East. I rushed to sell my six shares of G. C. Murphy; but the broker couldn't seem to find them, so he filed another inquiry with his main office. (He had already filed one inquiry when I tried to sell my shares May 31, the day the G. C. Murphy Special failed to win the Indianapolis 500.)

Before we could locate my six shares, the market regained its fifteen points on news that the Mideast war seemed headed for a quick conclusion. So the way it turned out, I had been trying to sell while the market was rebounding handsomely. Small investors always do the wrong thing.

To take advantage of big trading opportunities like brush-fire wars, you have to be able to distinguish instantly between good news and bad. Will war news drive up the defense issues? If so, will the trend be strong enough to carry machine tools and basic metals? And how will all this affect six shares of C. C. Murphy?

What we amateur traders were slow to diagnose on June 5 was that the pessimistic developments in the Middle East would lower stock prices because they were a letdown from the optimistic news that must have prevailed the previous week. Of course, the big professional investors sniffed the trend at once because they read the *Wall Street Journal* and keep charts.

What did the pros know that we didn't? What subtle trends had counseled them to be optimistic the week before June 5? I located a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* from the preceding Thursday, June 1. Here are excerpts from the front page.

> Airdrop of tiny, cheap radios . . . trouble in Thailand . . . junked appliances . . . fears of civil war in Nigeria . . . more junked appliances . . . mounting costs . . . Cockfights abound . . . renewed hoarding binge . . . New homes aren't being built fast enough . . . Cockfighting entrepreneurs claim efforts to suppress the sport are bad for the economy . . . Plywood tents catch on in Sweden . . . Thirty airplanes landed on the John F. Kennedy Parkway near Short Hills, New Jersey, over the weekend . . . More cities chart special programs to keep cast-off appliances from clogging streets and alleys . . . Some compare the Big Board to an overgrown farmer's market . . . Treasury's silver stocks will run out . . . Very little is known . . . thrown into prison in Cambodia . . . fear of unfavorable reaction . . . Many lawmakers in Washington are skeptical . . . embarrassing blowup of Project Camelot . . . cities where riots may occur . . . too many downy-cheeked graduate students . . . hotheads and rabble rousers . . . riots and demonstrations . . . Many findings are kept under wraps . . . pools of government-owned loans . . . Communists capitalize on these factors to take over a country or foment a Vietnam-type war . . . two-foot-high trophies . . . decline in sales . . . oversupply of vacant housing . . . tremendous burden on law enforcement officials . . . no immediate Soviet reaction . . . steel production down."

Only a seasoned professional investor could glance at this front page and know that optimism prevails on Wall Street. Of course, I've taken these quotes out of context (that's another failing of small investors: they quote things out of context), whereas the real student of Wall Street moods must consider each factor in its proper perspective, carefully balancing all important indicators.

It's a pessimistic sign, for example, if the broker can't find your stock.

—Alan C. Van Dine.

Speculation

Book Jacket of the Month Club

THERE WAS a time, not so long ago, when almost all paperbacks had pictures on them of young females in various states of deshabille. It made it simple that way for publishers and designers of book covers, and pleasant enough for men readers with a certain sameness of interest. But it made it *extremely* easy for feminine readers, like myself, to resist buying a paperback book.

If I wanted to buy a Doctor Spock or a Rose Culture Handbook or Pocket Atlas, I would try to spot it from across the store, zero in on it quickly, and get away immediately. If, perhaps, I wanted a copy of *Little Women* (Four Young Girls Tell All!) I could either send my husband in to buy it for me or could steel myself and march up to the counter with it firmly in my hand, like the time I bought the "Sexology" magazine from the sidewalk stand on a dare while my fourteen-year-old girlfriends giggled in a group down the sidewalk.

At any rate, things are not so simple as they were in those days, and going into a paperback section is like going into a candy store or a bakery full of tantalizing sights and smells. I walk briskly into the store to buy a birthday card for my sister in Oregon, and I have to go through the wonderland of paperback books. The covers have become the Circes of the literary world, gorgeously decked out in irresistible, esthetic finery which I feel no need to slink up to sidewise. Things have even come full circle—John Gower's tantalizing title of *Confessions of a Lover* lies chastely and decorously under a dark, rich cover featuring a jewel-like stained glass window design with an elegantly stylized figure and the tantalizing title in its original Latin form, *Confessio amantis*.

Fanny Hill conceals her flamboyant self beneath a cover featuring nothing more scandalous than the title. A *Rubaiyat* beckons from a fantastic mosaic of flowers in the shape of a head—orange, pink, blue, black, and white. (Put it down; you already have two different editions!) *Moll Flanders* is decked with a painting in juicy, impressionistic brushwork in vibrant chartreuse and violet. Yum, Yum! I want to snatch it up and frame it.

It is a real act of will to even keep moving through this environment, and just when I feel I am *finally* through it all (with a wrenched stomach over those I've purchased and those I wish I had), *Don Quixote* stops me in midflight with the elegant simplicity of a loose, rough ink sketch over a melting wash drawing of orange and brown, simply and carefully placed in a field of white surrounded by an echo of orange in a single border stripe. I stack him on my armload as fat in book as he is thin in body, and, with a piteous prayer for mercy playing silently on my lips, I try to make my way onward to the greeting cards.

I would be glad to subscribe to a Book Jacket of the Month Club if someone would only start one. I could then have all the pretty jackets I couldn't resist. They would pack flat in drawer or file cabinet, taking up almost no space, and would cost almost as little as paperbacks used to when they were almost all covered with buxom wenches and fell apart the first time you opened them up. And other people who do not already have drifts of unread paperbacks sifting over the floor and filling up every known corner, staring at them accusingly, could fit the jackets over little styrofoam dummies and fill up a bookshelf to give their home that lived-in look which I would gladly have a little less of.

—Kay Haugaard.

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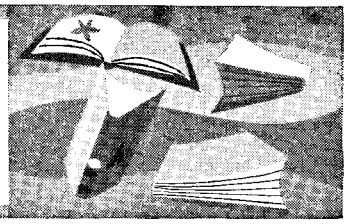
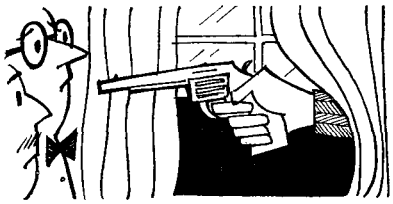
Trade Winds



As I was saying in this space two weeks ago, the annual convention of the American Booksellers Association in Washington brought together a variety of entrepreneurs—as two Yankee publishers, Bob Bell and Bond Wheelright, discovered one evening. They were rest-



ing in their ground-floor motel room facing Rock Creek Park when a man stuck a gun in the window and said, "Give me your wallets."

That would have been a good time for the appearance of Norman Ollestad, a fellow who has been through the FBI training course. He was elsewhere in the hotel, however, plugging his new book *Inside the FBI*, in which he draws a humorous and yet pathetic picture of this one-man agency.

"The system is very efficient for catching petty criminals engaged in minor crimes," ex-agent Ollestad declared, "but they never catch the big criminals. Dillinger and all the crooks that Hoover made his reputation on were small potatoes. That's the winning formula, so why change it."

Ollestad gives Director Hoover credit for throwing out "the scalawags" when he took over the Bureau in 1924. Those scalawags were interested in money. Today, he says, "the scalawags are interested in power and they must be thrown out, too." Maybe what's wrong with the FBI can be traced back to the fact that among the 36,000,000 rejected applicants for special agent were Richard Nixon and Robert Kennedy. They were turned down for different reasons, Ollestad was told: "Kennedy because he was too cocky, Nixon because he wasn't aggressive enough."

Years later, things were slightly different: Kennedy was Attorney General and Hoover's boss. That status in relationship to Hoover was technical, according to Ollestad, but Kennedy took the hierarchy seriously and did something no other Attorney General had ever done. Instead of going to Hoover's office, Kennedy summoned the director to his! The first request was ignored, as was a second. The third time, Kennedy made the call and *ordered* the director to report to his office, which he did.

All the phones in the Department of Justice are tapped by the FBI, says Ollestad. (Careful employees used to go to the building next door to make private calls, but *those* phones are tapped, too.) Ollestad tells how, when Robert Kennedy was Attorney General, before he realized that there was no privacy, he foolishly said in a phone conversation that J. Edgar Hoover was too old to run the FBI. That didn't help the two men get along, nor did the occasion when Kennedy walked into Hoover's office unannounced and found the director fast asleep on his office couch.

Nobody but nobody who listens to Bernice Fitz-Gibbon, or who reads her new book, *Macy's, Gimbels, and Me*, can fail to be impressed by the straightforward, plain approach to advertising and promotion that this lady has. Of course, she is an inexhaustible well of terrific ideas, too, as well as an enemy of highfalutin' copy. She hates pompous institutional ads containing "the deadly words, *rewarding* and *challenge* and *dedicated*." That's why she objects to the Consolidated Edison slogan about "serving the community for power and progress," and the General Electric slogan about "progress."

"How can you picture progress?" she asked. So she has offered GE a better slogan, which the firm hasn't accepted: "If I had to choose between an indoor john and a dishwasher, I'd take the dishwasher."

Miss Fitz-Gibbon advised the booksellers that her interest in words comes from her father, who always told her to write or speak in sentences that would evoke pictures, and to be specific. One day as a child she ran into the house screaming, "I've been stung by a wasp!" Before he put mud on the sting, her father corrected her, explaining that it had been a yellow-jacket. Later, when her brother Wayne was attacked by a sheep, Bernice ran to the house to report carefully, "Wayne is being rolled over the ground by a big black and white woolly ewe." Her father hurried to the scene, looked it over, and was impressed by his daughter's description. But, he pointed out to her, the creature was a ram. Then he rescued Wayne.

Sharps and Flats: Elia Kazan said the success of *The Arrangement* is not due to the sex in it, for there are plenty of nonsellers on the stands "that go much further."

► Public Affairs Press is reissuing Nasser's *Egypt's Liberation*, said to be his *Mein Kampf*, in which he outlines his plans for domination of the Middle East. I haven't read it and I wonder who gets the girl—Abdul Abulbul Amir or Ivan Skavinsky Skavar?

► Christopher Lofting, Hugh's son, told the convention that when the Dr. Dolittle books were at the height of their popularity in the 1920s, Hollywood turned them down as movie possibilities because of the difficulty of training animals such as pigs and mice and giraffes. In the current film, they had 165 creatures on the set at one time and they seemed to enjoy it.

► The last manuscript by Langston Hughes will be the text for *Black Misery*, with Suzanne Heller. It reflects the gentle humor of the late Negro poet and writer as well as anything he did.

"Misery," he wrote, "was when the teacher asked you who was the Father of Our Country and you said Booker T. Washington."

Or, "Misery is when you like watermelon and you are not supposed to."

Or, "Misery is when you go to help an old white lady across the street and she thinks you are trying to snatch her purse."

► A group of conventioners tried to get into the Sans Souci Restaurant in Washington on short notice and were unsuccessful. "Why, I just had to turn away Mr. O'Brien, the Postmaster General," declared the *maître d'hôtel*. "What did he do," asked a humorist, "send in his reservation by mail?"

► A bookseller from Tyler, Texas, on dirty books: "I tell the customer, 'This is a book filled with sex and I don't recommend it for that reason,' and she says, 'Wrap it up. I'll pay cash. I don't want my husband to see it on the statement.'"

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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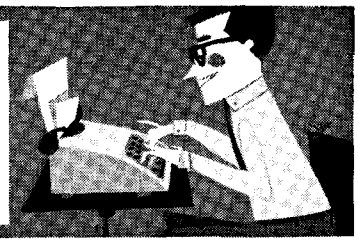
Top of My Head



Take a Letter—Part I

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DEAR SIR:

This is in regard to a boat you have for sale—the *Queen Mary*. Remember? I read in the paper where you are accepting bids for the boat. Also that bids have come from all over the world—even as far away as Japan.

This Japan business got me to thinking. I wouldn't like—and I know you wouldn't like—to have the *Queen Mary* sitting in a river in Japan with a lot of sampans and junks scratching her keel. I remember Queen Mary. She had a majestic keel and I hate to think of anybody scratching it.

I have two reasons for wanting to buy this boat. One is sentimental. I took the *Queen Mary* some years ago on a trip to London. It was love at first sight. As she weathered a three-day storm across the Atlantic, my heart went out to her. Also my meals and my spleen.

The other reason is more personal and immediate. If you have a minute I'd like to tell you about it in the hopes that you will see why my bid deserves consideration. I know you people must be pretty busy trying to peddle this boat and you may find this reason a little involved. But please bear with me while I go back in time about ten years to this first dentist I want to tell you about.

You may well ask what a dentist has to do with the *Queen Mary*. That's a good question. So I'll answer it as candidly as I know how. To wit:

About ten years ago I went to see this dentist who told me my whole mouth needed a rehabilitation job. I was to come to his office three days a week for two months — Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. The price, $3,500. I said it was high but would be worth it.

You may well ask why it was Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday; not Friday. That also is a good question. So I'll answer that, too.

After completing the rehabilitation job he said that not only was this job good for a lifetime, but I could also indulge myself in eating candy to my heart's content. (I had told him I had a sweet tooth for candy.)

Well, what can I tell you? I ate a lot of candy that next year, and my teeth started not only hurting, but crumbling.

In the middle of a Hershey bar—a Friday afternoon in July, I remember—I became a mass of pain from ear to ear. (Or "from stern to port," as you people say.)

I phoned the dentist. His answering service told me he was not in. I asked if I could phone him for an emergency. The service said, "Yes, if you make it shore to ship." And they gave me some marine number to call, which I did.

Over the billowing waves—which didn't set too well with me even by phone—I told him my problem. He said he would see me in his office Monday. This was Friday. Monday at 4 in the afternoon, he said. I asked if he couldn't make it Saturday morning at 5:30. Because I wasn't expecting ever to sleep again.

He explained that he wouldn't dock until Monday afternoon. He further explained he had bought this yacht last summer and was spending a long weekend vacation on water. Or, as you folks say, "the briny deep."

I asked him what had happened to the lifetime job he had guaranteed.

"Who expected you to live this long?" he shouted over the marine phone.

I replied, "I think you were wrong to advise me that I should eat all that candy."

"Not at all," he said. "Eat all the candy you want."

And with a yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Novocain he sailed away on his good ship lollipop. For which I'm sure he paid $3,500.

You may impatiently be asking yourself what all this has to do with my bid to buy the *Queen Mary*. That's a good question. And I will answer it. But not now. Just writing about this dentist has given me such a toothache!

Keep the bidding open till I get back to you. Next week I will write another letter, which I will forward. Or aft.

—GOODMAN ACE.

P.S.

I have made a lot of happy plans for this boat. It will be well taken care of —or swabbed, as you say. I hope my plans are not a case of the best-laid schemes *ganging aft agley*. Or forward.

—G.A.

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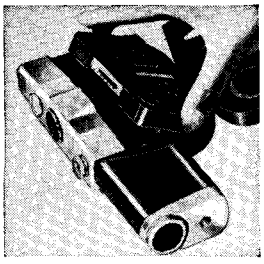

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Saturday Review
July 8, 1967

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—XIV

Paths to Ecumenism

A revered cardinal who was instrumental in organizing the Vatican Councils recalls lessons of patience, courage, and understanding from a long, fruitful journey.

By AUGUSTINE CARDINAL BEA

The author: Through his contributions to the far-reaching reforms enacted and discussed at the Second Vatican Council, Augustine Cardinal Bea, author of the fourteenth in *SR*'s "What I Have Learned" series, has gained world-wide recognition as a dynamic and effective proponent of ecumenism. The Cardinal was born in Riëdbohringen, Germany, in 1881. Ordained a priest in 1912, he has served as Jesuit Provincial for Upper Germany; director of higher studies at Jesuit College in Rome; rector of the Rome Biblical Institute; Confessor to Pope Pius XII; and editor of *Biblica*. He is founder and head of the Secretariat for the Promoting of Christian Unity, first author of the Declaration on Non-Christian Religions, and a highly respected authority on biblical science and canonical interpretation.
He is the author of *Unity in Freedom* and other books.

WHEN my nomination as cardinal was announced in November 1959, one of the first telegrams of congratulation came from Günther Dehn, emeritus professor of evangelical theology at Berlin University. In 1897 he had been my classmate in the high school at Constance (on the lake of the same name); indeed, I may be forgiven for saying that he was my partner at the head of the class. There were various Christian confessions and religious faiths represented in the class. All the same, we got on very well and worked harmoniously together. From that time I began to learn to have not merely a chilly respect but a genuine esteem for those of other confessions, and even to love them sincerely, while remaining loyal to my own faith. That was for me, who came from an entirely Catholic village, my first school of practical ecumenism.

In succeeding decades I continued in the same kind of "school." Besides studies done at schools within the order to which I belong, I had plenty of experience in training in distinctly pluralistic environments, in the universities of Freiburg in Breisgau, Innsbruck, Austria, and Berlin. Everywhere there was a mixture of students and professors of various confessions. I remember with deep veneration several of my teachers in oriental sciences at Berlin University, all non-Catholics, each a real celebrity in his field: Eduard Meyer, the historian of the Ancient East; Hermann Strack, the Hebrew specialist; Jakob Barth, in Semitic languages; Joseph Marquart, in other oriental languages.

Such contacts continued during my teaching life, both at the Jesuit college of Valkenburg [Holland], and at the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome (1924-1959). The latter's great library was known as the best library in Rome for Protestant scientific biblical literature. From the time of Pius X, when the index of prohibited books was still in force and strictly enjoined, this Pope had, very farsightedly, authorized the rector of the Institute to give his students permission to read non-Catholic books to the full extent required for their studies and research.

Soon there was a real exchange of contacts between the Institute and non-Catholic biblical scholars and orientalists. Pius XI personally made a decisive contribution in this direction. In 1935 the illustrious German scholars J. Hempel and P. Volz organized at Göttingen the first International Congress of Old Testament Studies. For the first time in its history the Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome was invited to a gathering of the kind. This was so novel that I felt I ought to put it directly to Pius XI himself. Now, he had been for most of his life a librarian by profession, first at the Ambrosiana in Milan and then at the Vatican, and had considerable experience with scholars of all kinds. Hence he answered, with his habitual assurance and energy: "Why shouldn't you accept? Go by all means, and take with you some well-equipped men who know their subject."

IT was a brave decision for those days, and turned out to be fruitful beyond expectation. In fact, the Institute delegation was so well received at the Congress that its leader, the rector, was invited to preside at the final session. In this way began frequent contacts with the non-Catholic scholars of the world. These were further intensified when the Institute acted as host in Rome to the International Congress of Studies on the Ancient East.

The total effect of these encounters was a steadily increasing collaboration of exegetes of various confessions in both Old and New Testament studies, expressed steadily in a large number of learned international congresses and re-

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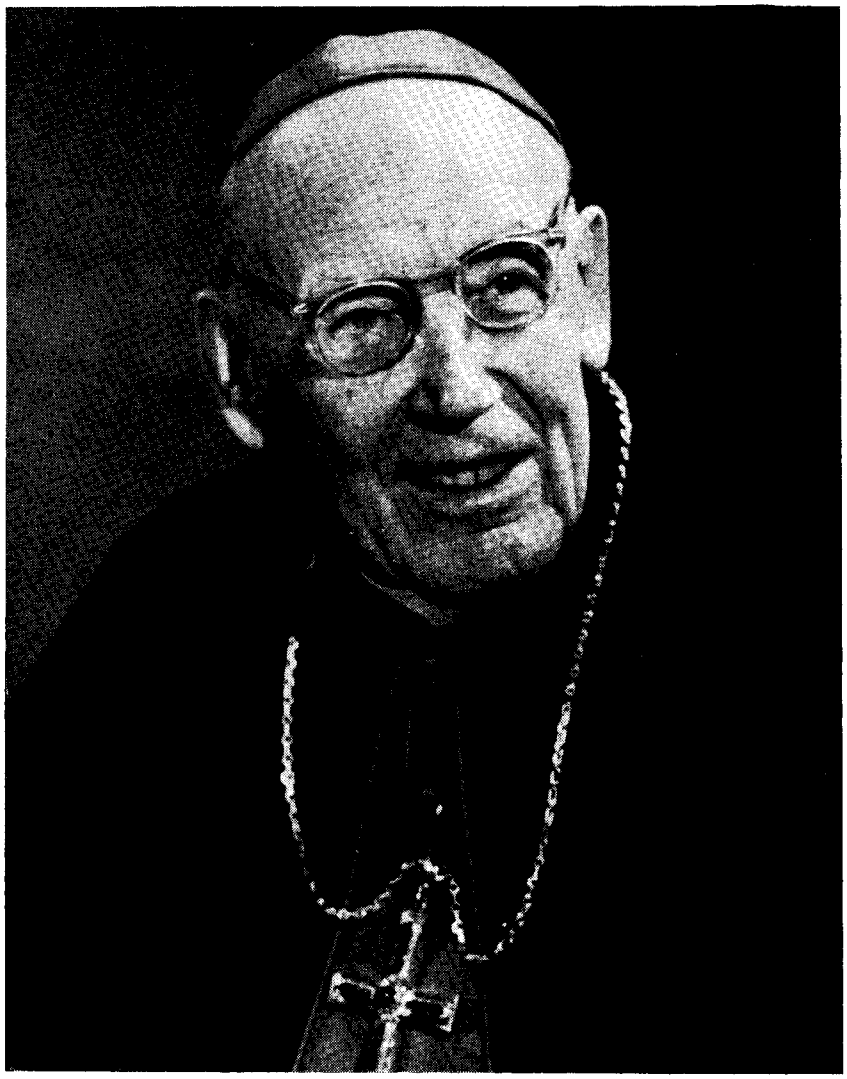

—*Pix.*

Augustine Cardinal Bea—"A desire for continual intellectual renewal is needed."

views dealing with biblical studies, ranging over the whole scriptural field. The latest initiative of this kind is the collaboration between Catholics and the non-Catholic Bible Societies in the translation and distribution of the scriptures. In recent months this has taken still more definite shape and is richer than in mere promise, not only for Christians' getting to know the Bible better and drawing closer together, but also for their fulfilling their common duty and pledge of carrying the torch of the Word of God to all the peoples of the world.

WHAT is the *interior attitude* which inspires a common life and activity of this sort among men belonging to various confessions and religious faiths? It is, obviously, somewhat complex and needs to be analyzed step by step. Clearly, I do not propose to tackle, much less exhaust, so exacting a theme, but only to illustrate some of its aspects in the light of my own experience. This example will illustrate a primary element:

One of my first studies in the field of biblical science was two articles about German studies on the Pentateuch—i.e., the first five books of Holy Scripture. I concerned myself in particular with the theories of the illustrious German non-Catholic scholar Julius Wellhausen. The theme was an extensive one and, although I was only writing for the educated lay reader, it called for two articles. When the first appeared, the higher authorities of the Order in Rome let me know that I should not have eulogized a non-Catholic scholar, as I had done with Wellhausen, especially when he had done so much damage in the field of Sacred Scripture. I answered laconically that they should wait for the second article. In fact, in the first article I had endeavored to explain Wellhausen's ingenious scientific construction, while in the next I showed its undeniable weaknesses and limits.

I did the same thing subsequently in my writings, in particular in the book I published fifteen years later on the same theme of the Pentateuch. This procedure started from the principle that there is not and cannot be an opinion, even if it be an erroneous one, which does not contain a kernel of truth. It was necessary first to grasp and frankly recognize this good element, this kernel of truth, when one found it. Only then, on this objective foundation, could one voice a constructive critical judgment.

THE attitude I have described evidently presupposes a sincere and firm *will always to understand*, according to the motto of that well-known orientalist, Cardinal G. Mercati (1866-1957), prefect of the Vatican Library: *"paratus semper doceri"* (always ready to learn). The desire for a continual intellectual renewal is needed. In this sense I have more than once told my students: "What I teach you, I have learned in my activity as professor." I have told them, too, that I had always learned much from them. They, indeed, with their questions and difficulties, press—even force—the teacher to clarify and give greater precision to his thinking. A principle I always tried to follow in examinations was perhaps part of the same outlook and the same live relationship with my students. Alluding to the kind of examiner who tries

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to "trick" the candidate in order to discover what he has not studied, I used to tell my students, "I am not interested in what a candidate does *not* know but in what he does know."

This effort to understand that we have been talking about naturally calls for much attention and psychological insight regarding differences of mentality, language, ways of expression, etc. I remember in this connection that during my stay in Japan in 1929 an old European who had lived there many years told me: "For a Japanese a syllogism is a cruelty," because with it one man tries to force another to recognize what he is perhaps unwilling to recognize. Now I believe that also in this field of sensitiveness to different mentalities recent progress in biblical studies has made a notable contribution. The kind of interpretation, Catholic or not, of the Bible which tended in one way or another to project the psychological and literary categories of Western biblical scholars on it, doing violence to the sense, has been heavily challenged by the discovery of the riches of the various literatures of the Ancient East, still far from being thoroughly explored today. This was a shock which brought us up against the great differences of outlook, language, and ways of expression between the modern Western mind and those literatures, the Bible not excepted.

It is interesting that from the Catholic side it was Pius XII (a canonist who as a young man had been secretary of the commission for the reform of the Code of Canon Law) who strongly drew the attention of Catholic exegetes to this problem. The fact that he was not only a canonist but also a diplomat of keen psychological insight enabled him to understand a field that was not his own. I can also add, from my personal experience, that from the time he was a young nuncio, Eugene Pacelli was deeply interested in Scripture. I knew him in Munich when, from 1921 to 1924, he was apostolic nuncio and I was superior of the southern province of my Order. Even then he often sought my advice on the interpretation of this or that text of Sacred Scripture. The same thing went on after he had returned to Rome in 1929 and became Secretary of State; in fact, it lasted until his death.

It was not without previous preparation that Pius XII could remind Catholic scholars in his well-known encyclical on the Bible: "What those ancient writers meant by their words is not determined only by the laws of grammar and philology, or argued from the context: the interpreter must also as it were go back in mind to those remote centuries in the East, and with the help of history, archeology, ethnology, and other sciences determine exactly what literary genres the writer of that distant time intended to make use of." A little further on he added: "The exegete cannot decide a priori what they [the literary genres] are, but only after a careful study of the ancient literature of the East."

This spirit of respect for and openness toward the thinking of others is of fundamental importance for team work in any form. A well-known modern statesman is said to have declared that committees always work badly. Men of a similar outlook often refuse teamwork, thinking it leads inevitably to compromises which are signs of weak and servile giving way on principles. For my part I have often, especially during my forty years' work in Rome, had occasion to serve on a variety of committees. Naturally, I don't say that such work is easy or even that it is always agreeable. Obviously, the result will depend on the choice of chairman and his collaborators, and on the harmony or lack of it between them. Nevertheless, even when I have very carefully studied and prepared the agenda, I have always realized afresh that the other members put their finger on things that escaped me, and in this way made their indispensable contribution which it was my business to recognize and accept candidly.

ONE of the chief problems posed by teamwork is *how to deal with divergences of view*. These are not merely inevitable, they are just what makes the work of a committee fruitful, bringing out the various points of view which must be taken into account. The problem lies in the way these divergent opinions are expounded on the one side and received on the other. Here is an example:

A well-known Catholic ecumenist years ago gave a public lecture on the theme "The Council and the Union of Christians." After the lecture a non-Catholic speaker said, "The lecturer has said some rather hard things about us non-Catholics. All the same, he could have said more. Given the way in which he has said them, we are bound to accept them." One who had had a good deal of experience in committee work remarked that personally he always stuck to the principle, "If I have to express a difference of opinion with somebody I try to do it as courteously and amiably as I can. It seems to me that in this way I have managed for the most part to avoid unpleasantness."

Recently, in an address to the Secretariat for the Promoting of Christian Unity, Paul VI remarked very acutely how often difficulties of a psychological order tend to be represented as difficulties of principle. "Old positions hardened by bitter memories, mixed up with questions of prestige and subtle polemics, arouse reactions which tend to be represented as assertions of principle on which it would seem impossible to yield." Anyone who has worked in the difficult ecumenical field—and not only in this field—knows how often this is true, and how necessary it is to have uncommon clear-sightedness to understand and evaluate such situations.

So far, I have spoken of my experiences that bear on the way of traveling together toward a common goal. What are the *prospects* of arriving? In September 1961, while I was staying in Strasbourg, the mayor, M. Pflimlin, surprised me by asking, "Your Eminence, are you an optimist or a pessimist about the prospects for ecumenism?" "Mr. Mayor, I am neither an optimist nor a pessimist, but a realist," I answered promptly—and perhaps the promptness showed how much the answer reflected my deepest conviction and attitude.

If anyone, reading what I have said so far about respect for other opinions, the need for effort to understand, and so on, has thought that I am an optimist at any price, that I wrap myself in illusions that man is "by nature good" and disguise difficulties and obstacles, he is mistaken. In speeches and in my books I have always tried to guard against every illusion that ecumenical work is easy. When we are concerned with understanding and unity on the merely human level, difficulties increase immeasurably and the limits of human possibility are more restricted.

For the rest, I believe that much of my experience has educated me in this realistic view of life. I have been able during my life to feel the profound truth of the passage in the Book of Wisdom IX. 14: "For the reasoning of mortals is worthless, and our designs are likely to fail."

WHEN I was eleven, a doctor gave me only three months to live because of a pulmonary infection. In 1913 another doctor said, on the basis of an X-ray (that technique was then only beginning), that I should never be able to stand the climate of Rome—where I have since lived for forty-three years. And my religious superiors—how many contrasting destinies they planned for me! In 1904 I was consigned to the study of ethnology; in 1910, to Greek and Latin philology at Innsbruck, which I was then to teach at the college of our Order in Feldkirch, Austria.

Shortly afterward, at the end of my theology course, I was intended for a lectureship in theology; but in 1913 the superiors sent me to study oriental languages at Berlin University as a preparation for teaching Holy Scripture. This I actually began to do in 1917. But four years later the higher authorities in Rome sent me to govern the South German province of my Order; and in 1924 I was called to Rome, and here, too, the vari-

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ous tasks and offices and the teaching of various subjects followed one after another.

Why have I referred to these facts? Certainly not to deny the authority which, in my Order as in the Church at large, guided me as I obeyed it. Nor do I intend to criticize my superiors who ruled me in this way. Superiors, of course, are not always free to do what they would like, and are dependent on many changeable circumstances. I have described these ups and downs rather to illustrate how experience has taught me a healthy realism – taught me to see clearly men's limits and the inadequacy of their work.

And there are worse things. Besides limits and powerlessness there are in this world the painful realities of evil and sin, with everything disorderly, unhealthy, and sometimes devilish that is involved. And, as if this were not enough, there are the invisible powers of evil—just as it was written that Christ came "to undo the work of the devil" (I John III, 8). For the same reason the Apostle Paul wrote to the Ephesians: "For we are not contending against flesh and blood [against poor, weak creatures like men] but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this present darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness" (Eph. VI, 12).

These, then, are the reasons on which a sober and authentic Christian realism is based. It is this that makes me profoundly convinced of what the Council solemnly declared at the end of the decree on Ecumenism: "This Holy objective—the reconciliation of all Christians in the unity of the one and only Church of Christ—transcends human powers and gifts" (Decree on Ecumenism, 24). But all this does not imply defeatism and discouragement.

It was no accident that good Pope John, nearly every time I met him, repeated with an affectionate smile this single word: *"Coraggio."* I don't believe that the thought in the Pope's mind was that I lacked courage; rather, he wanted to underline how much courage was needed to face the obstacles which reared up, and are still rearing up, in the path of the Secretariat for the Promoting of Christian Unity—as, for that matter, they reared up in the path of Pope John himself, as I tried to make clear in a chapter of my book *Unity in Freedom*. Which is why I believe the Pope often had to repeat the word to himself.

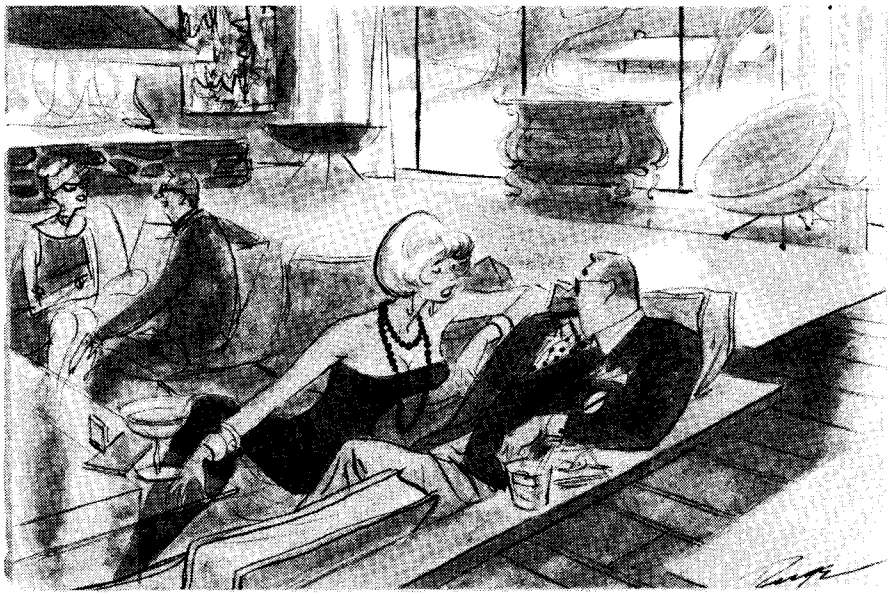
What is the *foundation* of this courage? Here, too, I may be allowed, as when talking earlier about education for healthy realism, to point first and foremost to my own experience, especially that of recent years. Before the end of the Council I already was able to say publicly that what has happened in these last few years in the ecumenical field has surpassed the rosiest expectations we could have had a few years earlier. This judgment is even more valid today after the conclusion of the Council and after the latest developments in the field. The same could be said of the way the Council went, considered as a whole; of the most important documents it gave us; of the moral unanimity with which all, even the most difficult of them, were approved, and that in secret ballots.

But all these well-known facts are not more than episodes—indeed, relatively small episodes—in the immense work of God which is the redemption of humanity through His Son. The Christian faith witnesses to this, and gives us security. Full of wonder at this work, St. Paul was able to write: "If God is for us, who is against us? He who did not spare his own Son but gave Him up for us all, will He not give us all things with Him?" (Rom. VIII, 31-2).

IT is in this light that we should view the prospects of our journey together toward the great goal which is *the full unity of the human family*. If I may be permitted yet once more to refer to my own life, it seems to me that the slightly tortuous path into which obedience has directed my life, as I have hinted above, is an image of the path of mankind through history. Certainly the path of humanity, seen merely through human eyes, is as tortuous as could be, full of failures and grave misadventures. It is none the less certain that it is guided, in a manner secret and unseen yet real and effective, toward the realization of God's plan with and for mankind. I believe that today I can be sure—so far as it is possible for man here below to be sure—that all those shuntings to and fro made up a preparation for the tasks which Divine Providence has gradually entrusted to me. Equally, I don't doubt that one day we shall be clear how the painful and wearisome groping of mankind through history was intended to educate man for his eternal destiny and guide him toward it—and has, in fact, done so.

Certainly, in marching toward the great goal set for humanity, we ought to engage ourselves very seriously, we ought to dwell on making plans, we ought to employ all our resources of mind and heart and collaborate assiduously with others, and, indeed, with the whole of creation ranged at man's disposal. But it is not said that all this will work out as we intend; it is not said that we shall be spared hard blows and even failures. Yet all this should not frighten us. "If God is with us, who is against us?" Who will succeed in overcoming us?

If Pope John solemnly declared his disagreement with the "prophets of doom" he did not thereby deny that mankind's path is strewn with evils and misfortunes—he himself repeatedly and clearly denounced many of them—but he spoke thus to invite confidence in the safe guidance of Divine Providence. In the famous discourse—defined as prophetic by his successor—with which he opened the Council, he said, "At this moment of history, Providence is leading us towards a new order of human relations which, by the work of men and for the most part beyond their expectations, are developing towards the fulfillment of higher and unforeseen designs." It is in this light that we can safely and confidently march together toward the great goal of the unity of the human family.



"Did it ever occur to you, Roy, that two-thirds of Westport is acting like the typical New Yorkers we used to see back in the Midwest in old Fred Astaire and Robert Montgomery movies?"

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WHY NOT COMPULSORY HOSPITAL INSURANCE?

By ROUL TUNLEY

WE ALL HAVE our own stories about the high cost of illness. Mine concerns an aged relative who recently—at the end of a life devoted largely to helping others—found himself in a New York hospital. He was dying of cancer, but he didn't know it. The dying was hard enough; the pressure of bills made it worse.

He was not a pauper, but, like most of us, he didn't have the kind of cash a serious illness requires today. He had a few modest assets, but these were not immediately convertible, and his equally aged wife needed them. The Medicare benefits soon ran out, and so did the cash. Yet he was not technically a pauper and therefore not eligible for welfare aid. He was in a private room; in his condition a ward was hard on him, as well as on others.

One day when I drove in to visit him I found an unpaid hospital bill clutched in his hand and an anguished look on his face. He was too weak to speak aloud and he motioned me close. "Can you move me back into the ward?" he whispered. "I can't continue this financial obligation any longer."

He was not moved back. We all tightened our belts a little more and, behind his back, accepted the contributions of friends. But a few days later, I got a call from the head nurse. He had tried to get out of bed in the night, had fallen, and injured his head. A special night nurse was needed, she said. Otherwise they would have to strap him down for the night—an indignity that would make him suffer in his restless state.

I ordered the special nurse. The only trouble was that such nurses had to come from outside; their fees could not be put on the hospital bill. They had to be paid separately and immediately. I made a 75-mile trip into New York that evening to pay this nurse her $40 fee for the first night. And I knew this new commitment would add another $280 weekly to the skyrocketing bills. The worry showed in his face when he talked about it. Fortunately, death came a few days later. It was not an easy death, and it was not made easier by all the agonizing he did over the bills.

The ironic thing is that the United States—the richest nation on earth—is the only industrialized country in which people are put through such a shoddy tragedy. All others have some sort of universal medical care under which basic medicine is given as a *right*, not a *privilege*.

Financial ruin from medical bills is almost exclusively an American disease. Elsewhere medicine is mostly taken care of by insurance which pays *all* the bills for as long as one is sick. One does not have to be ground down to the level of a pauper before getting help. Moreover, this system is no untried, blue-sky scheme. In Germany, for example, it's been operating successfully for 100 years, with minimum involvement of government. In Britain, insurance has been eschewed in favor of paying the bills out of taxes. But most people there now feel that it would have been better to move in the direction of insurance.

Whatever the system, none of them expects a citizen to pay medical bills he cannot afford. Although private medicine still flourishes in these countries and doctors do well, essential medicine is provided for all, not just welfare patients. And for those who want extras, they can either pay out of their own pockets or take out additional insurance.

The soaring costs of modern medicine brought about compulsory or universal systems when it became obvious that voluntary insurance wasn't adequate. As in the United States, too many people stayed outside the umbrella, either because they couldn't afford it or they preferred to take a chance and spend their money elsewhere. Our voluntary system, for example, enrolls about 75 per cent of the population but it pays less than 30 per cent of the bills. Other nations have found that only when *all* people are covered can costs be spread sufficiently to make the system work. Winston Churchill called it "the application of averages for the relief of millions."

Each year one out of seven Americans is hospitalized. The most expensive care in the medical spectrum, the daily average just for room and board is close to $60 today. For years the annual rise had been about 8 per cent, with Blue Cross premiums going up accordingly. Then last year costs zoomed a phenomenal 16.5 per cent—five times the general cost of living increase. Moreover, the end is nowhere in sight. Dr. John Knowles, head of the prestigious Massachusetts General Hospital, has said that $100-a-day rooms would soon be the rule.

If hospitals were anything but what they are, they would long ago have priced themselves out of the market. But when that happens in such vital institutions, the public steps in—by way of government.

Last year, of course, the government stepped in and passed Medicare, a compulsory hospital insurance for all those over sixty-five. It's still hemmed in with a thicket of deductibles, time limits, and other obstacles, as we have seen, but it's a giant step. And one of its results has been to raise an even bigger question. What about those *under* sixty-five, especially children, whose health is vital to national survival?

It was hoped that this question would be answered by Medicare, too. For in that act was included a section called Title XIX under which states could call on the federal government for help in providing medical care for welfare patients and *all others* whose income was insufficient to pay for it.

UNFORTUNATELY, Title XIX—or Medicaid, as it came to be called—has not answered the question. It is out-and-out welfare medicine (one has to pass a means test to get it), and it has not worked. To begin with, almost half the states (twenty) have not acted on it at all. Others have acted only half-heartedly. Only three states (New York, California, and Massachusetts) have really embraced the idea, and they are in trouble. Money is the principal reason. The law often requires counties to match the financial formula laid down by federal and state governments, and most counties do not have the financial capability of contributing their share. Doctors, too, have been slow to cooperate in many places. In New York, less than half have enrolled in the program, and in some communities patients insist that doctors are reluctant to take a Medicaid patient.

"There is a good chance that Title XIX will go the way of Kerr-Mills—down the road to oblivion," says Harry Becker, executive secretary of the New

Roul Tunley, a contributor to many magazines, is author of *American Health Scandal* and *Kids, Crime, and Chaos*.

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York Academy's committee on special studies. "It has raised public expectations which can be fulfilled only by the type of national commitment we have made to people sixty-five and over."

What, then, *will* work? At a recent Midwest health conference at which the problem of hospital costs was being discussed, someone said: "The funny thing is that all these questions have been answered years ago in Canada." A look at the record bears this out. In Canada virtually no one has paid a hospital bill in seven years. Yet its hospitals are solvent, offer a high order of medicine generally, and are turning out nurses, interns, and residents at a faster clip than we are.

Canada, where daily hospital costs are almost as high as ours, has done this by the simple expedient of seeing that *all* persons are insured, even those on welfare. Premiums for welfare recipients are generally paid for by welfare boards so that all hospital patients pay the full amount. There are no charity hospital cases in Canada.

This system had its beginning twenty years ago in the prairie province of Saskatchewan, where universal hospital insurance (they prefer the euphemism *universal* to *compulsory*) was first introduced. Within the next several years, British Columbia and Alberta followed suit, despite the fact that all these provinces were run by different governments —one Socialist, one Conservative, one Liberal. Provincial rights are strong in Canada, and it was a long time before the others acted. Ten years ago, however, the plan was obviously working so well that it was proposed for the nation as a whole. The proposal was to have the central government share the costs 50-50 with any province that put in a universal insurance system.

As might be expected, this plan caused a storm, especially in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, where two-thirds of all Canadians live. Soon everybody was arguing about it—politicians, newspapers, labor unions, hospital people, the insurance industry. The usual slogans were heard: the road to socialism, a welfare state, election bribery, etc. But the bill was passed, and by 1961 it was operating all across Canada. Today universal, or compulsory, hospital insurance is an accepted way of life endorsed by all political parties.

The mechanism is more or less as planned. The national government pays half the costs, and the provinces are free to raise their share any way they like. Some do it with premiums, others by taxes and other fund-raising devices. Ontario's experience has been typical. Recently I looked at its system, which has been operating almost a decade and encompasses more than a third (7,000-000) of the Canadian population.

In Ontario the system is called "voluntary" because only workers are required to be insured. The advantages of insurance, however, are so compelling that 99 per cent of the population is enrolled. A single person, for example, pays only $3.25 a month, a family $6.50. All or part of this may be paid by the employer, and frequently is. In return for his premium, an enrollee gets all essential hospital care for as long as he needs it—room and board, X-rays, tests, nursing, drugs, anesthesia, use of the operating room, even a private room if it's medically necessary. Only the doctor's bill is not included. If a person wants anything beyond the essential—a private room, telephone, or television set —he must pay from $4 to $12 a day extra. Most people who want these amenities take out special insurance to cover them, either through Blue Cross or private companies. The important thing, however, is that everybody has the essentials. Decisions are made for purely medical, not financial reasons.

I TALKED with a number of patients in hospitals. To them it was an established pattern. One patient was thirty-five years old, the wife of a lithographer and the mother of a small boy. Because of back trouble, she had been hospitalized several times during the last two years. She then was recovering from a successful disc operation and had been in a Toronto hospital three months. Due to be discharged the next day, she had a bill of approximately $5,000. It was, however, marked PAID IN FULL, even though she and her husband had not had to put up a penny beyond their insurance premiums. "I don't know what we would have done if we'd had to pay that bill," she said. "We'd have been cleaned out entirely."

I received a similar reaction from a man, a forty-seven-year-old orthopedic patient who had had several long hospital stays as a result of an auto accident a few years earlier. Recently he had had a hip fusion operation from which he was recovering. But the convalescence, with the attendant physical therapy and rehabilitation, was slow and expensive. "Without the insurance system, I guess I'd have taken down my hunting gun and shot myself," he said.

When universal insurance went into effect in Ontario, the ownership of hospitals was not touched at all, whether the institution was private, religious, voluntary, or civic. The same trustees continue to run them much as before. The only difference is that they do not have to cope with deficits any longer. Instead, they have to submit budgets to the Ontario Hospital Services Commission (the designated provincial agency) and have them approved. They cannot, of course, just decide to put up a new building, borrow the money, and put the amortization costs on the budget. Such a course has to be sanctioned by the Commission. On the other hand, no reasonable request—for salaries, equipment, and other expenses—is refused.

"The Commission reviews the budget but doesn't tend to go down into the nuts and bolts or tell you you can't add a nurse to your staff," said Dr. Douglas Wallace, director of Toronto General, a voluntary teaching hospital which is the second largest in Canada. As an example, he explained that the Commission had recently approved the addition of a $200,000 "steel room," a radiation-free, diagnostic device where tracer doses of drugs in the body could be studied during highly sophisticated tests of blood conditions.

"We may not be masters of our fiscal destiny any longer," admitted Dr. Wallace, "but this can have its compensations. We used to worry a lot about passing the hat and making up the deficits. Of course we are still masters of our medical destiny. When the system

"I've found my niche in life—third stool from the end!"

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was first introduced, a lot of people thought we were going to have state medicine. But you don't hear that any longer. People have learned that the Commission doesn't really want to control doctors and hospitals. It only wants to pay the bills."

Hospitals are allowed, even encouraged, to raise funds privately for special projects, and they may use their own endowments as they see fit. For example, one of Canada's greatest medical institutions, Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, has an endowment of $17,000,000, largely the result of its royalties on Pablum, which it invented. Today this pays the salaries of 200 doctors and scientists who do advanced research on children's diseases. The hospital, which has made important contributions in nutrition and once had on its staff Dr. Frederick Banting, the discoverer of insulin, draws patients from all over the world, including the United States. "In 1958 we were frankly fearful we might lose our autonomy," said Frank Hunnisett, the assistant director, "but that fear never materialized. We're better off, in my opinion."

One of the criticisms of the Canadian system which one hears occasionally in the United States is that there are no built-in controls of medical excellence and that all the emphasis is on payment rather than on quality. To a certain extent this is true. Unqualified doctors often have the run of hospitals and are free to perform any treatment they consider necessary, except, of course, in the large teaching institutions. With hospital bills guaranteed and with few doctors on salary there is no effective check on unnecessary surgery.

Despite this hazard, however—which, to be honest, is equally present in the United States – total insurance has brought its own built-in controls. As Stanley Martin, chairman of the Ontario Hospital Services Commission, pointed out, the small provincial hospital was often doing a poor job a decade ago because it was underfinanced. The staff was inadequate, equipment was lacking, and facilities were bad. Now, with sufficient budgets, they do a far better job. Further, waste and inefficiency have been curtailed with the kind of cost control the Commission is in a position to do. If, for example, one hospital spends 90 cents a day per patient on raw foods while another spends $1.25, the Commission asks why. "Many hospitals are wasteful," said Chairman Martin. "We found some strange practices."

More important, being able to meet the bills has also helped patient care. "I think we're practicing better medicine today," said Dr. William Storrar, executive director of Montreal General Hospital. "When you can work up a patient properly and don't have to forgo a test because it may not be absolutely necessary and the patient can't afford it, you're bound to get better results. Furthermore, just making it possible for everybody to go to a hospital without having to worry about the bill makes for better health in the community. People don't put off an operation for financial reasons. They know they can afford it."

Dr. Gilbert Turner agreed with him. Dr. Turner, a former trustee of the American Hospital Association and currently head of Montreal's historic Royal Victoria Hospital, an institution which has pioneered in kidney transplants and attracts many American patients from the New England states, declared: "The principal of universal, prepaid hospital insurance is good for both the public and the doctors. Even the Canadian Medical Association has endorsed it. There's no question of turning back."

Generally speaking, the Canadians are moving ahead boldly in medical care—without much regard as to whether critics label it socialized medicine or something else. Actually, what they have is not so much socialized medicine as the socialized *payment* of medicine.

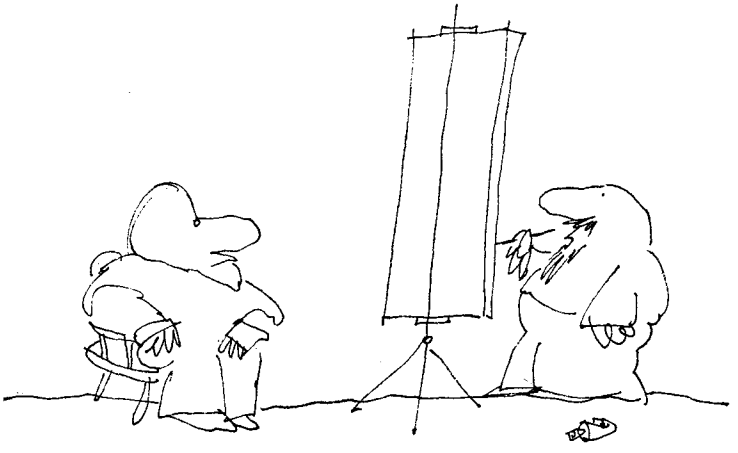
Says Supreme Court Justice Emmet Hall, who headed the commission whose famous report has had much to do with moving Canadian medicine into its present orbit: "This measure of government participation in the financing of health services is not socialism. We are convinced that Canadians are opposed to the concept of state medicine. But we have urged Canada not to get involved in a battle of semantics. . . . We have steered clear of the views of those on the extreme right or the extreme left."

WITH universal hospital insurance working well for so long in a neighboring country that has the highest standard of living in the world outside the United States, why haven't we adopted it? The answer may well be ignorance. Few people to whom I talked here, including doctors, seemed aware of the Canadian system and its operation. Of those who are, however, most feel that sooner or later we shall have a similar system. "Very likely we'll end up with something like Canada's," prophesized Dr. Leonard Rosenfeld, director of medical services for Southern New York's Hospital Review and Planning Council.

At the moment, of course, opposition to compulsory insurance by labor unions, employers, and organized medicine seems to be driving us more and more in the direction of state, or socialized, medicine. In New York, for example, the state legislature, in implementing Title XIX, has decided that all families whose after-tax income is under $6,000 are eligible for Medicaid. In effect, this puts about 40 per cent of the entire population on free, welfare medicine. Certainly these people can afford to pay something toward medical care, especially when it's an insurance premium. Yet last year, when a bill was introduced in the state legislature to make hospital insurance compulsory for all workers in companies employing fifteen or more persons, the proposal was killed by the opposition of unions and employers.

Those who oppose insurance because they don't like the sound of the word "compulsory" must realize that what they are really doing is driving us further and further in the direction of welfare medicine. Title XIX can be the backdoor to socialized medicine. This, of course, is better than no medicine at all, but is it necessary? It would seem to be more to our interest to do what most other countries have done, i.e., ask everybody to pay something in the form of insurance so that costs will be spread over the greatest possible number of citizens. In this way charity medicine can be avoided because those unable to pay will have their premiums paid by welfare boards; hospitals will have no free patients and no deficits.

In the last analysis, what is so un-American about insurance? After all, most states long ago decreed that cars must be insured. Why not people? Surely they are as important as automobiles.



"Steady now, Mr. Hartzfeld, while I grope for the inner man."

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The Air Race into the Future

PARIS.

THE WORLD'S business goes forward constantly on so many levels, in times of war and crisis as well as peace, that it is extremely difficult to keep in perspective many of the forces shaping the age in which we live.

One of these forces was dramatically on stage here recently at the 27th International Air and Space Show, the largest in the history of these biennial Paris spectaculars. More than 450 exhibitors, from the United States, Russia, Britain, France, and twelve other countries, displayed their most important aviation and aerospace products.

There were well over 200 planes, helicopters, space vehicles, rockets, and guided weapons, and a seemingly endless variety of ground and guidance equipment on view as governments and industries vied for prestige, leadership, and sales in the modern arena of the air.

This biggest of the world's air shows was also a communications medium through which hundreds of thousands of spectators and thousands of engineers, technicians, and other specialists of the space age received first-hand news of current developments and valuable clues to the future. These clues included the revolutionary movable-wing supersonic FA-111 fighter plane of General Dynamics, the advanced V/STOL (short take-off or landing) transport planes of France and Germany, and a bewildering variety of versatile helicopters of many nationalities—including one with the unique capability of flying upside down. The Soviet Union featured its mammoth turboprop cargo plane, the AN-22, probably the largest in the world; its rocket-launcher Vostok, the powerful machine that hurled the first man into space, Yuri Gagarin; and the newest of its modern intercontinental jet liners, the four-engined, 168-passenger Ilyushin 62, with which Aeroflot will inaugurate the projected Moscow-to-New York air service this fall with Pan American.

The message was clear. The United States, which mounted a massive national effort to recover from the propaganda coup of the giant Soviet planes and space vehicles that "stole" the show here two years ago, is still the leader in world aviation; but while our nation can take pride in the continued achievements of its air and space industry, it cannot afford to be complacent. Technical sophistication, engineering innovation, and creative design concepts are no longer the exclusive or preemptive resources of the United States.

The stakes are not only national power, prestige, and leadership but $100 billion in sales of aircraft, ground facilities, and support equipment, of which an estimated $50 billion during the next twenty years will be for the new generation of supersonic transports.

For the first time the Soviet Union was pressing hard at the air show, and around the world, to sell its jet and turboprop airliners to air carriers outside the Soviet spheres of influence. The Soviet airframe and transport industry, like so many other branches of Soviet enterprise, has become keenly interested in export sales, in the earning of foreign exchange, and in the influence that goes with the sale of planes.

The Soviet representatives were offering generous long-term credits, very low interest rates—in one key case as low as 2 or even 1.5 per cent—and attractive terms for spare parts, special installation, maintenance, and training services; in short, a fully competitive package deal, without apparent political strings, in which the sale was the thing.

Donald W. Douglas, Jr., of the McDonnell-Douglas Aircraft Company, commented here that the U.S. Government and our airframe industry would have to recognize that Soviet competition is now a whole new factor in the international aviation picture, and prevailing U.S. conditions of credit, financing, service, and delivery will have to be reviewed.

The U.S. position now is dominant. It is the scale and intensity of the challenge from other nations which is new. Of the 3,042 jet aircraft either in service or on order for the world's airlines today, 82.6 per cent—2,514—are U.S.-built. The next largest group, 271, is British, and France follows with 225 Caravelles. In reservations placed for supersonic transports, sixteen airlines have ordered seventy-four Anglo-French Concordes, and twenty-five airlines have ordered 112 Boeing SSTs, the 2707s. The vast U.S. craft, of which only a 10-foot display model was on view here in Paris, will not enter service until 1974, three years after the Concorde, but it will carry 300 passengers at 1,780 miles an hour.

The Soviet SST, the TU-144, with characteristics of size and speed comparable to those of the Concorde, was reported scheduled to make its first flight this coming November, and may therefore finally prove to be the first commercial SST to enter service, an event which might greatly strengthen the current Soviet bid to establish a sales foothold with free world airlines. There was a full-scale mockup of the Concorde, which will carry 130 passengers at 1,450 miles an hour. The Boeing and Soviet SSTs were only small scale models.

Another highlight, which underscored U.S. leadership for all the world to see and emphasized our will and ability to defend that leadership, was the arrival—on the 40th anniversary of Charles Lindbergh's historic flight—of the largest commercial jet airliner now in service, the sleek new stretched Douglas DC-8-61 that carries 251 passengers and dwarfs its contemporaries.

As its contribution to maintaining U.S. prestige among the leaders of world aviation assembled here, Eastern Air Lines had volunteered to fly the airliner to Le Bourget with a delegation of Congressional leaders and other officials to enable them to see the nature of the challenge confronting U.S. aviation.

During the four days the DC-8-61 was on display it was boarded by more than 24,000 visitors who stood in endless lines. It proved as popular with the public as the mockup of the Concorde SST that was parked nearby.

It was also visited and fully inspected by the top figures of Soviet aviation—designers, engineers, pilots, technicians, and airlines executives—as well as by their British, French, German, Swiss, Italian, Swedish, Belgian, and other counterparts. The embodiment of U.S. engineering and design at its best, the DC-8-61 rendered an important national service at a time of mounting challenge.

The great air race into the future was clearly on.

The geo-economics of time, distance, speed, and cost are changing man's relationship with the globe at a fantastic rate. The world is both shrinking and expanding at once. It is shrinking in size with the speed of the modern geography-changing airliner that will soon bring Tokyo within five hours of New York, but it is also expanding in accessibility to the average citizen.

Technology is an irresistible force in human affairs, and on view here was the dawn of mobilism, when man's accelerating mobility begins to shape his world and the way in which he manages his world. When Eastern flew its giant DC-8-61 into Paris it was alerting our nation to a renewed vision of the role it must play in the awesome future toward which world aviation is racing.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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Saturday Review

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China and the Hydrogen Bomb

RECENT headlines told of the explosion by Communist China of a hydrogen bomb with destructive power in the order of several million tons of TNT. Related news stories said Washington officials were "surprised"; they hadn't expected so important an advance in Chinese nuclear capacity so soon. Such miscalculations carry the highest price tag. This is no casual international guessing game. The life of the nation and, in a very real sense, the safety of the world itself, are affected by major developments in the field of nuclear weapons.

China now has, or shortly will have, the power to destroy a large part or all of the United States. The fact that the United States possesses similar or greater power may or may not be a deterrent depending on whether the Communist Chinese leaders believe nuclear war is inevitable. Also, there are some indications that Chinese leaders may seek to score points against the Soviet leaders by making nuclear weapons available to countries which so far have been able to receive only conventional arms from the Soviet Union. If China does in fact give nuclear weapons to Gamal Abdel Nasser or Fidel Castro, the combustibles for world nuclear war may soar beyond control.

It is possible that the United States could have done nothing to change the development of Chinese nuclear capacity. But that is not the main point. The main point is that the United States did not even try to engage China in serious efforts to head off a world nuclear arms race.

How is it possible for men in high government station to make mistakes of this magnitude? It isn't that they have been lacking in expert advice. Virtually all the leading atomic scientists warned the U.S. Government that once China, or any major industrial nation, decided to make a major commitment to a nuclear capacity, it could move very swiftly in achieving that goal. Yet U.S. Government officials persisted in confident statements to the contrary. Why? Is it possible that public acknowledgment of rapid nuclear progress by Communist China would have had a wide range of implications for U.S. foreign policy in general—implications which could have been unsettling in many ways? First of all, there would have been the need to deal with China in applying brakes to the world nuclear arms race. But dealing with China on such important matters would have required a far wider discourse—and this was considered politically hazardous.

Next, entering into agreements to slow down the world arms race would have strengthened the school of planners which believes that the security of the United States depends more on the control of force than on the acquisition of force. And control would have meant giving up weapons. This, plainly, was something the officials were not prepared to do.

The error on Communist China was not the first of its kind. Years earlier, virtually the same sequence of events was acted out. Following the explosion of the first atomic bomb over Hiroshima, government officials assured the public that it it would be many years before America's atomic monopoly would be broken. The head of the Manhattan District project went before a Senate committee to assure the Congress it would be twenty years before the Soviet Union could make a nuclear weapon. The atomic scientists did everything they could to correct what they considered to be colossal nuclear illiteracy. They asked the government and the people to recognize that, despite all difficulties, the Soviet Union could produce nuclear weapons in three years. They begged the American people to think through the dangers of a nuclear arms race.

Few decisions in American history threatened graver consequences than the decision to drop an atomic explosive on Japan. Scientists and serious thinkers who knew about the existence of the weapon implored the President to recognize that any short-term gains involved in the use of the weapon would be far outweighed by the long-term dangers to the United States and the world of an unlimited atomic arms race. The chances of choking off such a race at the start would be substantially improved, they argued, if the United States would press for world control against the background of its own restraint. But one of the major arguments for the use of the bomb was that the political party in power would be exposed to devastating criticism if it later became known it did not use all the power at its disposal for shortening the war by as much as a single day.

In a curious sense, theologians and philosophers are much better equipped than politicians and military men for attending to the delicate problems of a nation's security in a nuclear age. For they understand the power that flows out of renunciation, when renunciation is needed. They comprehend the working of restraint. They know how things can be gained when things are relinquished. They know, most of all, that the best way of safeguarding the national interest in a nuclear age is by serving the human interest.

To the extent that democracy has a tragic flaw, it is represented by the pressure on men in politics to take the easy way out, allowing the immediates to crowd out the ultimates and putting the requirements of the next election ahead of the rights of the next generation. Now and then, of course, there is a magic reversal: We get a President who has a concept of his office as a magnificent opportunity for educating and enlightening the American people. Such a man can sustain short-term defeats because he has a long-term perspective. The problem of American society is how to make this conception of the Presidency the rule rather than the exception. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Doris Nash Wortman

REGARDING the obituary-tribute, "Doris Nash Wortman, 1890-1967" [*SR*, June 24], thanks for telling us—though it did seem like learning, through the medium of the press, of the death of a member of one's immediate family.

RALPH V. CAMPBELL.

Doraville, Ga.

I WOULD LIKE to express my deepest sympathy over the death of Doris Nash Wortman. She, without a doubt, made life a great deal more pleasant by giving us her intelligent D-C puzzles.

PRISCILLA HADLEY.

Chicago, Ill.

PLEASE ADD ONE MORE name to the long list of subscribers and readers to whom the death of Doris Nash Wortman comes as a distinct shock and caused a deep sense of loss. And thank you for publishing the charming picture of this charming lady, whom one feels privileged to have known if only through her delightful puzzles.

DONALD RICHMOND.

Brockton, Mass.

DORIS NASH WORTMAN, like Mrs. Kingsley, her predecessor as author of the Double-Crostics, gave vast pleasure to thousands and thousands of us. We shall miss her, although I am sure the Double-Crostics will continue.

J. S. CARBERRY.

Providence, R.I.

Books for the Underprivileged

HENRY BRANDON'S comments in his column, "Mrs. McNamara's Crusade" [STATE OF AFFAIRS, June 17], on the giving of two books each to Negro children in one of Washington's neighborhoods bring to mind public libraries where books are free for the borrowing. If there is no branch library in this neighborhood, why not? Perhaps some of the money spent on the Reading-Is-Fundamental project might establish one, which would be a permanent contribution.

HARRIET G. LONG.

Oberlin, O.

Rights and War

N. C.'s EDITORIAL "Patriotism and Vietnam" [*SR*, May 13] was timely. In Japan before World War II, I knew a number of people who opposed the war and criticized the government policies. They were branded as unpatriotic, sent to jail, placed under constant watch, or forced to be quiet. After the war they were found to be the real patriots.

FRANK H. SOYEJIMA.

Los Angeles, Calif.

From Libido to Love

IS THERE NO ONE in America big enough, like Gandhi of India, to start a movement for restoring romance in life—to reverse the baneful substitution of libido for love that has disfigured all the printed matter issuing out of the United States, and which has also largely disfigured life itself in that country? If not, the United States will have destroyed the culture and beauty of life even before any accident causes the stockpiles of H-bombs to destroy the country.

Love, as the poets and novelists of a previous age saw it, must be brought back in order that the divorces and other growing uglinesses may be rapidly decreased and the youth of the United States may see life in all its inherent beauty instead of losing themselves in crime and senseless disorders. Probably literature must give the start to this revolution of turning back from libido to love. Writers must take up the responsibility.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

Madras, India.

"Charles is of the firm conviction that there are no circumstances beyond his control."

Mill and Women's Rights

I READ WITH INTEREST and approval William Henry Chamberlin's article "John Stuart Mill: Independent Radical" [*SR*, May 20]. I believe, however, that Mr. Chamberlin errs in omitting mention of Mill's brilliant essay entitled "The Subjection of Women." It is a beautifully reasoned and happily reasonable discourse on the proper use of human beings.

JANICE L. GORN,
Associate Professor of Education,
New York University.

New York, N.Y.

Why Do Birds Sing?

AS A STUDENT of animal behavior, I am aware that some bird songs apparently are employed by birds to denote boundary limits of their territories. But those who read Alan C. Van Dine's poem, "Ode to a Misunderstood Nightingale" [PHOENIX NEST, May 20], might be left with the impression that the beautiful songs of birds function solely as a warning to intruders.

Numerous observations indicate that a bird may sing or behave for pure and simple exuberance; for example: the aerial acrobatics of the Scissor-Tail Flycatcher and the songs of numerous songbirds such as the Wood Pewee and the Yellow-Breasted Chat.

Mr. Van Dine, all is not lost! The birds of Keats, Tennyson, Shakespeare, and Browning may have been singing for the pure joy of life, after all.

JOHN I. MOSHER,
Utah State University.

Logan, Utah.

Another Travel 20th

THE "Twenty Years of Travel" issue [*SR*, Apr. 22] was a delightful recap of these two past decades. It was especially meaningful for Inter-Continental Hotels, which marked its 20th anniversary last year. Inter-Continental had no hotels when Horace Sutton flew to France in 1947. By this August it will have thirty-eight on six continents.

MAX HAMPTON.

New York, N.Y.

Tourists Are Tourists

AS AN AIRLINE HOSTESS with ample opportunity to observe tourists of all nationalities, I long ago concluded, as Horace Sutton did in "Four for the Road" [*SR*, May 20], "that tourists are tourists no matter where they come from." It is, indeed, in group travel that the worst in the traveler comes out. But the behavior is much the same regardless of the group origin.

I get a little tired of constantly having to defend American tourists—even to other U.S. travelers who see the faults of others but seem to be unaware that they, too, probably offend their foreign hosts occasionally without realizing it. Being able to quote such a veteran traveler as Mr. Sutton should give strength to my position in future discussions.

DIANE M. VANDERZANDEN.

San Mateo, Calif.

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Chekhov's Plays

By KENNETH REXROTH

IT COMES as a bit of a shock to sit yourself down and deliberately think, "in the first half of the twentieth century the position once occupied in ancient Greece by Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides was held by Ibsen, Strindberg, and Chekhov in the estimation of those who sought serious satisfaction in the modern theater." What had happened in 2,000 years? Had it happened to the audiences, or to the playwrights, or to the self-evolving art of drama? Or was the change more profound than this, more profound even than a change in the meaning of civilization—was it a change in the very nature of man? We still say we enjoy *Antigone* but if we go directly from a performance of that play to Chekhov's *Three Sisters* it is difficult not to believe that the men of classic times were different from us—a different kind of man.

In certain plays both Ibsen and Strindberg set out deliberately to compete with the great past, with Shakespeare or Schiller or Sophocles or Aeschylus. The results are hardly competition. *Peer Gynt* or *Damascus* bear little resemblance to the past, though certain Strindberg plays do contain distorted reflections of Euripides. But Chekhov—what would the Greeks have made of *The Sea Gull*? They would have classed it with Menander, with the New Comedy of domestic conflict and absurd situation. So did Anton Chekhov. Few pay attention to half-titles in *Collected Plays*, but there it says, right on the page: *The Sea Gull*, "A Comedy in Four Acts." *Ivanov* is called "a drama," *Uncle Vanya* "scenes of Country Life," *Three Sisters*, a "drama," *The Cherry Orchard*, certainly the saddest of all, "a comedy."

So simply Chekhov states his esthetic, and with it a philosophy of life. If we take these heartbreaking plays as tragedies in the sense that *Oedipus the King* is a tragedy, we are self-convicted of sentimentality. No one has ever had a more delicate sentiment, a more careful sensibility, when it comes to portraying and so judging the lives of ordinary men and women, but no one was ever less a sentimentalist than Chekhov. This is why he outraged a swashbuckling sentimentalist like D. H. Lawrence, who hated him and who couldn't understand why he didn't plump for the Good Guys and The Life Force.

Chekhov always insisted that the five plays of his maturity that his audiences insisted were tragedies were simply developments of the hilarious short farces of his youth. But if Uncle Vanya's impotent pistol shots and Irena's "Moscow, Moscow, we'll never see Moscow now!" are not tragic, then Chekhov is mocking us and his characters, and, not least, his actors, too. No. Chekhov is the master of an art of such highly refined modesty that he can present his people in their simplicity and let life do the mocking.

He wanted a new theater, a theater that would tell it the way it really was. There was plenty of realist and naturalist theater in Russia in his day and since, but there is only one Chekhov. The naturalist theater uses a whole armamentarium of devices to create an illusion of real life and then drive home its points, all derived from the storehouse of literary dramatic morality. There have been many more lifelike plays than Chekhov's. His is not a circumstantial naturalism of décor and talk and event—it is a moral naturalism. These lost people, off in the vast provinces of Russia—frustrated, aimless, hopeless, or full of utopian unrealizable hopes, all alike coming to trivial ends—actually make up a highly stylized theater of their own, as formal or classic as the *commedia dell' arte* or Plautus and Terence. What is naturalistic, what is "life as it really is," is the silent moral commentary that underlines every speech, like an unheard organ pedal. Is it a judgment—in the sense that "Judge not lest ye be judged" is a judgment?

THERE is something intrinsically ridiculous about the people in all the plays. Chekhov's is truly a theater of the absurd. Yet we never think of them as very funny—and we don't think of them as very sad, either. The play as a whole may sadden us, as life saddens us with the massive pathos of mortality, but Chekhov's people we simply accept. We do not judge Uncle Vanya to be a fool or Irena to be a silly girl or Trigorin to be an ass and a cad, although they certainly say foolish and silly and asinine things. And that recurrent character always says, "Someday life will be splendid and people in those far off days will look back on us and pity us in our filth and misery and thank us for having endured our agonies for them, so that they might be." But we neither laugh nor sigh nor believe. At the most we think, "Perhaps. Not likely. It won't matter."

Chekhov would have been horrified if anyone had cold-bloodedly accused him of moralizing—but so he does. We accept his tragic comedies the way we would accept life if we were gifted with sudden wisdom. Chekhov places us in a situation, confronting the behavior of a number of human beings in what seems to them at least an important crisis. We are so placed, so situated and informed, that we can afford to be wise. We can regard the affairs of men as they should be regarded, in the aspect of timelessness. But this is what Sophocles does.

Once we accept both the idiom of Chekhov and the idiom of Sophocles we can compare them, and we can see very clearly the great precision and economy with which Chekhov works. His plays are preeminently in modern times playwrights' plays, a joy for a fellow craftsman to see or read. How right everything is. How little time or speech is wasted. How much every line is saturated with action. Sophocles, Molière, Racine—very few other playwrights have been as accurate and as economical. It is this genius for stating only the simplest truth as simply as can be that makes Chekhov inexhaustible—like life. We can see him for the hundredth time when we are sick of everything else in the theater, just as we can read his stories when everything else — even detectives and science fiction—bores us.

QUITE unlike Ibsen and Strindberg, who were tireless preachers and manipulators, Chekhov's people are not alienated. They have trouble, as men always have had, communicating, but the cast of each play forms a community nonetheless. One feels that Ibsen and Strindberg didn't like any of their casts very much and made them up of people who wouldn't listen to Ibsen and Strindberg. Chekhov doesn't want to be listened to. He isn't there. He is out of sight, in the last row in the balcony, listening. "I imagine people so they can tell me things about themselves." This is an unusual, but certainly an unusually effective, credo for a playwright.

It is easy to accept Orestes or Hamlet as archetypes. Hundreds of books are written analyzing the new pantheon of heroes that make up the inner dramas of our subconscious. They are very spectacular personages, these. It is hard at first to believe a playwright who comes to us and says, "The schoolteacher and the two stenographers next door to where you live in Fort Dodge—these are the real archetypes." But until we have learned this—and most of us will never learn it, however many Chekhov plays we see, not really, not deep in the bowels of compassion, but only as we learn things in books—we will never learn to approach life with the beginnings of wisdom, with that wisdom so characteristic of Sophocles.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Dull for Bright Young Brains

AMONG the comments I received concerning my piece on the teaching of literature in high school, "The Media Crisis in the Classroom" (*SR*, April 15), the ones that interested me most were those written by high school students and recent graduates. With one exception, my correspondents felt that they were being or had been gypped by their literature courses. A few college freshmen and sophomores wrote with some bitterness about what they had not learned in high school.

The exception, now a junior, not majoring in literature, at one of the more illustrious Eastern universities, prepared at a public high school in a prosperous suburban community in the Middle West. He was full of praise for the English courses he had been given at XYZ High School; indeed, he said he had found the courses in his college so inferior that he was no longer bothering with them.

This position is so unusual, and my correspondent presents it so forcefully, that I shall quote at length:

> It is still the case that the good teacher interests the bright students and the bad teacher bores everyone. The added problem of selecting or at least being allowed some leeway in the books to be assigned has merely produced more bad teachers. In areas of curriculum XYZ has reached something of a saddle point. Students are assigned to classes by ability, so that at least theoretically each class will have a group of students of approximately equal intelligence, and the teacher can gear his work to a specific depth. Also, XYZ adjusts its curriculum according to the level of class, so that each student will find something (again, theoretically) which is of interest to him. With regard to teacher freedom of material selection, XYZ has a broad base of works that are supposed to be covered for any given year and level, and within that framework the individual instructor is given a fair amount of freedom to assign more or to concentrate on certain works, or both. My senior English teacher spent an entire semester on Conrad, principally considering *Heart of Darkness*, while another teacher of upper level students spent almost the same length of time on *The Brothers Karamazov*, which our class was not even assigned. On the other hand, all senior top level students were expected to read *Hamlet*, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, and a unit of British poetry. There were good teachers and poor, but every student was bound to be exposed to some good literature during the year, despite the instructor if not because of him.

My correspondent went on to say—and several others made the same point—that most high school English teachers underestimate the intelligence of their students. He wrote:

> One cannot carry too far your example of the preferability of *Rascal* to *Silas Marner* as a method for convincing teen-agers of the pleasure and profit of reading. I have known more young people to become bogged down in the doldrums of dull literature than to be overwhelmed by the complexities of too great a challenge. Moreover, I know of no library—public, private, or school—which attributes to students the intelligence many of them have. Librarians notoriously underestimate the maturity of young readers, and are often completely unreliable as guides to reading. Then in high school if a student is confronted with a teacher who assumes that the method of persuading him to read is to present him with material that will not force exercise upon his intellect, he may well be lost to the pleasures of literature thereafter. Almost universally English curricula lack inspiration because they lack challenge.

There is another paragraph—this is, by the way, an eight-page letter—that I must quote to round out my correspondent's argument.

> The consideration for the necessity for integrity and the uniqueness of literature must extend from the assignment into the classroom. The teacher should not ask the student the summary of the plot; he should give to him or bring forth from him new ideas or motives of which the student was unaware. The high school classroom should not be a glorified show-and-tell. All too often it becomes so, and the student gains absolutely nothing from it. Anyone will be bored sitting listening to someone else mutter something he already knew; if the classroom is not a location for stimulating discussion and the presentation of material gleaned from the teacher's presumably longer experience with the work being treated, it is a waste of time. . . . My junior and senior English teachers at XYZ, to my great fortune, shared this desire for analysis. A deep discussion of author intent and technique, criticism and argument (a dirty word in far too many classrooms) was as key in their sessions as it is essential to the value of any class. The literature session should return to the Greek schools for inspiration; classes should be give and take, not recitation by either teacher or pupil.

It will occur to many readers, I imagine, that XYZ High School must

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27 "The Devil Drives: A Life of Sir Richard Burton," by Fawn M. Brodie
28 "The Seventh Step," by Bill Sands
28 "Thomas Nuttall, Naturalist: Explorations in America, 1808-1841," by Jeannette E. Graustein
29 "Where Do We Go from Here," by Martin Luther King
30 "Ill-at-Ease in Compton," by Richard M. Elman
30 "From Plantation to Ghetto: An Interpretive History of American Negroes," by August Meier and Elliott M. Rudwick

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have unusual teachers and unusual students, and perhaps it does: it is in the kind of community that can pay high salaries and that has a literate citizenry. It may also be true that my correspondent, because he profited from his English courses, exaggerates their general effectiveness. But at the very least we must conclude that high school students were given serious and difficult works, that many learned how to read such works, and that some learned to enjoy the best that literature offers.

I am particularly impressed by what my correspondent says about the importance of challenge. Many people suggested books that seemed to them to have the qualities required by the teacher who wrote me in the first place. One person, for instance, suggested J. B. Priestley's *The Good Companions*, and several ardently advocated the works of J. R. R. Tolkien. One, out of her own high school experience, proposed Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, Hardy's *The Return of the Native*, and Conrad's *Lord Jim*, and there were others who set reasonably high standards. But such titles as Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden*, and Jean Webster's *Daddy-Long-Legs* were also recommended. As one high school senior wrote, with special reference to the problem of "foul language" and "prurient sex": "It is high time teachers realized that when most students reach the twelfth grade level, they should be regarded as aware young adults, not naïve young children."

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1248

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1248 will be found in the next issue.

LYZ YFPYZUL HDWOFLFDW DG

ICL FU ICLEZUUWZUU.

—YZWCS OITFO LYDCZIB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1247

I dislike arguments . . . they are always vulgar, and often convincing.

—Oscar Wilde.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Criterion: Excellence

In his review [*SR*, June 17] of *Modern Brazilian Short Stories*, Donald A. Yates opines that an anthology should have "overall controlled form and character." He could not be farther from the truth. In selecting these stories written during or after the modernist movement in Brazil, my criterion was the excellence of the stories themselves. If I had sought to control the character of the selections in some other way, I would have had to sacrifice excellence to similarity (or contrast). This would have been unfair to prospective readers, most of whom, unlike Mr. Yates, are not teachers of literature and are therefore more impressed by the merit of a story than by its conformity to the anthologist's special control criterion.

Mr. Yates says that my translations "are uniformly good." Then, he adds a "suspicion" that I may not have caught the distinctiveness of all the literary styles, "in particular that of Guimarães Rosa." Odd that he should have specified this extraordinary writer, for Guimarães Rosa saw my translation of his story and commented in a letter to me (I translate):

> I read it, first, with lively satisfaction. Then I compared it with the original, sentence by sentence, line by line, and I liked it even more. All your solutions were, in my opinion, subtle and wise. Such liberties as you took with the text were extremely effective reworkings of it into English. And now, upon a rereading, I am still more enthusiastic. What you have accomplished is a work of sensibility, competence, and love. May God reward you.

If He does, it will be because, apparently unlike Mr. Yates, He knows the original text.

William L. Grossman.

New York, N.Y.

Melville Was First

Since David Dempsey begins his article "Refurbishing American Authors" [*SR*, June 10] with an illustration of textual corruption drawn from Melville, *SR* readers may have been surprised not to find Melville's name in the list of writers being edited under the auspices of the Center for Editions of American Authors of the Modern Language Association. Melville is, in fact, one of that group of authors, and the Melville edition was the first new edition planned at the Center. The editorial funds in this case, however, come from a contract between the Office of Education and Northwestern University. Similarly, the Office of Education supports the University of Iowa textual center in editing the printed works of Mark Twain. These are the exceptions. The National Endowment for the Humanities, through the Center, supports Stephen Crane, Emerson, Hawthorne, Howells, Irving, the Mark Twain papers, Thoreau, and Whitman.

The Melville edition is being published by Northwestern University Press and the Newberry Library, as their ad in the same issue of *SR* indicates. The University of California Press is publishing all the Mark Twain volumes.

Much of the collation of printed texts is being carried out at the various textual centers on a Hinman collator. Charlton J. K. Hinman some years ago designed this ingenious machine expressly to catch alterations of the text—including typos such as Hillman for Hinman, Mathiessen for Matthiessen, and works for words which occur in Mr. Dempsey's excellent piece.

William M. Gibson.

New York, N.Y.

Deserving Footnote

I believe that Professor Harrison Hayford, general editor of the Melville edition, deserves at least an editor's footnote of apology.

Eileen Peterson.

Berrien Springs, Mich.

Wrongly Credited

In Harry T. Moore's review of *The Thousand Hour Day*, by W. S. Kuniczak [*SR*, May 13], you erroneously credited Professor Moore of Southern Illinois University with the authorship of *Twentieth-Century German Literature*. In reality Professor Moore is the general editor of a series of studies entitled Crosscurrents: Modern Critiques and the author of two very informative volumes on *Twentieth-Century French Literature*, published by Southern Illinois University Press. The first of these volumes discusses French literature up to World War II, and the second the postwar period up to the present.

Bernard M. Pohoryles.

Pleasantville, N.Y.

Dismayed

Though all of us at Lehigh University enjoyed Richard B. Morris's review of Lawrence Gipson's thirteenth volume of his monumental series, *The British Empire Before the American Revolution* [*SR*, June 17], many of us were dismayed that it was not mentioned that Dr. Gipson is research professor emeritus of history at Lehigh. The university and The Rockefeller Foundation have supported Dr. Gipson's gigantic work for forty-three years. Dr. Gipson, who will be a spry eighty-seven on December 7, 1967, has been honored with several prizes, including the Pulitzer, for his thirteen-volume work.

Samuel I. Connor.

Bethlehem, Pa.

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Flower and Flame of Islam

The Shaping of the Arabs: A Study in Ethnic Identity, *by Joel Carmichael (Macmillan. 407 pp. $7.95), maintains that today's nationalism among the Moslem states was created by the Western countries, and what unity they have by Israel. Edward Wakin, a member of the Fordham University faculty, has traveled widely in the Middle East and written about its problems for newspapers and magazines. He is the author of "A Lonely Minority: The Modern Society of Egypt's Copts."*

By EDWARD WAKIN

THEY speak one language, share the same history, experience identical problems in a common geography, pray facing the same direction, and are obsessed with the idea of nationalism. Yet the energizing basis of their unity is a negative one—hatred of Israel. Though there are glaring exceptions to this description, on the whole it sums up the Arabs of today. The paradox of their unity in paranoia and their disunity in everything else is fundamental to any historical study.

Joel Carmichael examines Arab identity from pre-Islamic to present times. The result is an authoritative report on the origins of the present-day Arabs; but, unfortunately, when the author reaches the crucial twentieth century his account lacks the penetration and depth one might expect from so sophisticated and knowledgeable a commentator.

Mr. Carmichael's well-documented thesis maintains that in the beginning there was an Arab people, homogeneous and militant. But Islam, through territorial expansion, was fertilized by conquered cultures, tended by Persians, Aramaeans, and Egyptians, among others, and eventually harvested by Turks. In both its rise and fall the Islamic world was dominated by non-Arabs.

Perfervid nationalists can, of course, change definitions on Mr. Carmichael and make religion, if not language, the common denominator of Arabs, rather than origins in the Arabian Peninsula, thus proving that Arab identity existed over the centuries. Such tiresome arguments aside, Mr. Carmichael's account is comprehensive, though not always satisfactory because of a wavering between summary and analysis.

When he is summarizing, events race along, producing completeness if not clarity. Too much history in too short a space leaves dates, generals, caliphs, sultans, and battles splattered in some disarray.

When Mr. Carmichael analyzes in essay style he is at his best. Particularly noteworthy are his discussions of the influence of Christianity and Judaism on Islam; he calls the latter "well-nigh decisive." Repeatedly, when he stops to take stock he lights up his material, as in his discussion of the change in meaning of the word "Arab" after the leaders of Islam shifted their capital from Damascus to Baghdad in the second half of the eighth century.

In the final section of his book Mr. Carmichael concludes that today's Arab nationalism was not merely influenced by the West but created by it: "the actual idea of Arabs as a nation, of Arabs as an ethnic entity distinct from the Bedouin of the great deserts, was modeled on the Western view of society as rooted in a unifying common langauge." His observations here are fascinating, particularly his comments that Christianity laid the foundations for Arab nationalism, while Zionism crystalized it. But the author has deprived us of his examination of this process.

Carmichael's treatment of Arabi Pasha (c. 1839-1911)—"creator of the Egyptian nationality as a desirable thing"—illustrates his shortchanging of his own theme. From Arabi Pasha to Gamal Abdel Nasser, from Egyptian to pan-Arab nationalism, there is an illuminating line of development to be pursued. This crucial evolution is not explored, much to the book's detriment.

It may seem a curious complaint, but Mr. Carmichael's study should have been either longer or shorter, either specifically focused or fleshed out to convey flavor and mood, nuance and shade. As it is, history and analysis suffer from a cramped merger.

In the end Mr. Carmichael still leaves us with the problem of the paranoiac hatred for Israel that transforms Arab disunity into unity. That a single stereotyped idea of "the enemy" can produce such a result points to a variety of historical factors at work. In his journey in search of explanations, the author has not pointed out clearly enough the signposts along the glorious road traveled by Islam in the past and her present thorny path.

"Mrs. Farnsworth's ancestors came over on the Mayflower, dear. Show her your rejection slip from American Heritage."

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Squall in the Red Sea

***Suez,** by Hugh Thomas (Harper & Row. 261 pp. $5.95), analyzes what went wrong with the Anglo-French military adventure in Egypt eleven years ago. Jeffrey St. John has been a correspondent in the Middle East. Currently his nightly news commentaries are heard over WRFM, New York City, and in 100 nations overseas via Radio New York Worldwide.*

By JEFFREY ST. JOHN

THIS study purports to have a window on London's Whitehall, where Hugh Thomas once worked. But it's a cloudy window.

"Arab nationalism, and particularly Egyptian nationalism," Mr. Thomas wrote before the current Middle East conflict, "was certain to be inimical to Britain in the short run. The question was whether this enmity should have been met . . . by force, or by a policy of magnanimous friendship, in the hope that in the long run a reasonable *modus vivendi* might have been achieved."

This statement is curious, not only because it has been blown to bits by recent events, but because it collides head-on with what Mr. Thomas asserts with respect to Prime Minister Eden's tactics prior to the Anglo-French military adventure at Suez. For example, "After March 1956 Eden knew that his policy of appeasement had failed with Nasser." And Eden, one of the authors of the Indochina Geneva accords, which later fell apart, strove mightily to modify by conciliation Nasser's mischief-making. Failing this, Sir Anthony resorted to military measures that were later to be blunted by the United States. As a result, regardless of the policy Britain pursued, the UAR President was not to be turned away from his ultimate goal. Nasser's 1962 "war of liberation" in nearby Yemen only emboldened him to try to fulfill his dreams of a Pan-Arab empire, buttressed by billions of dollars in military-technical assistance from the Soviets. The Yemen experience set the stage for the third Arab-Israeli war.

Mr. Thomas's conclusions are far from clear; he seems to be contending that we never understood Nasser and his nationalism, and that attacks like the Anglo-French invasion of 1956 only made matters worse. But appeasement before and after Suez did not persuade Nasser to cease his trouble-brewing for eleven long years! That Mr. Thomas ignores this important point comes as no surprise since *Suez* embraces a number of dubious arguments that make the work weak and, at the same time, compromise a consistent view of the Suez crisis.

The most memorable aspect of Mr. Thomas's work is his analysis of what went wrong with the Suez operation. Just as John F. Kennedy and his advisors tampered with the military blueprint for the Bay of Pigs, in fear of "world public opinion," so outside pressures "led Eden to waver and, worse, to begin interfering in the detailed running of the planned operation."

WHAT is significant about these parallels, only five years apart, is that they underscore basic contradictions of Western foreign policy. The Western powers, wedded since the end of the Second World War to the self-determination doctrine for smaller states, found later that this "self-determination" boomeranged against their own interests. Unable to talk Nasser into a reasoned position after his seizure of the Suez Canal in 1956, Eden, along with Pineau, was forced to betray this very doctrine by the use of military force. Similarly, Kennedy, publicly swearing allegiance to a platform of peace, found himself early in his term plotting the removal of Castro while at the same time looking fearfully over his shoulder at "world public opinion." Little wonder, therefore, that Mr. Thomas would write with some mild disdain that "the desire of Britain to appear virtuous while being Machiavellian resulted in what was . . . one of the main mistakes in the whole project."

Mr. Thomas apparently embraces the self-determination doctrine, which since 1946 has come back to haunt the very Western nations that supported it via the United Nations. After World War II "independence" for these smaller states was more important to the Western powers than grooming them for it, and this unwise policy of haste culminated in the chaos that we have witnessed in Africa and the Middle East. The West was unwilling to follow the long-range approach taken by the U.S. with the Philippines. Instead, even the Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy Administrations embraced the slogan of "self-determination," and refused to recognize that without the discipline gained by a period of preparation for self-government these smaller states would be exposed to irrational passions and open to Communist exploitation. The growing anti-Western attitude in the United Nations is the direct result of the West's having shirked this obligation to the fledgling states and having often acted contrary to avowed positions.

As for shaping foreign policy on "world public opinion"—which, without realizing it, Mr. Thomas projects by stating that "more serious was the damage afforded by Suez to the previously growing reputation of Britain as the most progressive and reasonable of the nations of the developed world"—one should ask, "In whose eyes and by what standards?" This reviewer has yet to see where world public opinion as a consideration has ever made foreign policy more productive. Nor has there been a precise definition given for the term "world public opinion."

Mr. Thomas makes the major mistake that many journalists and scholars have on matters of foreign policy since Korea—of assuming that all who claim to be nationalist should be treated by the West with tolerance. *Suez* tells us that the real failure of the West was that we never understood Arab nationalism or Nasser, and that we were too obsessed with the idea of Middle East anti-Communist alliances. I don't think the author was aware when he penned this pronouncement in 1966 that Moscow was moving to arm Syria and Egypt fully, and at the same time attempting to secure naval base rights in Syria from which to challenge the U.S. Sixth Fleet. Russia's ultimate aim is to dictate when the Middle East oil tap is to be turned on or off for Western Europe.

Mr. Thomas appears to forget the Leninist principle which Moscow continues to apply to the underdeveloped world: that it makes little difference whether nationalists come to power rather than Communists. The procedure is first to end Western influence, then to cooperate with the nationalists, looking toward taking them over later. Lenin predicted that the conquest of the globe would come through the backward nations. We see this being implemented in the underdeveloped world today: Moscow's way is to support "nationalist" nations like Algeria, Egypt, and Syria; China's, to "take the countryside" (the backward nations) and later "surround the cities" (the industrial nations).

As Hugh Thomas points out, the fear that a confrontation with Moscow could trigger a nuclear war was paramount with the Eisenhower Administration at the time of Suez. ". . . a mood of semi-panic swept over parts of Washington, now on election eve: 'We must stop this before we are all burned to a crisp,'

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wailed someone in the State Department." Thomas also quotes President Eisenhower as saying he wished to meet his Maker "with clean hands," not wanting to be a party to triggering a nuclear conflict.

Every major U.S. or Western decision that has been based on the self-determination policy, world public opinion, and the nuclear neurosis reflex has ended in disaster. It is time that we recognize these three basic fallacies which have dominated Western foreign policy, and that we root policy in more realistic considerations. This means making it clear that we are as opposed to colonialism of the old school as we are to Communist colonialism of the new school. Rather than saying one thing and doing another, as both Eden and Kennedy did, we may discover that by conducting our foreign policy on the basis of firmness and fairness the underdeveloped world will find the future more promising, peaceful, and productive with us.

Since World War II Western use of military force has always come about after a period of either appeasement or wishful thinking: Korea, Indochina, Suez, Lebanon, Cuba, and Laos, which led us into Vietnam. Every incident resulted from one or more of the three fallacies of Western foreign policy, which Mr. Thomas embraces with the faith of a novitiate friar. Self-determination for the Near East and Africa is a shambles today. "World public opinion" is composed by nations who dislike us less for our policy than for our hypocrisy, which tends to tell them that we of the West are the losers not the winners of the world. When we have allowed the Soviets to use nuclear blackmail and indicated a willingness to renounce our commitments to protect the smaller states our stature in their eyes has been diminished. The Soviets play on our reflex nuclear neurosis in order to hold the West at bay while they seek to take over the younger states by infiltration or by supporting "wars of liberation."

The Kremlin never minimizes the nuclear threat, but always emphasizes it in the hope that the West can be frightened into not challenging its policy of subverting newer states. But whenever the West has stood firm and would not be bullied or blackmailed the USSR has beaten a hasty retreat, *vide*: Cuba, Vietnam, and now the Near East. The real danger is that miscalculation on either side may bring about the very nuclear conflict everyone wants to avert.

The Israelis did not adhere to any of these fallacies. Indeed, if they had listened to the counsel of their Western friends in late May, instead of heeding the clamor of their enemies girding for war, they might have ended up like the victims in Nazi Germany. But as late as

(*Continued on page* 31)

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthropology, Psychology

EVOLUTION AND HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By Alexander Alland, Jr. Natural History Press/Doubleday. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $1.45.

THE HIDDEN ORDER OF ART: A Study in the Psychology of Artistic Imagination. By Anton Ehrenzweig. Univ. of California Press. $8.95.

Archeology

BRITANNIA: A History of Roman Britain. By Sheppard Frere. Harvard Univ. Press. $15.

CATAL HUYUK: A Neolithic Town in Anatolia. By James Mellaart. McGraw-Hill. $9.95.

IFE IN THE HISTORY OF WEST AFRICAN SCULPTURE. By Frank Willett. McGraw-Hill. $9.95.

LOST LAND EMERGING. By Walter B. Emery. Scribners. $7.95.

ROCK ART OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN. By Campbell Grant. Crowell. $12.95.

Crime, Suspense

THE LAMPTON DREAMERS. By L. P. Davies. Doubleday. $3.95.

LANDSLIDE. By Desmond Bagley. Doubleday. $4.95.

Current Affairs

BLACK POWER—WHITE RESISTANCE: Notes on the New Civil War. By Fred Powledge. World. $6.95.

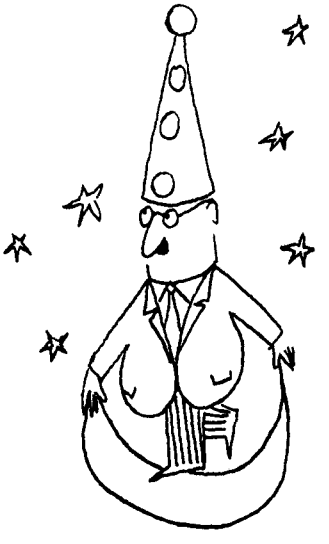
THE METROPOLITAN ENIGMA: Inquiries into the Nature and Dimensions of America's "Urban Crisis." Edited by James Q. Wilson. Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Washington, D.C.

Fiction

CHINA BOMB. By Richard Tregaskis. Ives Washburn. $6.50.

THE LEAST ONE. By Borden Deal. Doubleday. $5.95.

PLANET RUN. By Keith Laumer and Gordon R. Dickson. Doubleday. $3.95.



History

MALAYSIA AND ITS NEIGHBORS. By J. M. Gullick. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

THE MEDIEVAL FOUNDATION OF ENGLAND. By Sir Arthur Bryant. Doubleday. $4.95.

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND: 55 B.C. to A.D. 1215. By Ralph Arnold. Barnes & Noble. $11.

THE TRAIL OF THE IROQUOIS INDIANS: How the Iroquois Nation Saved Canada for the British Empire. By G. Elmore Reaman. Barnes & Noble. $5.75.

THE UNITED NATIONS AND DISARMAMENT 1945-1965. Office of Public Information, United Nations. $4.50.

Literary History, Criticism

COLERIDGE AND THE ABYSSINIAN MAID. By Geoffrey Yarlott. Barnes & Noble. $10.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF FRANCE. Volume II: The Seventeenth Century, 1600-1715. By P. J. Yarrow. Barnes & Noble. $12.50.

A READING OF MANSFIELD PARK: An Essay in Critical Synthesis. By Avrom Fleishman. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.

SATIRE: A Critical Anthology. Edited by John Russell and Ashley Brown. World. $6.95.

Miscellany

JOSEPH PRIESTLY. By F. W. Gibbs. Doubleday. $6.

THE ORIENT EXPRESS. By Michael Bardsley. Stein & Day. $6.95.

SCOTT'S NEW HANDBOOK FOR PHILATELISTS. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Poetry, Plays

AN INTRODUCTION TO SUNG POETRY. By Kojiro Yoshikawa. Harvard $7.

DAN FREEMAN. By Dan Jaffe. Univ. of Nebraska Press. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.65.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY: Complementary Modes in the Poetry of Wordsworth. By James Scoggins. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $5.50.

MADAME DE SADE. By Yukio Mishima. Grove. $4.50.

MEDICAL AID AND OTHER POEMS. By Donald Jones. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $3.50.

THE POET'S VOCATION: Selections from Letters of Hölderlin, Rimbaud and Hart Crane. Edited by William Burford and Christopher Middleton. Univ. of Texas Press. $3.75.

THE ROSE OF SOLITUDE. By Brother Antoninus. Doubleday. $3.95.

WORDSWORTH'S STYLE: Figures and Themes in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800. By Roger N. Murray. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $4.75.

Political Science

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SYSTEM IN TRANSITION. By Harry Lazer. Crowell. $4.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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Hebrew Clan in the Ukraine

***Erev**, by Elya Schechtman, translated from the Yiddish by Joseph Singer (Crown. 268 pp. $4.50), the first Yiddish novel published in the Soviet Union in twenty-five years, chronicles the life and legends of a Jewish family in Russia on the eve of the 1905 Decembrist Revolution. Curt Leviant edited the Sholom Aleichem treasury "Old Country Tales."*

By CURT LEVIANT

FIRST published in the Soviet Union in 1965 and now sensitively translated into English by Joseph Singer, Elya Schechtman's *Erev* (Hebrew and Yiddish for "evening" or "eve of"), is a remarkable novel. In its story of various members of the proud Boyar family, it combines the psychological penetration characteristic of the traditional Russian novel with the problems of Jewish life and survival that concern Yiddish fiction.

The book opens with a panorama of the Ukrainian countryside—its smells and sounds, its natural beauty—as seen through the eyes of Avrom, a wounded young veteran of the Russo-Japanese war who is slowly limping home, dreaming of love and fulfillment. Concurrently, his married cousin Yeva, accompanied by the husband she despises, is also en route, ostensibly to visit her ailing mother. Actually, she wishes to return to "the graveyard of her youth" and see Avrom's brother, the painter Daniel, whom she still loves. The coincidental encounter—so typical of Russian novels—between Avrom and Yeva counterpoints opposing themes: physical and metaphysical wounds, hope and apathy, love and marital discord.

After the arrival of these three in the village, most of the novel's other characters are introduced. Present realities are soon pitted against memories. While the family claims a common ancestral hero, its offshoots include a wide spectrum of personality types. Among them are Yeva's earthy father, Gavril Boyar, and his brother, the more humble Itzhok, father of Avrom and Daniel. Clan spirit, as well as countless clashing emotions, inexorably bind the Boyars to one another; a neighbor calls them the "thirteenth tribe." Along with their religious traditions they treasure family legends as heirlooms. Every Passover they tell their children and grandchildren about the ancestor who settled in the region. For the Boyars, tales and legends are as viable as people, and in *Erev* the impact and influence of old stories are profound.

Even the Boyars' recounting of factual incidents takes the shape of legend. For instance, Itzhok tells how he saved a stork wounded by other storks, and took it home. Given the power of the word, the talent for allegory and evocation which Jewish writing has long developed, it is difficult not to see the persecuted stork in parabolical terms. Itzhok's phrase, "God, how much cruelty there is in the world," certainly invites an interpretation whose ramifications extend to Jewish history in general and the spiritual condition of Soviet Jewry in particular.

The novel's action cannot easily be summarized. Since *Erev* is the saga of a family, it describes a host of individuals, all of whom represent variations of the Boyar spirit. The book, however, is too short for intense treatment: such a complex Dostoevskyan theme should have been given Dostoevskyan length.

Schechtman's narrative, adorned by an often poetic prose, is structurally enhanced by story-within-story and the recounting of past incidents or dialogues that span several generations or several periods within an individual's life.

For example, when Itzhok Boyar wants to explain why he will not assume custody of his daughter Herut, a convert to Christianity who has been arrested for revolutionary activities, he and Yeva repeat the family legend of Yontel. This ancestor had refused to convert and marry a rich nobleman's lovesick daughter, and as punishment was buried alive. Yeva and Itzhok alternate in a narration that has the sustaining rhythmic and purgative power of ritual.

In addition to this multilevel structure, where past and present, myth and memory are juxtaposed, there are the nuances and the richness inherent in the Yiddish language, along with glances at the literary tradition. In long passages of recalled dialogue Daniel and Yeva address each other in verses from the Song of Songs. Even the reader only slightly acquainted with the literature will recognize the antecedent to this scene—Sholom Aleichem's lyrical novella *The Song of Songs*. In both works the lovers are related and their love thwarted, and thematic use is made of the ancient Hebrew poem.

IT is unfortunate that Yiddish literature from the Soviet Union has to be subjected to political commentary. But where three million Jews are systematically denied development of their educational, cultural, and religious institutions, where many Yiddish writers and cultural figures were purged by Stalin in the late 1940s, publication of a Yiddish novel is not only a literary but a political event. *Erev* is all the more notable because it does not subordinate art to ideology. Moreover, the author felt free to write sympathetically of Jewish traditions, including scenes in a synagogue and a house of study. One reason is the period of the story, the eve of the 1905 revolution, a "safe" era for Soviet writers. Political exigencies often force them into a retrospective stance; they

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

ALMA MATER

Like most of us, each of the mythical persons in columns 1 and 3 was a son or a daughter. Mildred Ann McCormack of Memphis, Tenn., asks you to provide them with mothers from columns 2 and 4. Check your answers in Bulfinch or on page 32.

Achilles ( )	1. Alcmena
Adonis ( )	2. Aphrodite
Aeneas ( )	3. Calliope
Andromeda ( )	4. Cassiopeia
Apollo ( )	5. Clytemnestra
Athena ( )	6. Danaë
Hebe ( )	7. Demeter
Helen of Troy ( )	8. Hera
Heracles ( )	9. Jocasta
Hermes ( )	10. Leto
Oedipus ( )	11. Leda
Orestes ( )	12. Maia
Orpheus ( )	13. Metis
Persephone ( )	14. Myrrha
Perseus ( )	15. Pasiphaë
Phaedra ( )	16. Penelope
Telemachus ( )	17. Rhea
Zeus ( )	18. Thetis

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are driven to exploit memory, and turn to the security, the sanctuary of the past. So Isaac Babel did when he composed his apolitical *Odessa Tales*, a respite from the enervating task of fashioning art out of the contemporary scene.

There are a number of things to be learned from Elya Schechtman's novel. One is that despite repressive restriction, Jewish culture in the Soviet Union cannot be extinguished. Another is that the Yiddish language and literature are far from dead. If this book is representative —and there are many Soviet-Yiddish writers, whose sole organ of expression is *Sovietish Heimland*, a Yiddish monthly—there is still plenty of development going on. If the vast creative energies of the Soviet Jews are ever permitted to grow to full fruition, we may well realize that what sounded like dying gasps were actually birth pangs.

His Highness, King Harry

***Getting Straight**, by Ken Kolb (Chilton. 207 pp. $4.95), takes its non-hero through a school of education, department store advertising, and hipsterism. Samuel I. Bellman is professor of language arts at California State Polytechnic College in Pomona.*

By SAMUEL IRVING BELLMAN

IF ONE were to judge by Ken Kolb's roaringly funny new novel, and scores of somewhat similar stories about picayune bumblers, one might conclude that after World War II the Communists, having despaired of overcoming our country by military force, resorted to an obscure chemical agent. Not everyone was affected by this air- or water-borne poison, but normally rebellious youth was susceptible, and particularly the young man at the crossroads contemplating a career, a marriage, a meaningful life. Such victims of Eurasian laboratories then found themselves going through the motions of socio-occupational adjustment, but in a mindless, aimless way, too disorganized and confused even to select a sensible collision course. And how clever a plan, when this kind of addled post-adolescent behavior could be interpreted as merely an American version of old-time Romanticism.

Kolb's protagonist is a San Francisco graduate student named Harry Bailly, some of whose past experiences match Kolb's own. Harry's ambition is to teach English language and literature to high school students, for which it is necessary that he obtain a teaching credential. He also wants to preserve his loveless, marriageless relationship with his girl friend Jan, and to hold down his job as publicist in a department store for some fast money on the side. Much of the time he doesn't seem to know what he is doing; and Bailly's rebelliousness causes him to antagonize all the people who are most important to his success.

Harry gets mixed up with some dope-using hipsters who don't do his career plans any good; he makes it plain that he can't stand his professors in grad school, that the department store way of life isn't for him, and that he won't give Jan what she really wants: a wedding band. Then there's his flight-from-reality problem. Harry keeps thinking about pretending to be the undiscovered Bastard King of England. "He was about the right age; his birth coincided with the courtship period of Edward and Wally, before the marriage and abdication. A child born to a king before renunciation of kingly authority would have a just claim, wouldn't it?" No wonder that, after a fantastic series of missteps, coincidences, and Marx Brothers and Walt Disney effects, Harry has lost everything and becomes the *reductio ad absurdum* of the anti-hero.

There is some highly entertaining hipster dialogue, a fine satire of education school methods (recalling such classics as *The Hickory Stick* and *Up the Down Staircase*), a marvelous vignette of life in a Remedial English class, an excellent inside look at a Master's English oral, and a department store nightmare worthy of the company of Cozzens's *Castaway* and Bourjaily's *The Hound of Earth*.

Perhaps, like a number of recent writers, Kolb had five or six novels in mind, none of which the publishers would go for, and as a last resort wove them all together and trimmed off what was left over.

"My God, you're right! What with all the coups and counter-coups, we forgot to collect taxes!"

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Sentimental Journals

The Man of Feeling, *by Henry Mackenzie, edited by Brian Vickers (Oxford. 137 pp. $5), and* ***A Simple Story,*** *by Elizabeth Inchbald, edited by J. M. S. Tompkins (Oxford. 345 pp. $5), make available new editions of two eighteenth-century novels, one concerning a soft-hearted hero appalled by social injustices, the other a marriage between a Catholic ex-priest and a Protestant girl. Cecile Shapiro is a free-lance critic.*

By CECILE SHAPIRO

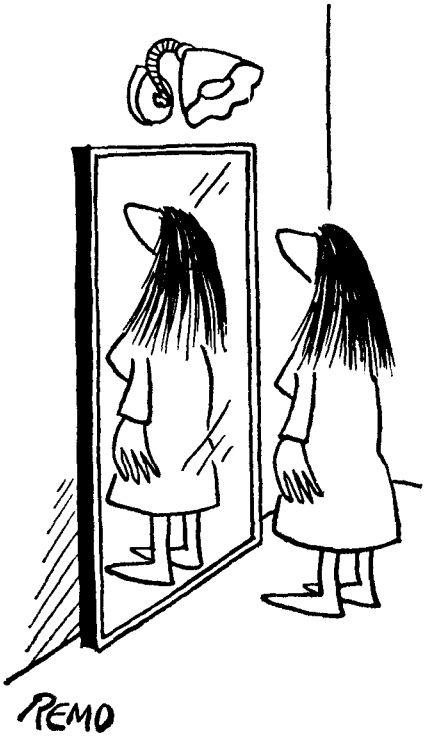
THE Oxford English Novels series, initiated with Tobias Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle* in 1964, has since then introduced new editions of some half a dozen eighteenth-century titles, ranging from the relatively familiar to those long gone and almost forgotten. The most recent to appear, *The Man of Feeling*, by Henry Mackenzie, and *A Simple Story*, by Elizabeth Inchbald, are like their predecessors marked by meticulous scholarship, cogent introductions, helpful notes, and pleasant if rather sober printing and binding.

Primarily of interest to student and scholar, such fiction may still intrigue the average reader. Although both novels were popular at the time of their initial appearance—Mackenzie's was published in 1771 and Mrs. Inchbald's came out twenty years later—and both have continued to be available through successive editions, it was *The Man of Feeling*, written when its author was twenty-two, that drew the most glowing encomiums and impressive sales. Contemporaries ranked Mackenzie on a level with Fielding. Time has long since proved the estimate a poor one, and today's nonspecialist will read *The Man of Feeling* for its charm as a period piece, for the insights it may give him into the values of a particular time and place, or for its position both in the history of the novel and the history of ideas.

In a slender volume of well under 150 pages Mackenzie displays Harley, a man of such sensitivity of perception, so ready to empathize with the misfortunes of others, that it is difficult to know which flow more freely—his tears or beneficent sums from his open, albeit limited, purse. The prompt tear is glorified, as indeed it sometimes is by Sterne and Richardson, and so too is generosity of heart, a quality also pleasing to Fielding.

But there is this major difference between *The Man of Feeling* and the work of the eighteenth-century giants: Not only does Mackenzie's novel consist of a series of essentially disconnected episodes, designed to show the perfidy of the world toward the honest and innocent while permitting Harley the luxury of damply pressing alms on poor sufferers, but the episodes themselves seem intended more to induce the reader to join in the pleasurable distress than to elucidate character or further plot. Lady Louisa Stuart wrote to Scott in 1826, after reading *The Man of Feeling* aloud to some friends, that "the effect altogether failed. Nobody cried, and at some of the passages, the touches that I used to think so exquisite—oh dear! they laughed."

Yet if the sentimentality seems ludicrous to a later age, the issues over which Harley wept do not, for he was a virtuous man who attempted in his small way to reform an evil society, or, at the very least, to alleviate the suffering caused by the inequities of that society. His hero is a gull at cards because he thinks he can read character in physiognomy; he disinterestedly aids a whore, and discovers her to be a fallen woman (through no fault of her own, of course) of good family; he perceives the evils of Bedlam while his fellows appear to be amused by the wretched lunatics; he makes vivid the viciousness of impressment into His Majesty's Service; he even, surprisingly, speaks out against British imperialism in India. Such episodes and attitudes make clear that if *The Man of Feeling* is no longer pertinent as literature, it remains viable as sociology and history.



If it is legitimate to discuss the works of Malamud, Bellow, and Roth as Jewish novels, it is valid to consider Elizabeth Inchbald's *A Simple Story* as a Catholic novel, for all but one of its major characters are members of the Catholic gentry or nobility. It may have been the first of this genre. But the interest of the work extends further than such a restricting notion might indicate, for beyond this tale of a young Protestant girl passionately in love with a Catholic priest, we view aspects of eighteenth-century manners and mores that both confirm and enlarge the more familiar worlds of Clarissa or Tom Jones.

What strikes one with force in *A Simple Story* is the formality of manners among the upper classes of the period, even between relatives and presumably intimate friends. Since no one has any occasion to use it, we never learn the first name of the heroine, Miss Milner. Yet it may be just this restraint that permits Mrs. Inchbald to write, as her title promises, simply. She eschews sensationalism in what is inherently sensational material, a feat to be appreciated when one recalls the shrieks that filled the Gothic romances of her contemporaries.

It is this simple straightforwardness that allows the author to present, in Miss Milner, a convincing picture of a young romantic who lives for love, but love on her own terms only. Her daughter, the well-brought-up, obedient, and uncomplicated heroine of the second half of the novel, is pallid by contrast. It is Miss Milner, through wilfullness bringing about her own inevitable disaster, who is able to evoke the tear, even from the contemporary reader, that Henry Mackenzie can no longer command.

Unanswered Questions: In Georges Simenon's latest novel, *The Old Man Dies*, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50), the deceased is a peasant from the Auvergne who has worked long and hard to build his restaurant in Les Halles. His three sons—Antoine, Bernard, and Ferdinand—are left to bicker over his supposed fortune.

Simenon readers will no doubt enjoy

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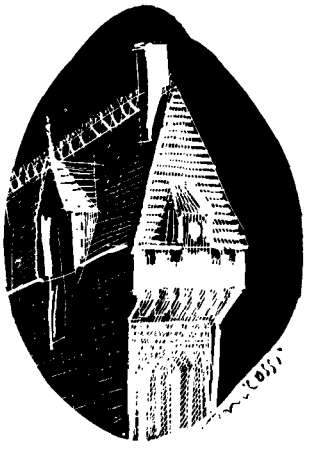
the book. I didn't much, finding it too abbreviated and somehow flat and unauthentic, like a dubbed movie—possibly it was the translation, or possibly Simenon's style, which produces an oddly sentimental effect for something so bare. His point of view is a distant omniscience that every now and then throws up its hands, unwilling or unable (or simply too coy?) to answer the questions asked:

"They looked up and glanced at each other. Perhaps they were a little ashamed of their thoughts?"

"The trim little man took on the bearing of a kind of god who has just issued his verdict, and they almost expected to see him snicker. What memory would he retain of his meeting with the Mature brothers?"

"What were the two brothers thinking about as Nicole observed first one and



then the other? Had they not been expecting this confrontation for a long time?"

Irony makes a point of pointlessness, which I certainly appreciate; but here it is too baldly stated in the end to bring any ah's from me:

> All that remained in the Market was the tin bar and the hams and sausages in the window. When the house itself disappeared, Antoine and Fernande would probably build a hotel somewhere, preferably by the sea, and they would grow old together without leaving anything behind, except money that would be squabbled over by Jean-Loup's children, perhaps by those of Marie-Laure too if ever she married and by Bernard grown old and still in quest of a fortune. . . .

Jarring also, in a mere 152 pages, are the curious (or could they be careless?) repetitions. Drunk twice, Bernard twice has difficulty getting his arms through the armholes of his jacket. It is twice remarked that Antoine does not know it is the first day of spring. I guess I really feel the writer has been lazy. But of course I also appreciate the irony of calling Simenon lazy.

—Louise Armstrong.

He Had a Mania for Exotica

The Devil Drives: A Life of Sir Richard Burton, *by Fawn M. Brodie (Norton. 390 pp. $6.95), probes the paradoxical nature of the flamboyant explorer, ethnologist, and translator of "The Arabian Nights." Orville Prescott is the author of "In My Opinion."*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

HUMAN nature being what it is, most people would rather read about great villains than about great saints, about the flamboyant ruffian Sir Richard Burton, who translated *The Arabian Nights,* than about the gentle recluse Edward FitzGerald, who translated *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Our imaginations are intrigued by the drama in individual lives, and drama is more often found in the lives of talented but erring mortals, contradictory and unhappy though they may be, than in lives of decorous respectability. Richard Burton's career was a bizarre adventure full of failures as well as achievements. It has been told often, but never with such scholarly zeal and judicious detachment as in *The Devil Drives,* by Fawn M. Brodie.

This is a fine biography of an extraordinary man. Mrs. Brodie has a taste for and a sympathetic understanding of obsessed men driven by inner devils, as she demonstrated in her books about Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, and Thaddeus Stevens, the radical Senator of the Reconstruction period. She is diligent in research, deft in keeping her narrative moving briskly, and unshockable when confronted by material that can still raise eyebrows even in our outspoken age. This last attitude is essential in writing about Burton, who all his life was prodigiously curious about sexual customs, practices, and perversions. He wrote about such matters at tedious length, and translated quantities of Oriental erotica.

But Burton's interest in these things, which endears him to many modern minds, was only part of his "mania for discovery." One of the great explorers of the nineteenth century, Burton disguised himself as a Pathan dervish and doctor in order to penetrate the forbidden cities of Medina and Mecca. He was the first European to reach Harar, the religious capital of Somaliland. He was the discoverer of Lake Tanganyika, and explored in the Congo, the Cameroons, Dahomey, and Brazil. He was a pioneer ethnologist and anthropologist. He was a linguist of dazzling ability, speaking twenty-nine languages and eleven dialects. He wrote forty-three books on his travels, two volumes of poetry, and translated (in addition to *The Arabian Nights*) six volumes of Portuguese literature, two of Latin poetry, and four of Neapolitan, African, and Hindu folklore.

Such achievements could only have been made by a man of exceptional industry, versatility, courage, and persistence. But with those assets Burton combined a deeply divided mind, a lifelong oscillation between high spirits and depression, and a prickly personality that made him many enemies. Proud, arrogant, and short-tempered, Burton could be brutal and even cruel. His humor was malicious. Eternally restless, he was always anxious to live somewhere else, do something else, find out something new.

A paradoxical personality, he was a romantic and a cynic, a man of action and a scholar, an iconoclast and the husband of a sentimental, gushing woman who yearned to make him respectable and to convert him to Catholicism. Inevitably Burton's life was unhappy and his marriage peculiar. His wife adored him, and he loved her in his fashion; but frequently he fled from her and was absent many months.

Such a man invites all kinds of psychological speculation, and Mrs. Brodie cannot resist doing her share of theorizing. Burton grew up in France, the child of an overpossessive mother and a weak father. He was rebellious and eccentric from childhood. His obsessions with adventure, ethnology, and sex isolated him from the majority of his contemporaries. And his quarrelsome nature, his lust for fame, and the comparative failure of his later years made his life difficult and made him difficult, too. Mrs. Brodie thinks that some of Burton's tensions and inner torment may have been caused by the fact that he was a sexually enthusiastic man married to a frigid woman. She also believes that Burton probably had more than a merely intellectual interest in some of the sexual aberrations he investigated.

However that may be, there is no question that Richard Burton, one of the great men of his time, was psychologically fascinating. Strong and weak, brilliant and tormented, he provides gaudy material for this sober biography.

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Keeping Out of Debt to Society

The Seventh Step, *by Bill Sands (New American Library. 238 pp. $4.95), describes the ex-convict author's own method of rehabilitating prisoners. Joseph Haas is an editor and writer for Panorama Magazine of the Chicago Daily News.*

By JOSEPH HAAS

IN HIS best-selling *My Shadow Ran Fast* Bill Sands poured out all the drama in his exciting life, describing his evolution from juvenile delinquent to "incorrigible" convict to rehabilitated ex-con who managed to cram a half-dozen lifetimes into his belated freedom and maturity.

This book resumes where *Shadow* left off. Sands is still running, this time to promote his Seventh Step Foundation for the rehabilitation of prisoners and ex-convicts. But the story lacks the natural drama of Sands's earlier years, and its prose is at best mere routine journalism and at worst melodrama. Yet, if Sands is a dependable reporter of the facts of Seventh Step, the professionals in prisoner rehabilitation would be wise to take an unbiased look at what he is doing.

As we remarked, this second book is short on real drama. So the author colors a lot of scenes: Sands facing down two seemingly tough cons; Sands calling the bluff of a pack of belligerent teen-agers (twice); Sands standing up to a sadistic prison guard. If he did not always tell us how scared he was while doing all these things, we might think Sands was immodest.

He also displays the sure instincts of the master salesman (which he has been) by anticipating criticisms of his product, personal and professional, in order to dissipate any possible disapproval. He tells us that a penologist characterized his movement as rather naïve. He explains why his second marriage broke up, and why he didn't attempt to see his son by his first marriage for more than a dozen years. And, with a writing style that often sounds like a speech at an annual sales meeting, part Pollyanna, part pitch, and part now-I'm-going-to-give-it-to-ya-straight-from-the-shoulder, Sands alerts the antennae of a skeptic for signals of a con game.

But if Sands's account is accurate—and he has the backing of progressive penologists of the caliber of Clinton Duffy, retired warden of San Quentin Prison, and Jack Johnson, warden of Chicago's Cook County Jail—he may have found a working formula for prisoner rehabilitation.

What he has done is to blend the confessional elements of Alcoholics Anonymous with the free-for-all exchanges of modern group therapy, a Big Brother idea of "squarejohn" sponsorship of ex-cons with a halfway-house notion of post-release guidance. The Seven Steps, Sands says, form the code of conduct for rehabilitation worked out by the prisoners themselves in the pilot class at Kansas State Prison; he claims that it is only by coincidence that their initial letters spell "FREEDOM." The Steps call for facing reality, drawing sustenance from an unspecified "power," honest self-appraisal, character strengthening, abandonment of futile resentments, setting attainable daily goals, and helping "others as we have been helped."

Sands claims a successful rehabilitation rate, among 4,000 Seventh Step "graduates," of 85 to 90 per cent, a phenomenal figure in the face of FBI statistics that place the adult recidivism rate at nearly 70 per cent. Seventh Step has been tried in only a half-dozen institutions so far, in Kansas, Chicago, California, and Tennessee; but again, if Sands's story is reliable, it seems to deserve a greater opportunity for testing.

Finder and Namer of Nature

Thomas Nuttall, Naturalist: Explorations in America, 1808-1841, *by Jeannette E. Graustein (Harvard. 481 pp. $11.95), delineates the enduring achievements in scientific studies by a self-taught botanist, ornithologist, taxonomist, mineralogist, geologist, and ecologist. Robert L. Perkin, former book review editor of the Rocky Mountain News in Denver, has long been a devotee of nature studies.*

By ROBERT L. PERKIN

THOMAS NUTTALL (1786-1859), the quaint and reserved Yorkshireman who was quite probably North America's greatest naturalist, has been strangely overlooked by the biographer. In retrospect, now that a remedy is at hand, the neglect is almost unexplainable.

The "Old Curious" of *Two Years Before the Mast,* Nuttall saw more of primeval America than any other scientist and, employing an analytical accuracy far in advance of his day, described what he saw with lasting impact on taxonomy; he was a finder and namer. Twice he was on the trans-Mississippi frontier ahead of the official explorers, compulsively drawn there by riches of plant and bird life never before recorded, and he was the first scientist to traverse the continent through untrod prairies and mountains, where every day afforded a naturalist's dream of discovery.

A printer by trade, Nuttall was self-taught as botanist, ornithologist, taxonomist, mineralogist, geologist, and ecologist; yet he carried to fruition pioneering scientific studies and explorations never equaled in influence or extent. Numerous genera and species of particular birds and plants are named for him in the Latin, while the Sunday bird-watcher or picnic botanist of today knows the popular names of pert sparrows and handsome flowers that perpetuate Nuttall's basic contributions to natural history. No other botanist collected as many new American plants as Nuttall. He wrote not only the first ornithology of North America, a work still authoritative, but also the first taxonomic botanical study of broad scope to be published in the United States, and a work volume of fundamental importance on American silva.

In terms of stature, character, and personality, here is a man who has waited over-long for his Boswell.

JEANNETTE E. Graustein's rather stiffly postured life of Nuttall, focusing on his American years, 1808-1841, is scarcely Boswellian in style or gusto and suffers much from the ritual strictures of academic naïveté, but it is nonetheless a significant addition to American letters. Aside from a few regrettable lapses into the suppositions that must tempt all biographers, it is a work of sound scholarship and exceedingly high standards of research. The rigorous demands the author has placed upon herself obviously have contributed to her biography's shortfalls in literary grace and perception. But if one is left with some yearnings for the book she didn't write, one also must be grateful for the book she did: a volume that fills, surely with every prospect of endurance, a long-vacant

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niche on the shelf of substantial American biography.

Professor Graustein is obviously well equipped for the task to which she has devoted many years. She is professor emerita of biology at the University of Delaware, and her background in the natural science disciplines lends a confidence-inspiring weight to her judgments. The taxonomic apparatus, which is of course entirely appropriate to the biography of a man who helped construct taxonomy, is sometimes overwhelming to the nonprofessional—particularly since the technical usages are only partially explained in one brief footnote—but such a reader has the comfortable feeling that his guide knows what she is doing.

It should not be inferred that this book is without the humane wit, the quick eye, and the empathy that always have enlivened biography, for it is delightfully sprinkled with vivid scenes and acute phrases. One sees Nuttall snatching a moment's rest from his nocturnal studies, as Thomas Say had before him, beneath the mastodon skeleton in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and one hears the French trappers on the Upper Missouri jibe at him for his incomprehensible weed-chasing. There is a strong temptation to suspect that the author has come close to the essence of the chill New England strength when she describes a Harvard academic appointment as having been proffered "with characteristic Bostonian thought of future benefactions."

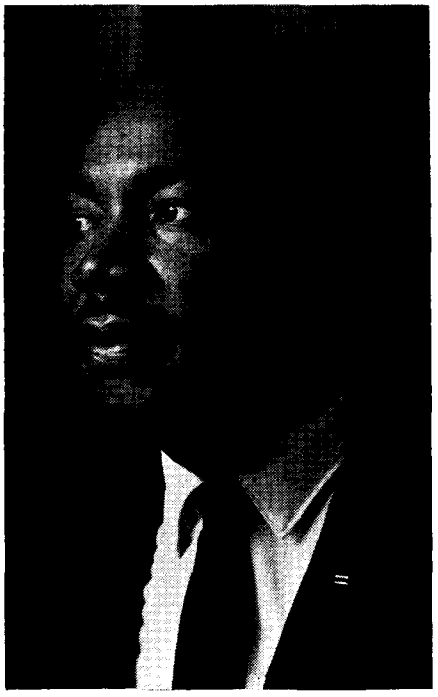
PROBABLY because they have been overstressed in previous inadequate biographical sketches, Professor Graustein is at some pains to deny Nuttall his appealing eccentricities. He was a reserved man, surely, totally dedicated to his scientific pursuits, but he was not, she insists, a hermit or isolated from his students and fellow-scholars. The reader, however, is led with some haste past the spots on the prairie where Nuttall dug up plants with his rifle in utter disregard of the fact that at any moment he might have been called upon to use the mud-clogged weapon to defend himself against Indians. Nor was it especially curious to Professor Graustein that the scientist had a ladder and a trapdoor installed in the Garden House at Harvard so that he could reach his lodgings above from the kitchen without being seen; it was simply that he wanted to avoid certain boarders whose company he found undesirable.

A giant of the natural sciences strides through these pages as he strode through much of America when it was fresh and new, and he is comprehensible as a man. It is a labor of consequence to have given him, at last, the stature that biographical silence hitherto has withheld.

Power for the Poor

Where Do We Go from Here: Chaos or Community?, *by Martin Luther King, Jr. (Harper & Row. 209 pp. $4.95), provides a program of action for each of the races and for both together. Milton R. Konvitz, author of "Expanding Liberties," is professor of industrial and labor relations and professor of law at Cornell University.*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ



—*Pix.*

Martin Luther King—"speaks to the inner ear . . . to the inner man."

UNLIKE some of his earlier writings, the strength and appeal of Martin Luther King's fourth book—*Where Do We Go from Here: Chaos or Community?*—lie in its moderate, judicious, constructive, pragmatic tone. In the place of fire there is the light of intelligence. In the place of a passionate *"J'accuse"* there is a reasoned plea for collaboration.

This change in tone and temper may be due to the fact that since the summer of 1966 the civil rights movement has had to face an internal menace: the Black Power movement, created by Stokely Carmichael and Floyd McKissick at Greenwood, Mississippi. Because Black Power is a demagogic slogan without a program Dr. King is, consciously or unconsciously, moved to think more of programs than of slogans. Because Black Power is negative, even nihilistic in its direction Dr. King has been compelled to chart a positive, constructive course of thought and action. Because Black Power is rooted in hopelessness and pessimism Dr. King has been forced to intensify his deeply religious sense of trust and aspiration. Because Black Power is committed to racial—and ethical—separatism Dr. King has felt called upon to affirm and reaffirm his conviction that only through racial cooperation and integration can either of the races achieve freedom from the evils which beset it and all America.

Yet Dr. King has been able to assimilate to his own thought the germ of truth that lies hidden at the heart of Black Power—a truth which Stokely Carmichael has obscured and even suffocated: the Old Testament truth that morality without power will mean subjection to immoral power; that morality, to become meaningful in man's life, must be translated into the social power structure and into living laws and social institutions. I suspect that on this point Dr. King—like the rest of us—has learned a great deal from Reinhold Niebuhr; but it probably took Stokely Carmichael's perverse heresy and defection to bring this truth to a central focus in the thought of Dr. King. It is a truth that needs constant reaffirmation and vindication.

WHERE is the Negro to go from here if there is to be community instead of chaos? Dr. King's prescription can be put together from programmatic statements in various parts of his book.

First, the Negro is to gain self-respect, "a rugged sense of somebodyness."

Second, he is to work "passionately for group identity." This plea is directed especially to middle-class and professional Negroes, many of whom fail or refuse to identify themselves and work with their less educated or less fortunate brethren.

Third, the Negro must take the initiative to implement the rights and opportunities he already has won, to walk through the doors that have already been opened.

Fourth, he must go on with his struggle for full equality through mass nonviolent action and the ballot.

Fifth, the Negro must push his claims for freedom and equality beyond Constitutional rights to the human rights

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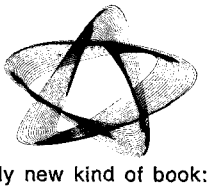
of decent housing and adequate income, and in this struggle the Negro must see himself as only a part of a larger mass of forty million poverty-stricken Americans. Among the means the poor—Negro and white—should use in this struggle are the organization of welfare recipients and tenants into unions that would protect them from bureaucratic and economic abuses and deprivations.

THESE are surely sober recommendations. At the heart of them is the American do-it-yourself philosophy. But Dr. King is enough of a realist to know that for the Negro, as for any other segment of the American people, this philosophy does not mean racial separatism. Freedom, says Dr. King, is not given, it is won; but the Negro has allies, who share his aspirations and who wish to share in his struggle. The Negro needs them and their resources in order to win equality. The slogan—if there is to be one—should therefore be, not "Black Power," but "Power for Poor People."

This book by Dr. King exemplifies the fact that intelligent discourse has its own brand of eloquence. It speaks to the inner ear. It speaks to the inner man which is in every human being, black or white.

the Religious Situation



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Next Door to Watts

Ill-at-Ease in Compton, *by Richard M. Elman (Pantheon. 207 pp. $5.95), discloses the aimless, dull existence of a Los Angeles suburb where economically the Negro population is becoming increasingly stable. Brian Richard Boylan has observed and written about integration in suburbia.*

By BRIAN RICHARD BOYLAN

THE TREND in book publishing to take a single theme or point of view and worry 300 pages of supporting and supplementary material around it seems to be shouldering aside the work with a diversified outlook, which offers a few particulars about many aspects of a subject instead of all possible details concerning but one.

Richard Elman has ignored this single-theme trend in his attempt to picture Compton, California, an industrialized, lower-middle-class city bordered by Watts. Elman pushes no single point of view, nor does he seem to have an ax to grind; instead, he reveals through flashing vignettes exactly how Compton residents feel about the increasing dreariness of their town.

The typical sociological study would attempt to go beyond attitude and atmosphere, perhaps even relegate them to a passing mention. By concentrating on these intangibles, which are vastly more important in individual daily life than statistics, Elman has fashioned a remarkable book that fully justifies its title. To do this he has discarded the obvious descriptions of living conditions (one assumes they are bleak at best) and he makes no attempt to trace the roots of social and racial roil in a community that is 50 per cent Negro. *Ill-at-Ease in Compton* is a sensitive, charming, often startling if occasionally pointless collection of stop-action stills of unrest.

Elman has approached Compton not so much as a suburb of Los Angeles (which it isn't in the sense of a bedroom community whose residents work in the big city) as the next door neighbor of Watts. Compton's Negro population has mushroomed and this, together with the black man's improving economic condition, has annoyed, even enraged the less prosperous white citizens—who are usually referred to simply as "rednecks." Compton escaped the $40 million holocaust that roared through Watts in August 1965, but during it many residents slept on the floor alongside whatever weapons they had to protect themselves.

"Compton used to be a place where, if a man had a house and a family and a good job, he didn't think too much about anything else. We didn't have any big ideas. We came here and it was a good life. We got on. My kids went to school here. Then they wouldn't live here any more. Nobody does. Nowadays, everybody's got big ideas," a Comptonian told Elman, expressing the vague distress that seems such a part of the drab lives of these people.

But not all is vague in Compton. There is the Colonel, who as publisher presides like a medieval despot over the only substantial newspaper in town:

> Sometimes it seemed as if the Colonel was sorely pressed to know which of his enemies was most deserving of his opprobrium: The civil rights marchers who were copulating on the sneak in Mississippi, or the Castro agents who were trying to take over Brazil, the Argentine, Aruba, or Puerto Rico? Strange vicissitudes were besetting the Commonwealth: the hour was short, the need great. Someone was ruining the dollar. A third force was at work banning school prayers. And a fourth was whispering in Johnson's ear: "We shall overcome!"

Mr. Elman moves through his narrative imperturbably, showing restrained compassion but never moral indignation. He draws few conclusions, and the reader will be hard put to reach many himself, except perhaps that Compton exemplifies the untalked-about aspect of lower-middle-class life: the aimless, dull existence intensified by uneasiness, simmering racial resentment, and open hate. Raising many more questions than it answers, *Ill-at-Ease in Compton* is a crisply-written, thoughtful montage of the increasing, inescapable awfulness of life in communities like Compton.

American Dream and Dilemma: To condense the history of the American Negro into a single volume requires a perspective that permits some thematic arrangement. August Meier and Elliott M. Rudwick have selected two angles for the organization of *From Plantation to Ghetto: An Interpretive History of*

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American Negroes (Hill & Wang, $5.75). The first is more or less ecological; the second, intellectual—concerned especially with the ideology and rhetoric of leaders of the Negro in his struggle to achieve civil rights and full human dignity.

In a straightforward manner, historian Meier and sociologist Rudwick review the West African heritage of the American Negro, his enslavement, his experience in antebellum cities and in the ghettos of today. Shifts in ideology from emancipation, to accommodation, to legalism and direct action are plausibly documented. The connections between the locale of the struggle and its form do not appear forced, nor are they necessarily determinative of one another.

Much of the material here will be familiar to readers of American history; there is no unorthodox interpretation of the data nor any spectacular theoretical or methodological innovation.

A book like this places before the layman the deep roots of contemporary concern with the American Dream and the American Dilemma. It is difficult to write of the Negro with candor, responsibility, and freedom from ideological or value stance. Meier and Rudwick are scrupulous with the facts to a remarkable degree, and their value commitments serve to enhance rather than to distort the work.

The position of the American Negro is not just a fact of social science or merely a historical precipitate; it is a moral problem—one amenable to political and economic solutions as well as changes of heart, mind, and conscience. This unstated but apparent attitude of the authors would certainly find wide sympathy among working social scientists and historians.

Aside from the factual and analytic content, what does the history of the American Negro teach us, either as generalization or as guide for policy? Lessons from the past are notoriously hard to come by, and what was relevant to former social environments of the American Negro has small pertinence now. The Garvey Movement may be functionally similar to the Black Muslims, but the real core of Negro protest from Martin Luther King all the way to Stokely Carmichael and R. F. Williams has no historical parallels, although, of course, it has antecedents.

So, it appears we can learn about the emergence of a protest movement from its past, and we can see some of the functional connections in that past; but we can hardly receive imperatives to action or fashion firm empirical generalizations. With the realization that the contemporary situation is fluid, this book serves as a convenient summary of the course of American Negroes toward the still unreached but continually redefined and ineluctably compelling goal of free men in a free society.

—Manning Nash.

WIT TWISTER #15

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —

Until their — — — — run over!

Tonight, we'll — — — — upon this — — — —;

Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

She — — — — of love ere they were wed

And looked to him for reassurance.

Since then, a — — — — has raised its head:

She — — — — at him beyond endurance.

(*Answer on page* 42)

Red Sea

Continued from page 23

1966 Mr. Thomas did not regard Nasser as a Hitler—only a misunderstood nationalist.

Doubtless the defenders of Hugh Thomas's work will plead that his focus is on a few months many years ago. But events are not isolated from the whole of history; they are linked with each other. Anthony Eden, whom Thomas tends to treat as having been obsessed with a Munich complex, understood this well. Eden's words to Eisenhower during the Suez crisis in 1956 had a prophetic ring, especially in light of recent events: "Nasser . . . is now effectively in Russian hands, just as Mussolini was in Hitler's. It would be ineffective to show weakness to Nasser now in order to placate him, as it was to show weakness to Mussolini."

It took eleven years to bring the West to this rude awakening. Hugh Thomas, as *Suez* clearly shows, has not yet grasped reality; nor do his work and many others take into account the fallacies that contribute to Soviet success and Western defeat. So long as books like *Suez* continue to promote the myth that Moscow does not mean to implement the Leninist doctrine of subverting weaker states, the longer the list of anti-Western nations will grow.

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Berg and Hindemith from Hamburg

LINCOLN CENTER'S first venture into festival sponsorship, though barely under way, has already produced a result long to be remembered. This is the demonstration, through performances in the Metropolitan by the visiting company from Hamburg of Alban Berg's *Lulu* and Paul Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler,* that the art of opera does move on. To be sure, the New York City Opera has done its part to advance that recognition; but there are some things beyond its means to which the Metropolitan, for one reason or another, has failed to apply its resources.

It thus left to the visitors from Hamburg the opportunity as well as the reward for the first performance on a local stage of Alban Berg's great counterpart to *Wozzeck.* Even less an opera by conventional standards and much more musical theater than its predecessor, it carries the mark of a master in every scene. Some parts of Berg's total conception remain to be fulfilled (the filmed episode he prescribed to bridge a passage of time in Act II was absent, and the unpublished third act was represented only by its conclusion), but quite enough were present to affirm his high place among composers for the stage.

What Berg has done with Frank Wedekind's *Erdgeist* and *Büchse der Pandora* is to document the possibilities of self-destruction latent in any human being. This applies not only to the willful, capricious epitome of female wantonness called Lulu (also Mignon, Eva, and Nelly), but as much to those specimens of male "probity" who are drawn to her. She, at least, has the candor to proclaim, "I never in the world wanted to seem anything other than what people took me for." That the doctor, painter, and editor marry her only to die—violently—before she is killed by a customer she solicits as a prostitute is perhaps a proof that lack of virtue has its own reward, too.

Out of his sure instinct as a musical dramatist, Berg has evoked from the wandering, rootless, melodically arid idiom pioneered by Schoenberg a perfect counterpart for this particular subject. It suits it esthetically not only in terms of the wandering, rootless, emotionally arid creature who is Lulu, but also in terms of those who are helplessly drawn, mothlike, to the flame. There is hardly an idea in it which stands out for independent recollection—save, perhaps, that moment of orchestral eloquence in which Berg reflects, with the compassion that characterizes his sympathy for Wozzeck, on the urges and impulses that drive Lulu to her destruction. But there is, likewise, hardly a moment in which the subject is out of his artistic control. Primary credit for balancing the aural equation belongs to conductor Leopold Ludwig, who monitored the contesting claims of orchestra and vocalists with the vigilance born of long familiarity with the problem.

The production devised by Teo Otto takes its cue from Berg's prologue, in which an animal trainer presiding over a fantasy circus menagerie introduces Lulu as the serpent. All the action takes place within the semi-circular likeness of a circus ring, under ropes, hangings, and poles evoking the rigging of a tent, ladders, and trapezes. It is clever and it is functional. The question it begs, however, is a crucial one: Did Berg have such a fantasy world of symbols in mind, or was he motivated by some more pertinent relation to reality? Those who think he did will admire Otto's solution as expedient, but will also question his preference for softening the harshness of the action.

There may never, in all its complexities, be a total embodiment of Lulu, but Anneliese Rothenberger fulfilled a sufficient quantity to merit gratitude for effort as well as high praise for the result. From the outset she projected the visual image essential for Lulu's dramatic credibility, and if her voice lacked the cutting power always to penetrate Berg's scoring, she was unfailingly adept in the florid writing with which he depicted Lulu's capriciousness. Toni Blankenheim was a persuasive Dr. Schön (her first love and eventual murder victim), a performance matched by Gerhard Unger as his son (another of her lovers), Erwin Wohlfahrt (as the painter who commits suicide out of inability to control her), Kerstin Meyer (as the lesbian-love in Lulu's life), and Kim Borg (the procurer who poses as Lulu's father).

Günther Rennert's direction made of these and the others in the numerous cast (especially Elisabeth Steiner as the High School Boy who depicts another of Lulu's fascinations) a dramatic ensemble rarely surpassed in opera. The waves of applause that surged up from the enthralled audience at the evening's end left little doubt that this was just the beginning of *Lulu*'s history in New York, but it was a beginning that set a high standard of musical and dramatic craftsmanship for others to match.

The symphony that Hindemith has made out of his *Mathis der Maler* score has become such a staple of the orchestral repertory that the whole work had an air of familiarity when it was introduced on the preceding night. For, in extracting the best music of the score for his separate purpose, Hindemith also synthesized much of the variety it contains. That is to say, really, that there is not a great deal of variety in it, that the organ timbres, choiring brass, and fluttering high woodwinds frequently enjoyed in the concert hall are equally present in the opera house, whether his characters are singing or not.

This is not to be judged as a failure of intent, for Hindemith was too much a musical master to do anything except what he intended to do. The failure, even, is not so much in the constant middle-register vocal writing (which moves in and around the orchestral sound rather than having a strong identity of its own) as in the drawing of the characters themselves. Whether named Matthias Grünewald, the painter who was torn between art and the rebellion of the peasants against oppression, or Cardinal Albrecht, torn between a love of luxury and his commitment to God—or the women who become involved with both—they tend to be abstractions rather than people. Hindemith, who wrote his own libretto, was capable of articulating the ideas that entered into their conflicts, but not of humanizing them sufficiently to make them vital or absorbing on the stage. His moment of triumph is unquestionably an impressive one, when Grünewald's historic vision of his duty to art summons him back to productivity. The voices add little, however, to the effect long admired in the concert hall.

PERHAPS a more impressive actor-singer than Hubert Hofmann would have magnetized greater attention to Mathis, a Sachs-like figure who asks more than serious intentions. Richard Cassilly as the Cardinal and Tatiana Troyanos as the Countess were both excellent; Arnold van Mill (Riedinger) and Edith Mathis (Regina) were equally good. Most interesting of the unfamiliar singers was Enriqueta Tarrés, a Spanish soprano of pungent sound and dramatic fervor, as Ursula. Economically and tastefully set by Teo Otto, well directed by Oscar Fritz Schuh, the production profited most from the fervent performance of Hindemith's orchestral score by the Hamburg Philharmonic under the knowing direction of Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Columns 1 and 3 should read: 18, 14, 2, 4, 10, 13, 8, 11, 1, 12, 9, 5, 3, 7, 6, 15, 16, 17.

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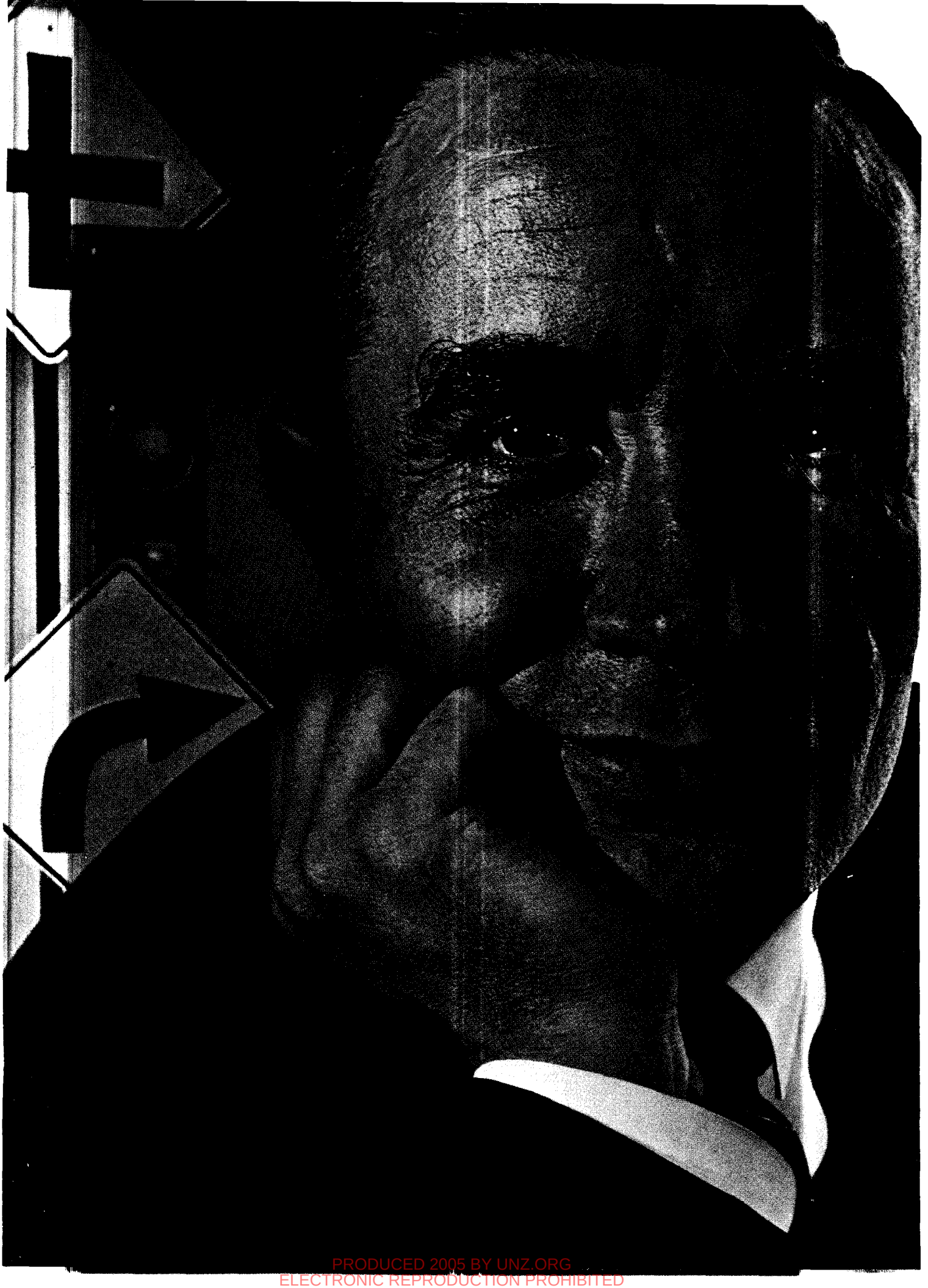

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The Prelude to a Dancing Dynasty

IGOR YOUSKEVITCH bears a magical name in the world of ballet. He rarely performs any more, but he has not been forgotten by his devoted fans. They were out in force recently when he and his Ballet Romantique appeared in a cavernous ex-vaudeville and movie palace in New York's Lower East Side.

The little company, which made its New York debut two years ago, is something of a catch-as-catch-can affair, for it does not enjoy performing continuity or permanent personnel. But when bookings come along and when there is an opportunity to appear, as on this recent occasion with the Monday Dance Series at the Village Theater, Youskevitch assembles a group of highly experienced young professionals to dance and to choreograph. Most of the faces and forms change from engagement to engagement; but there is one constant: Youskevitch, and, in this case, the name stands for two dancers, Igor and his daughter Maria.

The great *premier danseur* of an era just passed is now fifty-five; the daughter, born to him and his wife, the former dancer, Anna Scarpova, is twenty-one. Despite the disparity in their ages, the two dance together effectively and look well. Maria is womanly rather than girlish, and Youskevitch has retained the slim, trim, muscled build that had the ladies sighing a generation ago. "Igor, how *do* you stay so young-looking?" asked a friend recently. Below his thick black hair, his eyes twinkled, and he grinned his famous boyish grin: "Just let me say that I take care of my body with exercise every day, and that my wife takes charge of my head with what I think I had better describe as 'loving care.'"

At the performance by the Ballet Romantique in the 2,650-seat Village Theater (the onetime Loew's Commodore), the veteran star danced in only one number. It was clear that the leaps and jumps had lost their *ballon*, that spring which makes a ballet dancer seem as much at home in the air as on the ground. Gone, to a minor degree, was flexibility. But the pirouettes were both fleet and neat, and present in full measure was the almost forgotten style of a true *premier danseur noble*, the aristocratic deportment of a prince, a poet—the demeanor of elegance. Erik Bruhn, today, has it. But let us not forget that the great Danish star was merely a soloist with the American Ballet Theatre when Youskevitch was its undisputed first male dancer. Dance knowledge and taste, of course, are passed on not only from father to daughter, but also from dancer to dancer.

So Igor Youskevitch, once one-half of the electrifying team of Alicia Alonso and Youskevitch (as dazzling in *Giselle* as Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin had been before them and Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev after them), is focusing a good deal of his attention on another Youskevitch of another generation.

Maria Youskevitch's mother, at the Youskevitch ballet school, is her principal teacher; her father is her coach. Both aspects of training paid dividends when Maria danced—and acted—the role of one of the six lovely contestants as possible brides-to-be for the Prince in the American Ballet Theatre's triumphant production of *Swan Lake*, a highlight of the troupe's spring season at New York City's Lincoln Center. For of all the girls assigned to the parts of the potential brides only Maria Youskevitch stood, sat, moved, nodded, waved her plumed fan as if she were a veritable princess. But is she a ballerina?

AS YET, Maria Youskevitch is not a ballerina. She is a good dancer with good balletic line and a good face for the stage. But, at present, she lacks one ingredient essential to a ballerina, and

Youskevitch, father and daughter—"dance knowledge and taste."

—G. Chatal.

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that, to put it in highly technical terms, is pizzazz. Yes, I know that this bit of onomatopoeia is usually reserved for show biz, but both a Callas and a Merman, or a ballerina and a hoofer, need it.

The program presented by the Ballet Romantique, aside from serving as a vehicle for the two Youskevitches, provided performing opportunities for that splendid young dance principal of the American Ballet Theatre, Ted Kivitt; the dark-eyed, exotic, and sensuous Edith Jerell, onetime leading female dancer of the Metropolitan Opera; the handsome and stalwart Dean Crane, usually associated with enterprises at Ballet Arts; Alicia Lovely and George Chatal, who danced winningly in a lively and unaffected version of the "Peasant Pas de Deux" from *Giselle*; plus excellently schooled supporting players.

The dancers and the dancing, then, were fine, but most of the numbers on the program were little more than vehicles and not particularly worthy vehicles at that. Igor Youskevitch's *Pas de Trois* to music of Khachaturian was agreeable enough and valuable chiefly because it united the two Youskevitches and Kivitt in the act of performing. The same choreographer's *Romeo and Juliet* (using the Tchaikovsky score) is, I would guess, serviceable—Maria is a pretty Juliet but not, here, a very good actress, and Kivitt makes a credible Romeo but one who needs the guidance of a director, not just a choreographer.

For himself and Miss Jerell, Crane came up with that never neglected biblical heroine, Judith, and her historic victim; and Larry Stevens, a choreographer with promise, even if he is not always disciplined, had his go at Adam and Eve (the most popular dance theme of the year) in the not very satisfactory *The Green Apple*, and in an excursion into comedy, *Afternoon of a Straw Hat* (both to scores of Poulenc—the latter using music from the old ballet, *Les Biches*).

The performance by the Ballet Romantique could not, obviously, be numbered among the major dance events of the year. But it had its special purposes. It was one of several distinguished and adventuresome dance groups to take part in a Monday-night series produced by Eugene Dildine in the tarnished old movie house that he hopes to turn into a permanent home for dance; it brought onto one stage an excellent assembly of dancers of different styles; and it gave us glimpses of two generations of the family Youskevitch, the master *danseur* and the novice. All of this constitutes a part of the dance scene. But how about better choreography for that scene? How about the services of a theater director to release and direct the steps designed by a choreographer? How about that pizzazz? —Walter Terry.

For All to See

A REAL HERO of the Middle East war and its aftermath, it became apparent shortly after the recent convening of the United Nations General Assembly, is television. The medium has won another victory for reality over fantasy. The small screen, David fashion, has slain with its smooth stone of truth the Goliath of bombast, rhetoric, and deception in international diplomacy. Domestic political conventions and election campaigns have had to accommodate themselves to the electronic mode, and now it is the turn of men who speak in the court of world opinion.

Why now and not before? We have had television coverage of sessions of the U.N. General Assembly and of the Security Council, and the confrontation was not apparent, the victory not plain. The crucial difference in television's image of the Middle East struggle was the collapsing of the time dimension that historically has separated fantasy and reality in wars. This was the sixty-hour war, and the explosion and implosion of information were almost simultaneous. The effect was to illuminate the whole context of the experience in so blinding a blaze of immediacy that propaganda could not survive. Statesmen must take notice—not only the Russians and the Arabs but the Israelis and the Americans. The medium, per se, is capable of sublime indifference to parochialisms.

The big drama on television when the General Assembly convened was the arrival of Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin to present the Soviet resolution condemning Israel as the aggressor in the swift war. Television's stage was set for him by President Johnson's morning address to educators in Washington and by Ambassador Arthur Goldberg's stepping aside to let the Russian delegate make the first speech to the United Nations. Mr. Kosygin's case, it quickly became clear, was hard line and familiar. It had all been said during the Security Council sessions.

The Premier spoke of Israeli arrogance and atrocities that brought to mind "the heinous crimes perpetrated by the Fascists during World War II." Viewers who had followed the Council meetings had been confused when they heard similiar charges hurled back and forth across the table by representatives of both sides of the debate. How could you know which delegates were telling the truth? All nations fighting all modern wars have lied during the actual conflict; but here, in the General Assembly, as the impassive, deliberate Russian chief intoned the ritual of diplomatic obfuscation, an entirely novel element was present in the great Assembly chamber and in the minds of viewers striving for objectivity.

They had seen the war's images with their own eyes. The tragic conflict had unrolled like film on a projector in their living rooms, a great cinemascope classic. Slowly at first, the scenes came; then more swiftly, as Israeli censorship was lifted and the correspondents and their camera crews got around, until the scenario literally gushed forth from the fount of history like an *Iliad* cut to a ninety-minute special.

Viewers had seen the Egyptians in the streets of Cairo leaping exultantly for the holy war. They had heard the Arab chieftains calling for the liquidation of Israel. They had witnessed the Israeli troops going efficiently about their campaign with sadness and no lust for killing. In one of the most memorable television scenes, a young Israeli soldier, a musician, wounded and burned in his first day's fighting, wept more over the unwanted cruelty of the war than over his own pain. All communications are selective, and all are selectively perceived; but if objectivity can be approximated, the evidence that television had amassed in the battles of who was out to get whom was extremely persuasive.

Yet here was the Soviet Premier, followed by delegates from Czechoslovakia and Syria, rehearsing the old script of diplomacy, ignoring television's evidence, and building a case for future back-room bargaining. It was a traumatic experience for patient viewers whose hopes for peace are heavily invested in the U.N. One knew this was a mere holding operation, with endless *pro forma* reiteration for the record by all sides. The real story had gone on behind the scenes. The medium has its message for the great and small powers, comfortable in their ritualistic verbalizing: Cut the script, speak to the point—and to people. When statesmen learn this lesson, as they must, perhaps television will have made a contribution to the search for peace.

The irony of it is that the fantasy of the diplomats should have been so ruthlessly exposed by a medium founded in this country so heavily on fantasy itself. If television can reshape diplomacy, there is hope that someday it may even reshape itself—if it turns its truth lenses inward.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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The Admirable Sidney

SIDNEY POITIER has a way of reminding me of Gary Cooper. For one thing, Mr. Poitier is becoming almost as archetypal in his roles as Cooper was. When you first meet him in a picture these days he has a vaguely shy dignity, a taciturnity that denotes inner strength, and a sensitivity that tells us he has gone through pain and suffering. But Poitier is also a splendid, responsive actor, and now and then his pictures have a way of seeming to be better than they actually are, made so by the conviction he establishes. Gary Cooper used to be able to do this, too. But unlike Cooper, Poitier isn't allowed to get the girl (or even *a* girl) in the end, and all the handsome masculinity he represents must wait for the day when mores and attitudes change sufficiently to allow him to respond to the love signals sent his way by white heroines who aren't particularly concerned about color barriers.

The suggestion of a breaching of those barriers is present in *To Sir, With Love*, an English-made film that presents Poitier as a teacher in a London secondary school. A female member of the staff is obviously attracted to him, and even more obvious is the adoration of a pretty sixteen-year-old pupil. But Poitier, as the teacher, while insisting on all his elemental rights as a human being, draws a firm line in matters of romance. This renunciation is meant as one more example of his dedication to righteousness, as a reinforcement of his essential dignity, and perhaps to demonstrate also his awareness of realities. But it's an easy way out, too, for his screenwriters, who become curiously race conscious while seeming to promote both tolerance and idealism.

I can hardly claim to know the solution myself, both filmically and dramatically, but it does seem a shame that Poitier is being consistently de-sexualized in his films. So, with each passing film, he becomes an ever more solid symbol, a minority figure who must eventually triumph over the majority types, while making prejudice seem lowly and nasty. In the Old West the symbol, when goaded to the extreme, was quick on the draw and drilled his adversary. Poitier, on the other hand, is quick mentally and in a flash of perception finds the key that will unlock a dilemma. He does this in both *To Sir, With Love* and another new film, *In the Heat of the Night*.

In the first mentioned he has an unruly bunch of adolescents to contend with. They are kids from a slum suburb of London who have managed to prevail against every known method of learning and discipline. They smoke in class, bait their teachers, and evince a set hostility to any form of authority. Poitier must not only subdue these near-hoodlums, he must somehow win their respect and teach them something. It takes awhile, but he does so, succeeding so admirably that the entire class becomes an adorable group of youngsters. James Clavell, who wrote, directed, and produced the film, fills the last half hour with so many heart-tugging episodes that the entire crew must have been awash in tears at the end. Even Poitier, good as he is, has to struggle to maintain his acting conviction.

In the Heat of the Night also poses some difficult problems for Poitier. Picked up as a murder suspect in a small Southern town, he reveals himself to be a Philadelphia police officer who had been merely paying his mother a visit. He is also a specialist in cracking homicide cases, and, though the town police chief—played with sizzling zest by Rod Steiger—is most unwilling to employ a Negro in his prejudice-encrusted bailiwick, he does so when the case proves to be more complex than he had supposed. Norman Jewison, the director, endows this racial thriller with atmosphere and foreboding as the town forces gather against the Negro usurper, as Poitier methodically goes about his task of deduction and discovery. The tension grows, however, less from the mystery and the threat of violence than from the relationship that develops between the skilled, intelligent Negro and the police chief who is slowly forced to discard his fixed set of assumptions. Both Poitier and Steiger are splendid as they subtly establish this relationship until a mutual feeling of respect is arrived at.

Of course, the rules must be observed. Poitier must remain a prideful, lonely figure at the end, and Steiger, too, must pay the price of loneliness, because he can no longer share the majority (of his community) point of view. But, this familiarity aside, *In the Heat of the Night* is a tense, fascinating film, benefiting from a tight, well-written script by Stirling Silliphant, and from the sure direction of Mr. Jewison, who gets better and better with each picture.

MARRIAGE, divorce, and sex are the preoccupations of three new films that have come along from various points of the compass. From England comes *The Family Way*, which tells the story of a pair of very young newlyweds who run into distress when they attempt to find marital happiness in bed. The young man, to put it bluntly, is frightened into impotence, and the girl hasn't the foggiest idea about how to guide him over the conjugal rocks. Meanwhile, word about their failure gets around in the industrial town in which they live, and the whole situation is made worse by the fact that the couple must learn to cohabit while sharing the crowded household of the boy's parents.

THE ingratiating nature of the movie comes principally from fine, sympathetic performances by Hayley Mills and Hywel Bennett as the young couple, and by John Mills and Marjorie Rhodes as the older pair. A good deal of robust humor naturally springs from the material, and some pathos, too, much of it provided by the elder Mills. Well produced and directed, for the most part, by John and Roy Boulting, the film errs only in winding itself up all too neatly in one final scene of a type more fitting for the stage than the screen.

Woman Times Seven, made in Paris under the aegis of Joseph E. Levine, provides Shirley MacLaine with the opportunity to play seven different heroines in a series of vignettes directed by Vittorio De Sica. Unfortunately, since most of these females appear to be French and since Miss MacLaine appears to be firmly Americanized, she isn't always convincing, although she is certainly pleasant enough to watch. The stories tend to be on the thin side, each one revealing a supposed facet of femininity. Alan Arkin, Michael Caine, Vittorio Gassman, and Peter Sellers appear in small roles and cope with their sparse material as best they can.

Hollywood doesn't usually provide us with much in the way of satire, but *Divorce American Style* makes about as sharp a comment on the institution of divorce as we could hope to expect, especially with Dick Van Dyke and Debbie Reynolds in the leading roles. After seventeen years of marriage, the two are brainwashed by friends, lawyers, and a psychiatrist into a suit for divorce which eventually leaves the husband with only $87.50 a week out of his $25,000 yearly salary. Naturally, in the long run he's better off to return to his wife, even though Jean Simmons, another divorcee, is there to console and comfort him. It's not economics, however, but the belated recognition of love that vitiates the satire and brings Dick back to Debbie (both are amusing, if sexless, in their roles, by the way). Norman Lear wrote and produced, and Bud Yorkin directed this abrasive comedy, and they are obviously a talented team.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Funny Side Up

LONDON.

WHILE the serious theatergoing visitor to England will probably spend most of his time at the Old Vic, where the National Theatre operates, at the Aldwych, and at Stratford-Upon-Avon, where the Royal Shakespeare Company performs, a more frivolous side of the British theater is to be enjoyed here.

There is, for instance, the sort of light British farce that can run several seasons in London but which usually has great difficulty lasting more than a few weeks in New York. A typical example was *Say Who You Are*, which, under the revised title *Help Stamp Out Marriage!*, had a short life on Broadway last fall. Now playing in London are three comedies similarly successful with the British public, each of which provides a certain amount of genuine laughter.

Joe Orton's *Loot* merrily pokes broad fun at religious hypocrisy, marital love, and the police. Terence Frisby's *There's A Girl In My Soup* has a gay old time with a middle-aged Don Juan who gets involved with a very willing teen-ager whose complete honesty makes her both more attractive and more exasperating than his more sophisticated girl friends. And Alan Ayckbourn's *Relatively Speaking* gets a lot of mileage out of some cleverly contrived mistaken-identity situations. In it, a young man mistakes his would-be wife's ex-boyfriend for her father, and the ex-boyfriend mistakes the young man for his wife's lover. While there is nothing very special or memorable about it, nevertheless the comedy works.

If one is willing to enjoy humorously performed claptrap, there is Brian Rix carrying on adeptly in some utterly silly plays, *Uproar In The House* and *Stand By Your Bedouin*. Mr. Rix reminds Americans a little bit of Soupy Sales as he executes absurd physical gags. One of the best of these is his frantic effort to keep a hidden door, which is triggered by a photoelectric beam, from opening. Whenever someone walks through the beam, Rix rushes over to reverse the action by breaking the beam himself and then high-jumps back over the beam as if this strange action were perfectly normal.

Another comedian whose performance is better than his material is Spike Milligan, who has brought *The Bed Sitting Room* back to the West End. And Frankie Howerd, who might be described as a British Milton Berle, is appearing in a revue, *Way Out In Piccadilly*, with Cilla Black, one of England's top recording stars.

However, the most refreshing fun of all is provided by a young comedian named Danny La Rue, starring in a bit of musical-comedy nonsense called *Come Spy With Me*. Mr. La Rue is a female impersonator, which fact may alienate those who find this a sick kind of humor. However, one should remember that the female roles in all of Shakespeare's plays were originally performed by female impersonators, and indeed the National Theatre will present an "in drag" version of *As You Like It* here in the fall. Japan's Kabuki Theater also uses female impersonators. But La Rue, as it turns out, needs no historical justification. As an impersonator, he is astonishingly good at appearing to be the most womanly woman on the stage. And as an actor radiating all the naughty pleasure and release that his interplay affords, he is one of the most vigorously healthy comedians you will ever see.

If revivals of Congreve, Feydeau, Vanbrugh, and Sheridan produce a less genuine laughter in us, they are recognizably comic creations of a somewhat higher order. The National Theatre is offering *Love for Love*, featuring a subtle performance by Geraldine McEwan and a broad one by Sir Laurence Olivier (unfortunately ill and temporarily out of the show), and *A Flea In Her Ear*, which entertains us as much with its fiendish construction as it does with its somewhat too forcedly garish goings-on in a French *hotel de joie*. At Stratford East's Theatre Royal, director Joan Littlewood has returned, and her schedule includes a streamlined version of *The Provoked Wife* (called *Amours and Intrigues*) which proves that with eighteenth-century farces it may be better to concentrate on the unsentimental pursuit of earthly pleasures than on re-creating what one supposes to be the look and fashionable foibles of a bygone period.

And at London's most charming and second-oldest theater, the Haymarket, one can watch Sir Ralph Richardson give one of his unique performances as Sir Anthony Absolute in *The Rivals*. Unlike some other great actors, Sir Ralph almost always approaches his roles with an inspired freshness and a happy absence of gestures left over from previous roles. You may find him occasionally bizarre, but if you join him in the spirit of his imagination, you will find his melancholy mirth absolutely contagious.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Thoroughly Peripatetic Millie

YOU DRINK a good Chassagne Montrachet, and it is very good going down, but unless you are Schoonmaker or Lichine or maybe Alfred Knopf, you cannot remember over and over just how it tasted. You cannot, unless you are one of the three, make it cascade over your tongue again in memory, like a Niagara that can flow on cue.

But as any zestful journeyman knows, a great odyssey to some other place can be etched on the memory even better than it can be exposed on film. You run it through your mind over and over and it never wears out, and the color never fades. If anything the sunsets glow with deeper reds, and situations that were only funny become hilarious. The memories are portable and immediately on call, and they become, as Hemingway said of Paris, a moveable feast. You can take the memories anywhere and take nourishment from them.

A lady I know who travels under the popular cognomen of Millie Considine has done one better. She has set down the memories of a life of travel in a book which she has called *Just a Minute, Mrs. Gulliver.* In the employment of the mother tongue Mrs. Considine doesn't exactly elbow Rebecca West, and there would still seem to be some room at the journalist's table for the reporter Robert Considine to whom she is wed and who has his own book out this spring entitled *It's News to Me.* But she has written a very warm, a very sentimental, and a very funny memoir, and all these emotions and reactions I experienced the other night when I stayed up to read the recollection of her times.

They were also, as it happens, the recollection of my times, for not only could I identify but often I was there on the same trip, rattling across some dusty country on the same press bus, zooming out of what was then called Idlewild Airport on the same plane, bound for a look at some newly prepared tourist land, a new nation, a new hotel, or an old inn recently refurnished.

We were together that time in the Soviet Union when we arrived broken, weary, and withered by the long flight. In Moscow we were shunted off to the Moskva Hotel when the practiced travelers among us would have preferred the National, which is somewhat closer to Western comfort. To Millie it had a pleasant note; the bathroom reminded her of the one in her father's drugstore back home in Oklahoma. The next morning when we stumbled late into the dining room, utterly undone by the abrupt and wrenching time change, Millie was in need of a Bloody Mary the way a fellow who sniffs snow needs a fix. She was undaunted by the language barrier, to say nothing of the drink barrier. I was at her elbow when she accepted the small vial of straight vodka from the waiter, the lemon, the salt and pepper, and the raw tomato which she squeezed with her bare hands in a desperate if primitive effort at survival in the Russian outback.

I was at her elbow, or she at mine, another year, this time in Puerto Rico. It was the height of the cha-cha-cha vogue, a step I couldn't quite master, and still can't. There was no time for lessons on a proper polished floor; we had to get off and see the sights and file stories. We were driving through the tropical rain forest of El Yunque, and while we gazed at the great tangle of foliage and the Tarzan vines that hung from the trees, and as we took notes that would become travel pieces, Millie had me stamping my feet on the floor boards in the proper rhythm of the cha-cha-cha. As the *Green Mansions* tableaux unfolded outside the car windows, Millie could be heard saying, "Now remember, one-two-three," and we stamped and thundered and doubtless chased all the lizards.

I was with Millie that time in Greece when we talked to Zeus—or was it Apollo?—and the heavens opened. I was on the plane to Tel Aviv when Robert Frost sat in the row in back of me, and that other poet Harry Golden sat across the aisle talking, for at least 2,387 miles of the way, about Sandburg. And then we landed, and all of us—Art Buchwald, and Inez Robb and Leonard Lyons, and Leavitt Morris of the *Christian Science Monitor*—were herded into a press conference with David Ben Gurion. Few of us can remember what the Prime Minister said, but the snappy sallies uttered by Paula Ben Gurion, his Brooklyn-born wife, are still being bantered and changed today, and thoroughly peripatetic Millie has a goodly collection of them in her book.

It is hard to think of Greece without thinking of that time, so long ago now, when we all went together on a nonstop flight from New York to Athens on the first of the DC-7s. It was to have been a second honeymoon for the Considines, but Bob was called away to

"It doesn't mean anything. It's purely decorative."

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cover Little Rock, and Millie flew off without him. For reasons unexplained, I drew a seat alongside Cobina Wright, a lady of certain age and certain elegance who reported to the Hearsts on social matters, and for all I know still does. Cobina was dressed to the nines for the ride to Athens and she was also swathed in Arpège, a scent with which she laves herself as the common people use water. I inhaled Arpège for fourteen unremitting hours, and concluded that if one gives *her* Arpège, one ought to give him oxygen.

John Charles Daly, lately appointed to run the Voice of America, was along on that excursion, which came at the time the Greeks were highly exercised with the British over the matter of Cyprus. It being such a sensitive time, our party of journalists was placed in the hands of one Mr. Cavournidis, a gentleman, like Mr. Daly, of profound opinions. They were shortly in heated discussion.

For relaxation Mr. Cavournidis turned to Millie, and with her there was only laughter. He paid dutiful attention to Cobina Wright, although one day he allowed us all to climb the hills at Delphi with a Greek guide named Zoë. This very same Zoë had been *my* guide on a previous stopover in Athens, and she was inordinately intelligent and well grounded in matters of Greek history and mythology. When she stood on the hill and urged us to offer supplications to Apollo (or was it Zeus?), it was natural to comply. Our call was answered with an immediate clap of thunder, and then the skies opened, drenching all but Mr. Cavournidis, who had not ascended the hill.

As the sodden refugees came down the hill later, Mr. Cavournidis ministered to them all, but particularly he attended Mrs. Considine and Cobina Wright and took them back to Athens by car, leaving the rest of us to the drafty bus. A few years later Millie took Bob Considine back to Greece. Preparing him for this trip, she told him the details of the last one, particularly about her conquest —Mr. Cavournidis. The Cyprus situation had long since melted, but Mr. Cavournidis was still on the scene. At a party in Athens the worthy Greek spotted Millie, rushed over to her and hugged her and said, "I've been asking everybody, 'Where is my beautiful Cobina Wright,' and here you are at last." Then he turned to Bob Considine and said, "You must be Mr. Wright. What do you do, Mr. Wright?" Considine sighed. "Not a damn thing since I invented the airplane," he answered.

Any traveler who reads Millie will shortly be summoning memories of his own. It's infectious, and it is also a great game. I have stories filed away under "Caviar" (subcategoried, "How bought in Soviet Union," "How bought in Rumania," "How got through customs," and "How kept from spoiling"), under "Jewels bought in India and other purchases." My favorite category is "Maxim's," and it contains a story which can be unfolded in short or long form.

Maxim's, as everybody in the class knows, is a venerable and stylish restaurant in Paris made even more famous by Lerner and Loewe's *Gigi*, a film of some years back which starred Leslie Caron, Hermione Gingold, Maurice Chevalier, Eva Gabor, and Louis Jourdan. I don't frequent Maxim's because it is too expensive and too stylish, but once in far-off Tahiti I did a favor for Louis Vaudable, its owner. It was a small thing, but when I was next in Paris Mr. Vaudable insisted I dine in his arbor. I had in tow a favorite aunt and an equally favorite wife, both of whom dote on such pleasures and are very eager to know what the celebrities are eating, and so I agreed to go.

At the velvet rope I gave my name, but the maître d'hôtel looked over the top of my head. Mr Vaudable's guest was one thing, but coming through the door were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. In time we were seated, with good fortune for the pleasure of my ladies, so that we could see the Duke dancing with the Duchess, both of his hands on her shoulders. A slight shift of gaze, and the ladies could look at Aristotle Onassis and see what he was eating. Alas, Ari was eating prunes and spaghetti.

I, on the other hand, was much more interested in the anonymous couple at the next table. They were certainly foreign and apparently celebrating an anniversary, for they clinked their glasses together and rewarded each other with meaningful glances. When the headwaiter came by I asked about them, and he assured me they were visitors from Holland.

Now Maxim's has a way of spinning webs of romance. I mean, here was Edward dancing with Wallis, and Ari eating spaghetti and prunes, and the ghosts of Eva Gabor and Louis Jourdan and Leslie Caron all over the place. Holland had wartime memories for me, and the wine didn't inhibit them. I wrested the attention of my ladies from the Windsors, and from Ari, and told them how, in the dark of one night in the late summer of 1944, when I had been a small part of a huge liberating army, our convoy had stopped on the edge of Holland.

The Dutch had endured a rigorous war and were short of food, but that night as I walked down a village street a door opened and in the split instant that the light showed in the blackout I was grabbed by the sleeve and pulled inside. There sat a farmer and his wife, and on the floor were their children. They put me at a table and served me an egg, possibly the only egg they had seen in a month. No refusal would have been allowed, or understood, and no thanks seemed enough.

Now, on this glamorous night so many years later, I would repay the Dutch the egg I owed them. I summoned the headwaiter, and ordered a bottle of wine to be sent to the Dutch couple at the next table. Although I was the guest of Mr. Vaudable, this was to be put on a separate check for me. As the sommelier brought the glasses and poured, I had to admit it was the supreme *beau geste*. The couple raised their glasses to us, and I leaned across the table and told them the story of that wartime night in Holland and how pleased I was to repay the egg on this memorable night.

"It is very kind of you to do this for us," the gentleman said, sipping slowly, "but we are not Dutch, we are Swedes."

I mean, it's this kind of memory that *Just a Minute, Mrs. Gulliver* will jog for you, and if you have any eggs in your closet, you ought to read it.

—Horace Sutton.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 31: sang, snag, nags.

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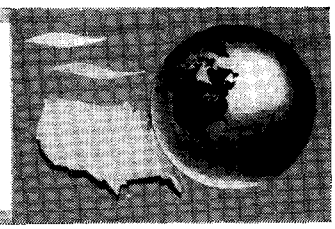

WINNIPEG:

Good Neighbors

TWO SENTENCES in President Johnson's remarks at the official reception in the U.S. Pavilion at Expo 67 are worthy of special note, particularly at this moment in time.

"Proud and independent people can live peacefully side by side, in peace and partnership, as good neighbors." They "need not waste their substance and destroy their dreams with useless quarrels and senseless, unconstructive conflict."

The statement is applicable to Canadian-American relations and is frequently disregarded in the inevitable tussle that goes on between special interests. But it is important to understand the principles outlined by President Johnson.

It is all too easy to misinterpret the accidental tearing of a flag, as happened during the President's visit, or to enlarge on a scattering of hecklers to the extent of obscuring the basic community of interest that exists between Canada and the United States. More indication of the real emotions of Canadians for Americans is to be found in the applause engendered by President Johnson's remarks and the numbers who listened. Because of the overwhelming magnitude of Canadian contacts with Americans, in comparison with those experienced with any other nationals, the opportunity for incidental unpleasantness is larger. The corresponding reports should not go unrelated to the facts.

As good neighbors we share most of the same dreams. There are bound to be differences of view as to how those dreams should be realized. But amid all the tension of the international scene, other nations, as well as Canadians, would be well advised to remember this. —*The Winnipeg Tribune.*

PARIS:

Hearts On Their Sleeves

CURRENT AMERICAN literature ought not to thrill writers who wish to be "objective" beyond sentimentality, metaphysics, and humanism. It has not broken with the moral preoccupations evident in Hemingway and Faulkner. It is the inheritor of a religious tradition and of a certain anxiety from which Robbe-Grillet wishes to remain exempt. The Americans have a sharp sensibility which leads them to all sorts of religiosity. . . .

The French novelists of today are afraid that American literature will unveil them. There is in their attitude a feeling: "They won't have us any more. We are a cold people. We look at the facts. Humanism tires us." Whereas this American literature is rather that of a generation of the anxious and the unstable, because they are Jews, homosexuals, Negroes, or drug addicts, by deliberate choice or by acceptance of a destiny. It's true that they wear their hearts on their sleeves, their faces running with tears, and that they evince a certain irritating complacency. But if one must choose among two evils, I wonder if I would not prefer that of affectation to coldness. . . .

What interests me in America is the anxiety, and what chills me sometimes in Western Europe is the absence of anxiety or the proposals denying it. The French neurosis is to pretend not to have it. The American neurosis is to wear it on one's sleeve . . . with humor. Current French literature singularly lacks humor, while American literature is full of it; and humor is a value.

In a country where the computers foresee how many millions of tons of bombs must be dropped to be *right*, the poets—these seismographs of the space of the interior—are more capable of foreseeing the future than electronic brains. In sum, while writing his poem "A Thousand Anxious Words for Fidel Castro," Lawrence Ferlinghetti was a better prophet than the agents of the CIA and the directors of the Pentagon who were preparing at the same moment the invasion of the Bay of Pigs.

—*Claude Roy, Le Monde.*

PEKING:

Two of a Kind

THE SUHARTO right-wing military regime in Indonesia is throwing itself into the lap of U.S. imperialism and at the same time rabidly attacking Communism, China, and the people. It is at this point that the ruling Soviet revisionist clique has seen fit to rush up with a string of compliments for this Fascist junta. . . .

In Indonesia today it is the Suharto gang of new running dogs that is in power, a gang fostered by U.S. imperialism and faithfully serving it. By dwelling at length on the "ultrarightists," the ruling Soviet revisionist clique merely aims at prettifying the Suharto gang of Fascists in an attempt to help them maintain their tottering reactionary rule by dressing them up as a "sensible" group among the reactionaries so as to mislead the people of Indonesia and other countries about the Suharto regime.

This Soviet revisionist tactic is meant not only to render service to U.S. imperialism and the Indonesian reactionaries, but it is also designed to cover up their own criminal ganging up with the Indonesian reactionaries. . . .

—*Peking Review.*

LONDON:

Vietnam and the Negro

. . . VIETNAM has come between the activist Negro groups and the govern-

Nearly 200 women spoke vociferously on [family planning] at Madras, as the meeting was sponsored by the National Council of Women. They calculated for eleven months before this meeting and were gratified to find two lakhs of persons sterilized in the Madras State; and they still feel they have touched only the fringe of the problem! They voted very strongly for fresh films and plays on "the small family" themes, to introduce sex education in schools and colleges, and particularly to get at the schoolgirls who need a "lot of urgent indoctrination."

They know not what they do! Only a millstone remains to be tied to their necks, as they meddle with the innocents in their infernal game! And the Union Ministry of Food and Agriculture has also arranged for the distribution of contraceptives through the consumer cooperative societies. And the Madras State Government has decided to supply contraceptives through ration shops and along with pay packets, if the recipients felt shy to purchase them publicly!

Still worse, they intend asking the religious leaders of the state to land themselves in family planning propaganda. How far wickedness could run riot can only be described by another John Milton in *Paradise Lost.*

—*Yemyem,*
The Malabar Herald, India.

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ment (both the Johnson Administration, that is, and Congress) and is by now the symbol of their estrangement. A reason often adduced is that the war is taking the resources which might have been employed in improving the lot of the Negroes. But this is to some extent an excuse or a cover, on both sides. The turning away of the Negro masses from the established society and its institutions seems to be the product of forces within the Negro community which have little to do with the war.

The disenchantment of people in government with the long-sustained pressure for civil rights and Negro betterment, and generally with the schemes for fighting poverty and reforming urban life which were talked of with such high hopes only two or three years ago, is no doubt exacerbated by resentment of criticism of the national policy in Vietnam. No doubt, too, the taking up of so much of the Administration's energy by the war has contributed to making things worse. But the fear of repudiation by the white majority of voters, the reluctance to tamper with the Northern social fabric, and the sheer unacceptability of black nationalism as a fact of American life have most to do with the prevailing boredom and irritation with the Negro cause. —*The Economist.*

MEXICO CITY:

Nixon Espouses His Politics

. . . [Richard] Nixon [during his recent visit to Mexico] enumerated the "musts" that Latin America should follow for a more rapid and harmonious rate of progress. But in doing this he failed to mention the most important factor of all: the very low prices we [Latin Americans] receive for our exports.

His succinct allusion to Europe could be right. He said a new focus for the Atlantic Alliance would have congruence with the political and economic transformation of the Old World. But Nixon was not specific. With regard to Vietnam, it is hard to agree with the prospective candidate insofar as he does not see the war leading to complications with the Communist powers.

—*Excelsior.*

MOSCOW:

A Tactic Exposed

Foy Kohler, former ambassador in Moscow and now Under Secretary of State, says President Johnson's call for broader ties with the Soviet Union is not an attempt to obtain a settlement in Europe on the basis of the status quo. Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island proposes to use trade with the East to spread the erosion in the Communist world. The journal *Business Week* recommends utilizing that same trade as a handy instrument with which to aggravate relations between the socialist countries. The men who father this tactic are mistaken if they think it will have the desired result.

In the first place, they refuse to reckon with the stability of the socialist system, and it has proved quite convincingly that it is a stable system—one truly democratic and capable of insuring a rapid growth in national economy, culture, and the peoples' welfare. Secondly, these men are mistaken in thinking that the socialist countries do not understand their tactic; it is easily guessed, and the public in the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries naturally want to know what is really behind Washington's proposal to build bridges to the East, and what it intends to send across those bridges. . . .

—*Radio Moscow.*

MADRID:

The Puerto Rican Wave

Perhaps this last great Latin migration will come to an end soon. That which some call the "Puerto Rican wave" started ebbing with the onset of the "return to San Juan" in 1960. Responsible are discrimination in employment and salary, the difficulty in finding homes away from the slums, the disintegration of the family, juvenile delinquency, and —perhaps more than anything else—the demoralization resulting from the collision of cultures. The Puerto Rican—of Spanish ancestry, Spanish-speaking, of Latin and Catholic temperament—finds it difficult to assimilate because the American culture, despite the plurality of its origins, is primarily motivated by its Anglo-Saxon values—and prejudices.

[But] this Latin-American population washed onto the shores of New York by poverty and hope (in the case of Puerto Ricans) and exile (in the case of Cubans) will undoubtedly be assimilated at last by the American civilization. As in the case of the entire Southwest, California, and the length of the Mississippi valley from New Orleans to St. Louis, Spanish civilization has left its mark in the American past. Similarly, the Puerto Rican wave will leave its impression on New York, perhaps in a way less "folkloric" but more "intravenous."

New York was always a city of conquest, a challenge to the ability of the individual to survive in the "asphalt jungle." And the simple fact that 1,000-000 Spanish-speaking people have significantly altered the profile of the city and have, in their comings and goings, deposited some of the culture and customs of Latin America in competition with such a rich and varied concourse of cultures, is a credit to the strength and personality of their origins. We, here, wish them luck.

As a result of the price they pay in frustration and human trauma, New York can definitely be considered "one of the world's great Spanish cities."

—*M. B. T.,*
Mundo Hispanico.

—*New Statesman, London.*

"American Hippies"

MILAN:

Rebuttal Against Conformity

Today, for the first time in American history, student protests are not the appendages of a political party, but are autonomous. In the propaganda of the New Left the "mystique of youth" is replacing the "mystique of the proletariat." . . . Even if it is couched in oversimplified terms, the student revolt shows awareness of a very real American problem of the Sixties—how to strike a balance between the necessities of mass production, as carried out by ever more huge business organizations, and the survival of individuality. This problem is all the more acute in that neo-capitalism is on the brink of far-reaching technological advances. The fact that it is being debated by university students —the leaders of tomorrow—seems to us a good sign. It is a rebuttal of the accusation of conformity so frequently made against the United States in the Fifties.

—*Il Corriere della Sera.*

TAIPEI:

The Efficient Mr. Yen

Vice President and Premier C. K. Yen has done a splendid job of winning friends and understanding for this country during his three-week visit in the

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United States. A statesman who impresses his acquaintances with his sincerity, courteous manner, and a wealth of knowledge, the Vice President has accomplished the following while in the United States:

► He has paved the way for closer and stronger cooperation between this country and the United States. Mr. Johnson has assured free China of continued American military assistance.

► He has given the American people a better understanding of the views and policies of Taipei on the problem of mainland China and other major issues involving Asia and the Far East. A better informed American public will contribute toward implementation of policies of their government.

► He has strengthened the anti-Communist unity among the overseas Chinese communities in the United States. Conveying the concern of President Chiang Kai-shek for the Chinese scholars, students, and residents in the United States, Yen has won the pledge of loyalty and support of the overseas Chinese to free China's cause of national restoration. —*The New Life Daily News, reprinted in the Free China Weekly.*

Letters to the World's Editors

What People Are Writing to their Newspapers

World Authority

THE CRISIS in the Middle East has again revealed the inadequacies of the peacekeeping machinery of the United Nations as at present constituted. One of the saddest aspects of the crisis is that it appears to have resulted from the precipitate withdrawal of the United Nations Emergency Force. Those who believe in strengthening the authority of the United Nations must ensure that such an event, with its disastrous consequence, will never occur elsewhere in the world. Now is the opportunity to devise new procedures for U.N. peacekeeping activities and perhaps take steps toward . . . a permanent world police force.

—*British Association for World Government Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

Closing the American Library

VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY'S lament in Atlanta that Europeans have a distorted view of the United States and view America as "a land of bombs, fires, and disasters" stands in curious contrast to his government's decision to cut back spending on the United States Information Services in Europe. In particular, the virtual closing down of the American Library in Grosvenor Square, for a reported saving of $40,000 a year, was a sad blow to all serious students of the United States in this country. This was the best collection of American materials in Britain, and although part of it has since been rehoused in the Senate House, University of London, books are no longer available on the same easy terms as before.

This seems a classic case of a government's right hand not knowing what its left hand is doing. Let us hope that Mr. Humphrey's experiences will lead the American government to think again.

—*Howard Temperley, The Times, London.*

The King of Mayors

I READ under the rubric, "*L'opinion canadienne*," in *La Presse* of May 15 that the name of [Montreal's] Mayor Drapeau should be the first on the list of distinguished Canadians who are to be made the Knights of Order of Canada. This distinction is a good one, but what will be awarded by the city of Montreal, what by the people of Montreal to this man who has made Montreal the most beautiful of beautiful cities?

I suggest, in my capacity of observer, who for well over twenty years has visited all the expositions and international fairs of the world, the following: 1) that the name of Mayor Drapeau be proclaimed as "the king of mayors"; 2) that Cardinal Leger confer on him, under the authority of the Pope, the title of Baron; 3) that April 28 of each year be made a holiday in all of Montreal, and be entitled, "The Festival of Mayor Drapeau."

I beg you to present my homage and most eulogistic esteem to Monsieur "the mayor of mayors."

—*Cherif Simon Trik, Ing., La Presse, Montreal.*

Pass the Potatoes

I HAVE READ in the *Népszava* [Voice of the People, Budapest] that the daily potato consumption of Budapest is 2,000 carloads. Counting only 100 quintals per car, this would amount to 200,000 quintals, which are 20,000,000 kilos of potatoes. The population of Budapest must have a hearty appetite if the average daily consumption per person is more than 10 kilos.

—*László Pusztai, Ludas Matyi, Budapest.*

Caprices of Taxi Drivers

THE INSTALLATION of taxi meters in this city is an absolute necessity. One cannot live at the mercy of the caprices of taxi drivers. What must be decided is whether the city is governed by authorities elected by the people or by a group of union leaders or pseudo-leaders. The Transit Department has ordered the meters installed. But the leaders of the taxi union have said no. Up to now it seems as if it is the latter who give the orders. If it is, what do we need the authorities for? Why do they keep collecting their salaries?

—*Carmen Lopez de Johnson, El Comercio, Lima Peru.*

A Feminine Authority

IN HER MAIDEN SPEECH in Parliament recently, Miss K. Brownbill, M.P. for Kingston, S.A., advocated the inclusion of a woman on the Australian Tourist Commission. Approbation of her idea was pleasing —may we hope for practical implementation?

How many members will serve on the commission, and who will nominate them? Tourism, as a big and expanding industry, is an important part of our general prosperity, and one in which we should all be vitally interested.

Personal observation in many countries suggests to me that at least 40 per cent of tourists are women, and the average woman traveler is more demanding, discriminating, and critical about details of accommodation and transportation than the average man.

If the Australian Tourist Commission aspires to international standards, let's not primarily anchor it to the good old Australian prejudice of ignoring the potential contribution of women.

—*(Mrs.) Irene Thompson, The Sydney Morning Herald.*

India and Israel

THE REASONS very often put forward against India for not having diplomatic relations with Israel appear baseless. India has no right to say that Jews are a race and not a nation, as she was unable to uphold this principle in her own country by accepting partition. Pakistan is also the creature of the West, like Israel.

Every year the Arabs observe Palestine Day. Why don't Indians observe East Bengal and West Punjab Day? Arab students were permitted to stage a demonstration before the Indo-Israeli Friendship Society.

Will the refugees from East Pakistan allow a similar demonstration against Ayub Khan at Cairo?

—*Varanasi, Pranab Lal, Blitz, Bombay.*

Pinch, Smack, Pat

ROSS CAMPBELL refers to the practice of "bottom-pinching" as unrealistic and says it does not make a good impression on a young lady. I cannot let this statement pass without comment!

Any lady of even moderate attractiveness who has walked about Rome will testify to the reality of this practice and to the fact that it certainly makes an impression. (Although not always a comfortable one!)

It has, in fact, always been so commonplace in Italy that only recently a law had to be passed forbidding it. Although enjoyed and accepted as a token of admiration by the local lasses, it tended to have an opposite effect on foreigners! And at all costs tourists must be encouraged, even at the cost of an old Italian tradition.

In Australia I have found that a modification of this custom is widely practiced in the form of bottom-smacking or bottom-patting. This seems to be resented rarely—it could have been accidental anyway!

—*Margaret Murray, The Bulletin, Sydney.*

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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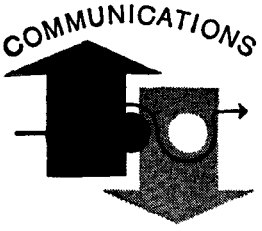
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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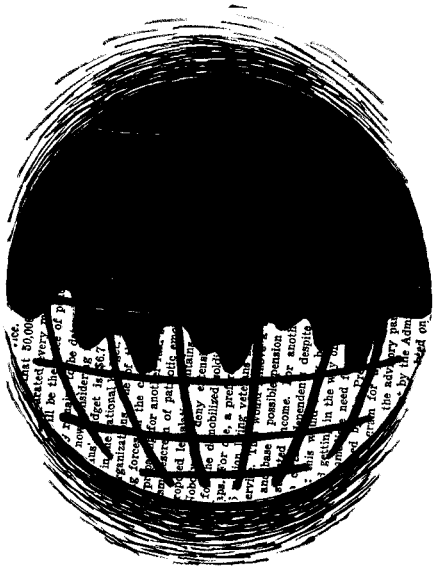

Less Than Half the World

IT MAY COME as a shock to some of our readers to learn that much of the modern world still lives with a controlled press and that freedom of the press exists in fewer than half of the nations of the earth, but that is the fact. The University of Missouri has proved it in a survey of 450 newsmen, broadcasters, and journalism educators. The study concludes that there is an extremely close relationship between political democracy and press freedom. Where there are dictators, particularly where there is Communism, there is more than likely to be a completely controlled press with no independence or critical ability.

In the survey rating ninety-four of the world's 115 independent countries with a population in excess of 1,000,000, the Freedom of Information Center at Columbia, Missouri, defined a free press as "one in which newspapers, periodicals, news agencies, books, radio, and television have absolute independence and critical ability, except for minimal libel and obscenity laws." The best region in the world is the Western Hemisphere, where 96 per cent of the population enjoys varying degrees of a free press. The most oppressive is the Middle East, where 72 per cent of the population suffers a controlled press.

One surprising result of the survey is that Venezuela and Guatemala rank among the sixteen countries with the highest degree of press freedom (the United States is there, too). Another surprise, at least to one correspondent, is that Great Britain, New Zealand, and Japan don't make the top category. The press in these three areas is, apparently, subject to moderate governmental controls and by no stretch of the imagination can be said to have "absolute independence and critical ability." Others in the very top rank include Australia, Belgium, Canada, Costa Rica, Denmark, Finland, Norway, Peru, Philippines, Sweden, Switzerland, and Uruguay.

At the other end of the ranking are those countries where the press is to a high degree controlled directly or indirectly by government, self-regulatory bodies, or concentrated ownership. In this bottom layer are Albania, Algeria, Bulgaria, Chad, China, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Ethiopia, East Germany, North Korea, Poland, Rumania, the Soviet Union, and Upper Volta. It is, of course, no coincidence that the majority of these nations are Communist. Indeed, many an intellectual in the Western world has, at one time or another, become fascinated with the idea of sharing communal wealth, only to gag on the disagreeable fact of universal censorship under Communism or Fascism.

Controlled to a lesser degree, according to the Missouri survey, are Cameroon, Haiti, Hungary, Senegal, Syria, and Egypt. Borderline controls exist in Afghanistan, Cambodia, Iran, Iraq, Jordan, Nepal, Portugal, Spain, and Tunisia. Many countries, among them Vietnam, South Korea, Yugoslavia, Nigeria, and Pakistan, are in a transitional stage toward a free press or away from it. In such nations as Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Greece, India, Dominican Republic, Mexico, Thailand, Rhodesia, and South Africa there is some free press but there are also many controls. The moderately controlled press, besides Great Britain, New Zealand, and Japan, includes

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such nations as Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, France, West Germany, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Turkey, and Malaysia.

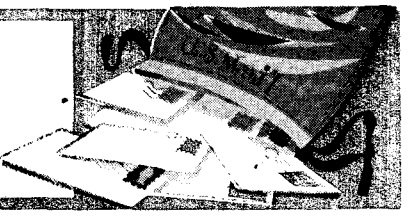
No country in the survey came out with a completely controlled or, for that matter, a completely free press. The nations are listed by degrees of freedom or repression. One happy note, however, is that more of the earth is exposed to a free press than to a controlled press. Some 45.2 per cent of the world's people are in free-press areas, while 39.2 per cent are controlled-press populations. The remaining per cent lie somewhere in between. In a word, less than half the world enjoys any real press freedom.

The Greeks were probably the first to proclaim the principle that persuasion is better than force or coercion, and they were, therefore, the true founders of freedom of speech, assembly, and press. In ancient Greece, truth was, as in most modern libel cases, a defense, and this was about the only limit placed upon liberty of expression. The classic proclamation of freedom from censorship was later expounded by John Milton in his *Areopagitica*, in which he attempted to show the social evils of censorship and the social usefulness of freedom. Based largely on Milton's thought, the American Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution put these freedoms into writing, and they have since been fundamental to the American system. That they are not fundamental to all systems in a so-called modern world seems rather shocking to Westerners used to the cliché "freedom of the press." It is no cliché in the other half of the world.

All autocrats have from time immemorial suppressed or suspended the liberties we Americans take for granted—of assembly, of speech, and of expression. In Hitler's Germany and in Mussolini's Italy these freedoms were the first to go, and, in the Soviet Union, Andrei Vishinsky wrote as recently as 1948: "In our state, naturally, there can be no place for freedom of speech, press, and so on for the foes of socialism." In other words, no right of dissent, and certainly no possibility of newspapers, magazines, or broadcasting as we know these free expressions in the Western world. Though suppressions appear to be lightening not only in the Soviet Union but in such other Communist-controlled countries as Yugoslavia and Hungary, nothing approaching the Anglo-Saxon principle of freedom of the press has yet been attained, and the Missouri survey merely proves what rational men have suspected all along—that freedom of assembly, speech, and expression are by no means taken for granted as civilized man approaches the twenty-first century.

—R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



Southern Press in the Van

Congratulations on R.L.T.'s editorial, "New Processes and Old Stupidity" [*SR*, June 10]. It is my distinct impression that Southern newspapers are well ahead of newspapers in other regions of the United States in technological improvements, except possibly the West Coast area. On a circulation index basis (that is, size of newspapers compared with automated equipment) we are well ahead in computers, cold type, and other new processes.

This is largely because the South, fortunately, is not beset by many of the problems which confront the newspaper business in other U.S. areas, as well as the fact that our newspaper people are quite progressive-minded. As the South's economy grows our newspaper profession is likewise growing, as illustrated by the fact that during the past ten years U.S. newsprint consumption increased 27 per cent, whereas Southern newspapers consumed 40 per cent more newsprint.

Likewise, in 1966 there were twenty-one new daily newspapers started in the United States. Seven—or one-third of these—were in the South. During that same year fourteen newspapers suspended daily publication, but only two of these were in the South, both in small Texas communities and both shifted to weekly publication.

I would say the South is the new frontier of journalism and offers the greatest challenge and potential of any region.

Bert Struby,
President, Southern Newspaper Publishers Association.

Macon, Ga.

Giant of Journalism

One of the finest things I have read in a long time was R.L.T.'s editorial, "How Much Do They Really Understand?" [*SR*, May 13]. I was especially pleased with the deserved tribute which he paid to Sam Blackman. He is every bit the giant of a journalist as the editorial described him.

Paul S. Swensson,
Executive Director,
The Newspaper Fund.

Princeton, N.J.

How Good Is "The Record"?

As a native of Bergen County, I read with interest your feature on the suburban daily ["New Giant in New Jersey," *SR*, June 10]. However, I am somewhat disappointed in the article's conclusions. *The Record*, like most suburban papers, might be an adequate reporter of local and state news, but it is not a good newspaper. Its writing and typography are bland and its coverage parochial. It is almost completely deficient in coverage of the arts and the metropolitan area outside of Bergen County.

Now that the suburban paper has destroyed the viability of the metropolitan paper (witness the loss of all but three major dailies in Manhattan), the suburban paper should be expected to mature into a full newspaper whose coverage must no longer be supplemented by a paper like *The New York Times*. No longer should allowances be made because the paper is a suburban paper, because most of those metropolitan papers have failed. With its increases in advertising, circulation, and its low overhead, the suburban paper must stand on its own and be judged by the same standards that are applied to the city newspaper.

William A. Heim.

Tenafly, N.J.

Generalizing about newspapers is difficult, because newspapers have little in common with one another. Words, advertisements, and sometimes pictures are printed on paper and delivered to customers by various means. There are infinite variations, between papers of the same size and in particular between large and small newspapers.

In your recent profile on the excellent job being done by *The Record* of Bergen County, you say, "*The Record* claims the highest ratio of news content among all U.S. dailies . . ." Nearly 50 per cent of *The Record's* total space is devoted to nonadvertising content, you note.

I am interested in three small Western dailies, *The Bulletin* of Bend, Oregon; *The Observer* of La Grande, Oregon; and *The Star* of Miles City, Montana. Each devotes well over half its space to news and editorial matter. (*The Star's* advertising occupies only slightly more than one-third of the total space in the newspaper.) I would guess there are a number of other daily newspapers in very small cities of which the same statement can be made correctly.

Robert W. Chandler,
Editor, *The Bulletin*.

Bend, Ore.

"Dad," "Pal," and "Pen"

Mario Pei, in his article "The Big Mystery in Small Words" [*SR*, June 10], says on page 99 that "Dad" is one of the words whose origin is a mystery. "Dad" is the Romany Gypsy word for father. "Pal" is their word for brother. (And, incidentally, "Pen" is their word for sister.)

My authority for this is a book *The New Forest*, published years ago by Ward, Locke & Company, London. The author of the chapter on the gypsies of the New Forest in Hampshire says that he compiled the list of Romany words, which he includes in this chapter, with the help of three elderly men who were all pure Romany Chals. Each of them was from a different tribe, but this list of some 150 words was common to all of them.

Freda Bunner.

Owen Sound, Ont., Canada.

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BRITAIN'S CHRONIC PRESS CRISIS

By JOHN TEBBEL

LONDON.

LIKE THE AMERICAN theater, the British press has become a fabulous invalid, always on the point of expiration yet somehow managing to survive and even to produce evidences of vitality. How long this kind of cliff-hanging can continue, however, is another matter, and there is accumulating evidence that unless Something Is Done (no one is quite sure what), disaster is just around the corner.

The gloomy facts are embodied in a bulky document published this spring, containing the results of a survey made on behalf of the national newspaper industry by the Economist Intelligence Unit, a unique investigative fact-finding service for private clients operated by the well known weekly as a subsidiary. The survey was submitted last November to the Joint Board for the National Newspaper Industry, which had commissioned it, and since it was a confidential report, there was some dispute about publishing what was not designed for public reading.

The final decision to publish was itself unusual, inasmuch as the Board had not yet had an opportunity to consider the report and consequently could not even say how much of it would be accepted. But the feeling was that this detailed study, probably the most comprehensive ever made of the newspaper business, here or anywhere else, would provide the basis for a much-needed discussion of the industry's problems. Even on a highly restricted basis, and at a price of 45 shillings ($6.30), the sale of the report has been gratifying. Apparently a considerable number of people are concerned about the state of the press.

As the report shows, they have good reason to be. If the present situation is not reversed, the Intelligence Unit's figures indicate, three more national dailies and another Sunday paper will disappear before the end of the present decade. The candidates for oblivion are not always the same, in the opinion of local press watchers, but there is general agreement that the *Guardian* is in the most danger, shared in some degree by the *Daily Mail* and the *Sun*. The Sunday paper considered to be in a difficult position is the Sunday *Telegraph*. This does not, by any means, exhaust the number of papers whose collapse is rumored from time to time. Except for such popular colossi as *The People*, the daily and Sunday *Express*, the daily and Sunday *Mirror*, and the *News of the World*, every paper is considered to be in some degree of peril.

A year ago, for example, one heard dark predictions about the demise of the *Observer*, a Sunday paper of exceptional quality. Today this Astor property has passed 900,000 in circulation, seems headed for 1,000,000, and apparently is doing much better—although the report notes that not even its directors would claim it to be primarily a commercial business venture.

At the London *Times*, where Lord Thomson's money and the expertise of his new editors have considerably elevated both the quality and the circulation of that venerable institution, the paper nevertheless expects to lose more than £1,000,000 (nearly $3,000,000) this year, and as much next year. By 1969, the *Times* hopes to be breaking even unless, as its new editor, Denis Hamilton, observed cautiously in a recent speech at the Terrace Club, the government "reduces the private sector or introduces taxes on advertising, which would have a catastrophic effect on the serious papers, which depend for 75 per cent of the revenue on advertising."

Although the report did not consider the provincial papers, they too appear to be on the verge of more difficult times. Most vulnerable are the large regional morning dailies, which are fighting several trends. One is that Britain is becoming more and more a nation of afternoon newspaper readers, for various complicated reasons. Another is the competition of the London national papers, which will increase sharply with the further development of facsimile transmission. Facsimile has already produced a marked change in publishing patterns in several other parts of the world which have geographical problems of distribution; in England its effect on a population packed within a relatively small area could be ruinous to local enterprise. Automatic typesetting by wire out of a

"Sixteen? That's a damn good age, young man!"

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London office to regional plants is also a threat to the provincial dailies.

In analyzing the individual situations which combine to produce this mass picture of woe—at least where the national dailies are concerned—the report destroys a number of fiercely held delusions:

1) The argument that the diminishing of the newspaper industry is the work of greedy monopolists who want to swallow up competition and impose their ideas on larger masses of people is shown to be an easy but entirely erroneous conclusion, and consequently the proposed remedy of stiffer antimonopoly legislation will not save the life of a single newspaper.

2) Restrictive, expensive union practices and poor management practices, in about a 60-40 ratio (not the report's estimate), have contributed largely to the papers' troubles, but salvation will not be achieved by better management and greater, less expensive productivity in the composing room, as badly as both are needed. Other ingredients will have to be added to the remedy.

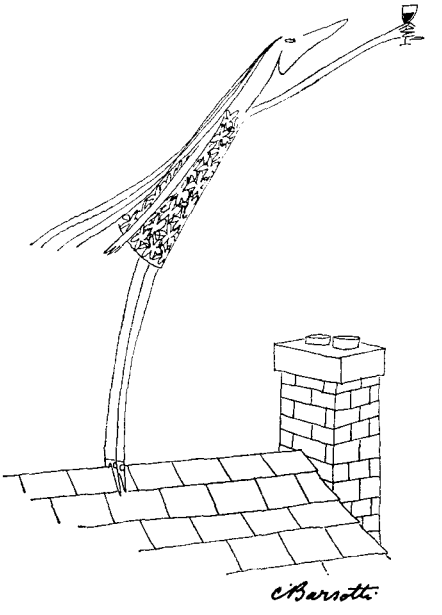
3) It is not safe to assume that newspapers, having existed so long, will continue to exist at the same levels in a changing economic and social situation. At the root of the British press crisis is a change in peoples' reading habits. During the past eight years, the overall circulation of daily newspapers in Britain has declined 10 per cent, and that of the Sunday papers, 23 per cent. The decline shows no present sign of stopping, although it will undoubtedly reach a leveling-off point.

4) Television cannot be regarded as the villain in this piece, at least in Britain, where the medium is regarded as more of a help than a hindrance, especially in the case of the quality papers, which do the kind of in-depth reporting and backgrounding which television provides only in limited quantities. Newspapers have more to fear from magazines, which not only compete for the readers' time but also soak up a substantial amount of advertising revenue, more so than television in this country.

At its blackest, the crisis situation of the British press presents a picture of steady decline in which only a few papers produce a high return on capital and turnover, and many operate at a loss, surviving because of the complex financial activities, journalistic and otherwise, of the group to which they belong—giants like those created by Cecil King and Lord Thomson. Of eight national daily papers, four operate at a loss and one loses money as a paper but makes it back on various fringe activities. Only three of the eight operate at a profit, and one of these is in a decline which may be reversed only if one or more of the other papers shuts down.

A key factor in the problem is the reliance on advertising for revenue. In America this is generally a source of strength in the nation, where the virtual elimination of competition in most cities has decreased—deplorably—the diversity of opinion outlets but has strengthened the monopoly newspapers left in control. This condition prevails in the British provincial press, where mergers and foldings have produced the same result. But London is like New York in the sense that there is not enough advertising to go around. It is worse, in fact, because British newspapers do not have the tremendous volume of local retail advertising which makes so many American papers highly profitable. It has never been developed here apparently because tradition forbids it. The British put up with a good many traditional inconveniences in their everyday life because the toleration of a certain amount of inconvenience and discomfort seems to be an essential part of the British character, and it is traditional to accept these things. The advertising tradition, however, could be a matter of life and death in the observance.

For the chronic weakness of declining circulation has been compounded now by the economic slowdown in Britain, the result of the Labor Government's deliberate moves to hold the line on wages and prices. This has resulted in a sharp decline in advertising revenue, at a time when the newspaper industry could afford it least. In a country where that revenue has never been anywhere near what it should and could be, the newspapers which depend on it excessively are in serious difficulty.



"Hail, Suburbia!"

It is a paradox that the quality papers are hardest hit by advertising loss at a moment when there is a marked shift to them away from the popular press. That press has a long way to decline, however, and its enormous individual circulations, running in excess of 6,000,000, can stand more erosion before the advertising shoe really pinches. Nevertheless, their entrepreneurs see ominous portents if this shifting of readership continues on any kind of substantial basis.

If advertising revenues fall and cannot be increased, and if the circulation of the national papers, particularly the quality group, cannot make up the losses, there is only one direction to turn, and that is an increase in prices. There are other roads to solvency, of course, and they must be taken. Managements have had their eyes opened by the EIU report, as well as by other events, and better management practices on most papers are a virtual certainty. The unions, however, are still insular and intransigent. Many of their members are overpaid for what they do, outrageous featherbedding prevails, and there seems to be a general indifference to the fate of anyone but themselves. All this must be ended, or at least greatly diminished, if a sufficiently diversified press is to survive.

In the end, something more will be needed in the way of revenue, and the price of newspapers will, it seems, have to be raised. The papers are underpriced. The *Times*, running thirty-two pages on the day this is written, with its excellent new business section, costs a mere sixpence—seven cents. The *Guardian*, elegantly edited and still distinguished as it teeters between London and a return home to Manchester, gets about a penny less for sixteen interesting pages. Obviously, there is both room for and necessity for a rise in the price level, to supplement eventual economies in production and management, if these can be achieved.

The big question is: Will the British public pay more for its newspapers? In his introduction to the report, Lord Devlin, independent chairman of the Joint Board, raises that vital question. The nation can, he says, have a few good national papers at present prices, if that's what it wants, which does not necessarily mean that the crisis will be over for every paper. Uniformity, as Lord Devlin remarks, is cheaper than diversity, and if the diversity of opinion that is so essential to freedom is to be preserved, the public will have to pay for it.

No one knows whether the public will. The British press's problem has become the public's problem, and in the opinion of this displaced observer, it is America's dilemma as well, both in newspapers and in television.

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"LABYRINTH": FILM IN A FRAMEWORK

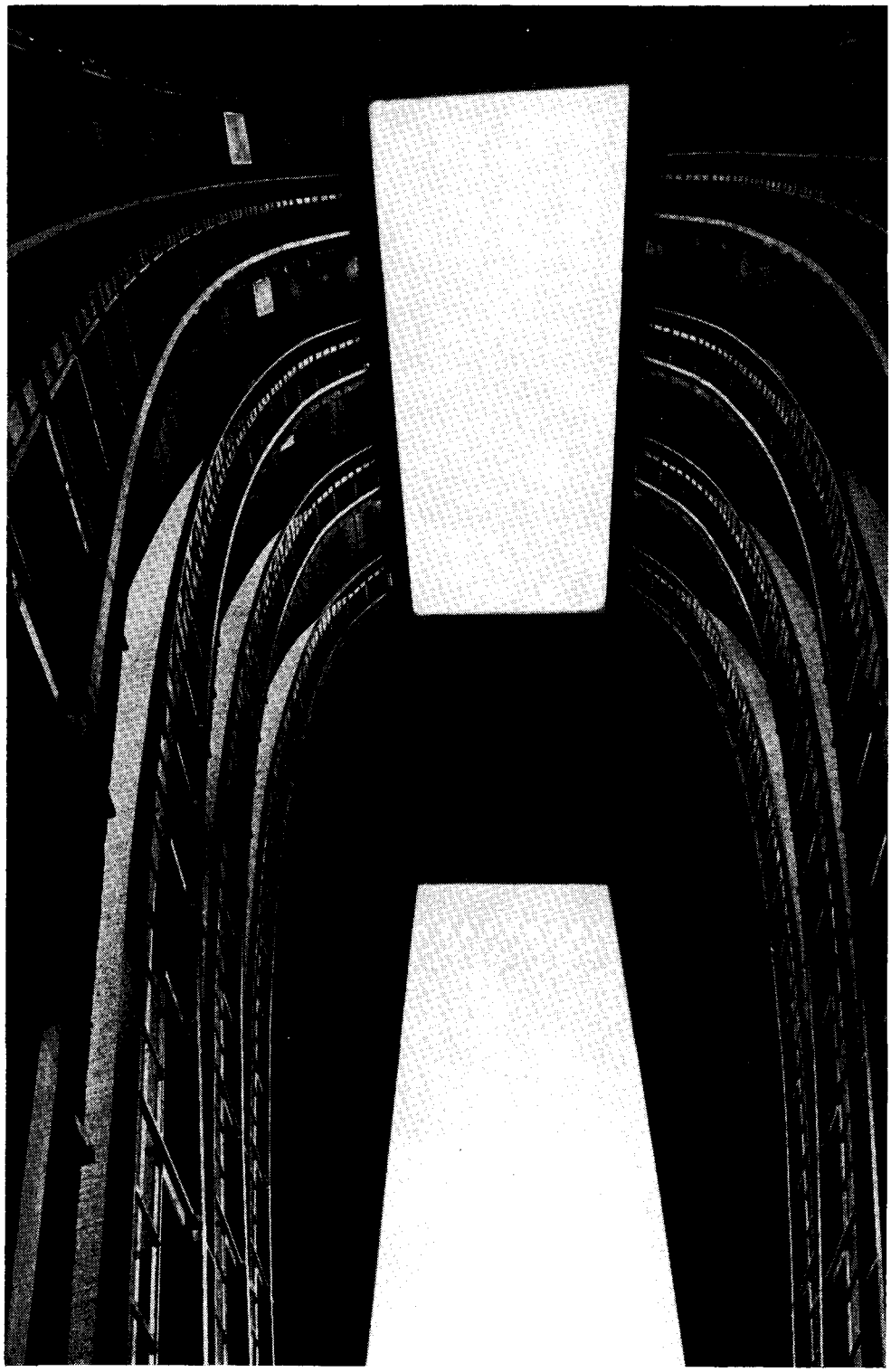
By MARGARET R. WEISS

"FILM PROJECT" is a matter-of-fact description of Expo 67's fanciful *Labyrinth*. But, with characteristic restraint, that is how the National Film Board of Canada classifies the most ambitious assignment of its twenty-eight-year career as a government information agency.

Easily one of Cité du Havre's more provocative viewing ventures, the *Labyrinth* pavilion leaves visitors defenseless against its multiscreen sorcery and multisensory assault and battery. And defenseless, too, in the face of such a spirited display of showmanship, are the critics who earlier labeled the NFB a "Sleeping Giant," a captive of its own utilitarian documentary tradition.

Commissioned by the Expo 67 Corporation "to develop Expo's theme not only in a technological sense but to give emphasis to man as a social creature whose destiny is intertwined with the whole family of man on earth," the Board evolved an ingenious show-and-showcase in which film environment and environment film are organically fused into a single experience. In effect, *Labyrinth*'s audiences are no longer merely movie-watchers but movie*goers* in the literal sense—all part of a master plan to make "involvement" as inescapable as it was for the legendary Theseus, whose battle with the Minotaur inspired both theme and framework of the new production.

According to Roman Kroitor, NFB producer and project director of *Labyrinth*, "the idea of discovering more and more of a film experience as a consequence of one's own physical movement through it, so that the images become part of both an architectural and a linear structure, was our starting point." Retracing his own creative labyrinth for me, Kroitor explained, "There was no use being timid about it—the method deserved a big theme. The architectural structure could only be the world, and the linear one could only be the thread of a person's life. That this concept was related to that of the Labyrinth of antiquity also came into the foreground of our thinking very early. Our Labyrinth would be the winding passages that led through the theaters of the structure; the Minotaur would be the inevitably incomplete realization of one's nature, which (so we hoped) would be



—*All photos by Ernst Haas (Magnum).*

***Labyrinth's* viewers move along tiers of balustraded balconies to watch film projected on two giant screens, one as high as Cinerama is wide and the other installed on the floor of the well 40 feet below.**

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(Top left) Roman Kroitor, NFB's project director of *Labyrinth*, shares production credit with designer Colin Low and director Hugh O'Connor. (Top right) About 1,000 visitors per hour enter windowless concrete structure through dimly lit passageways decorated with ancient maze patterns. (Bottom) Screen goes black, and audience proceeds to second chamber, where special sound effects, music, and the play of twinkling lights on mirrored planes induce self-contemplation.

conquered or dispelled as one moved through the experience."

Three years of planning, shooting, and construction were required to give abstract ideas concrete form—all five windowless stories of it that now enclose viewing chambers, miles of passageways, and enough 70 mm footage for a forty-minute multiscreen presentation. NFB's technical research staff masterminded special camera and recording equipment; film crews trekked tundra wilderness, desert sands, and city asphalt; engineers and architects matched structure to story line.

Physically, this modern equivalent of the ancient legend combines features of a medieval fortress, a House of Mirrors, a Gothic cathedral, and New York's Guggenheim Museum. Viewers are exposed to three theaters of experience: In the first chamber, a film depicting the man-made confusions and challenges of contemporary living is unreeled on a pair of gigantic screens, which the audience watches as it makes its way along high-rising balustraded ramps; the second chamber invites an "I-wonder-as-I-wander" interlude of introspection through mood music, mirrors, star-twinkling lights, and prismatic effects; and, in a third chamber where the foot-weary audience gets its first chance to occupy seats, another film—this one projected on a cruciform composed of five contiguous screens—delineates man's

(*Continued on page* 64)

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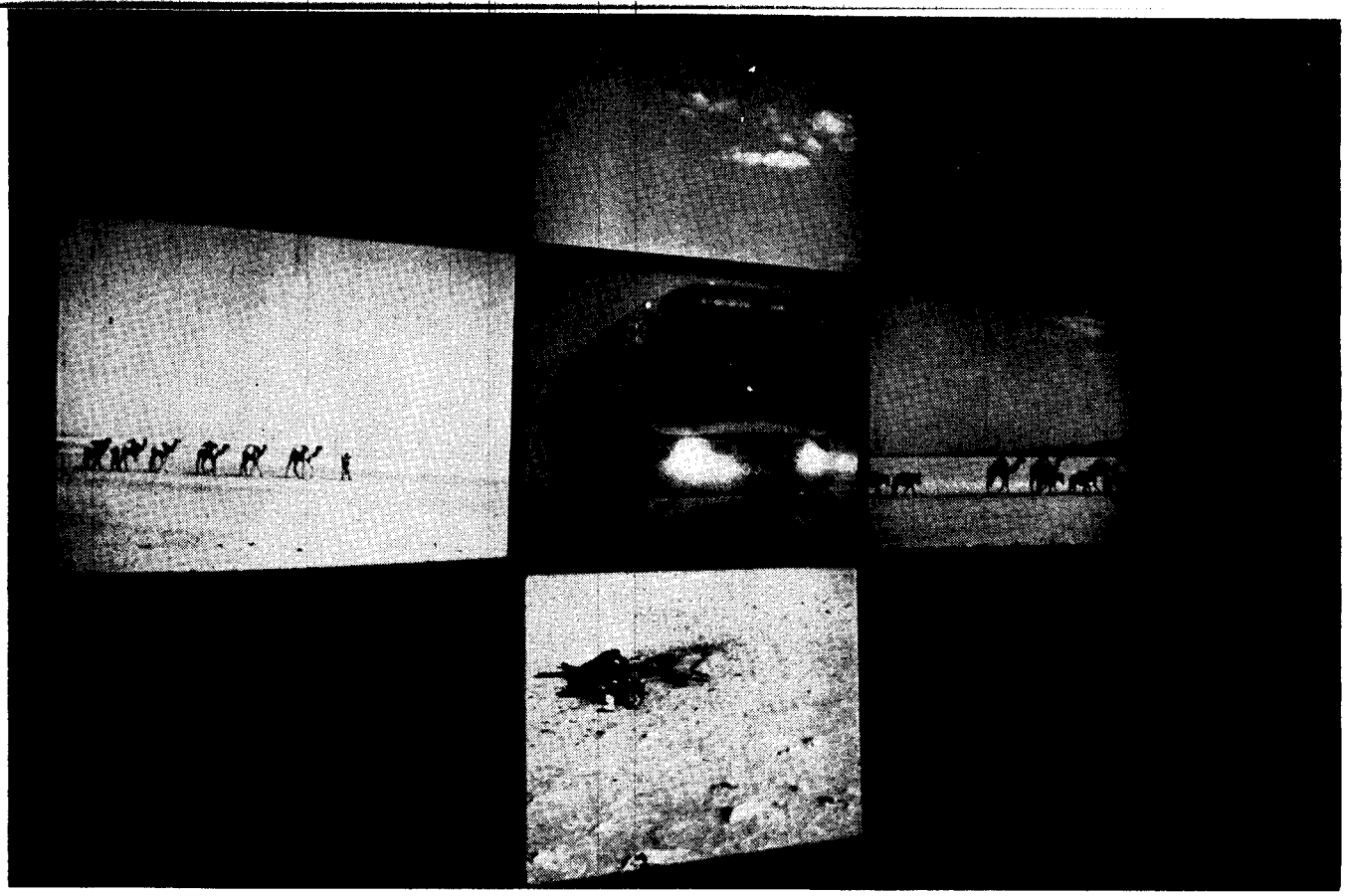

(Top) In the third and last chamber, five synchronized projectors simultaneously focus on a cruciform of five screens, conveying a variety of vistas and viewpoints symbolic of Everyman's quest. (Bottom) Closing film sequence of *Labyrinth*'s forty-minute show leaves audience on a tranquil note: Only within himself will man find the peace he seeks in the labyrinth of life.

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Can We Communicate with Europe?

By PENN KIMBALL

A TELEVISION broadcast via satellite not long ago featured Senator Robert Kennedy of New York and Governor Ronald Reagan of California fielding a barrage of questions fired by tiers of foreign students assembled in a London studio. Press accounts accented the confrontation between the two politicians. But to one just back from similar confrontations abroad, the striking quality was the ferocity of student questions about America.

Having recently returned from two months in Europe, most of which was spent in intimate contact with young Europeans, I am acutely aware of their attitudes about us. Europeans generally are horrified at events in Vietnam and reject out of hand any parallel between their experience with the expansionism of Hitler and a threat to collective security in Southeast Asia. All Europe is agog with the suspicion that the Warren Commission Report was a gigantic cover-up of the facts of the Kennedy assassination. (The charge alternates between the view that it was a Communist plot which the Administration is afraid to expose because it would ruin the détente with the Soviet Union, and the view that Southern extremists, probably aided by President Johnson himself, performed the black deed.)

None of these ideas is original. They have all been expressed in one form or another in the American press. But one is not prepared for the front-page play they receive day after day in the European mass media. While abroad, I seemed always to be one country behind Mark Lane, who was on a tour of European TV panel programs, or one country abreast of the latest reprint from Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., digested and interpreted to put the worst possible face on the American presence in Vietnam. Since the other side of the debate is largely omitted, the effect on the audience, and especially the young audience, is traumatic. The consensus appears to be that America has gone berserk.

My own exposure to this thesis took place at a month-long session of the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies. The topic of study was "The Mass Media in America." The seminarians included thirty-seven Europeans—from Oslo to Budapest, from Warsaw to Madrid—who are in the youth of their careers in the communication enterprises of their native countries. The "faculty" consisted of five Americans who have practiced journalism on U.S. newspapers, magazines, and television. The American penchant for self-examination is alien to most Europeans, although it is dangerous to generalize. (The dedicated Marxist from Zagreb brought along his collection of Benny Goodman records; the chauvinist from Paris spent evenings in the library reading Marshall McLuhan.) Since *Bonanza* and *I Love Lucy* are two of the most popular television shows everywhere on the Continent these days, the thrust of the discussion was to condemn the source of the corruption, America, rather than its universalness.

Europeans are both fascinated and confounded by Americans in the flesh, who bear so little resemblance to those whom they read about in their papers. Individually, Europeans also belie their stereotypes: Englishmen can be warm and friendly; Frenchmen generous; Germans gay; Italians shy. The atmosphere of this exchange was a delicious combination of love and hate, beer and slivowitz, accusations and reconciliations.

WITH characteristic masochism, the American "faculty" brought along a stack of U.S. newspapers and magazines as well as some fifty hours of representative TV fare as a basis for discussion with their European "students." In general, the Europeans thought our newspapers to be forbiddingly huge, distressingly uniform, and loaded with trivia. Accustomed to their own models, they found too little "meaning" in most stories on world events. European news columns never lack for point of view.

The American cult of objectivity strikes Europeans as a means for dodging the issue rather than as a control against bias. It is ironic that in the case of the Kennedy assassination it should have been the American Establishment that has sought to avoid fixing the blame on conspiratorial foreigners, and Europeans who take us to task for not succumbing to our historical impulses. As Walter Lippmann has pointed out, it is quite possible that the assassination of John F. Kennedy was simply the mindless act of a deranged individual with no "meaning" whatsoever. The drive for more meaningful coverage in American papers, a worthy effort, suffers at times from the temptation to leap to simple conclusions on the basis of very inadequate information. European accounts of American policies are loaded with such theories, delving into the deepest thickets of supposed motivations.

The Vietnam war in the European press is frequently analyzed in terms of American taste for brutality and violence, the profit motives of munitions-makers, or the alleged racism of a Southern President. Such analyses are not unknown in our own periodicals, but the canons of our mass media at least require the attribution of such statements to their source, leaving the reader to judge their credibility. European writers suffer no such inhibitions. They advance their interpretations as if from a pipeline to God.

APART from their boredom with the relatively tame fare in the American press, the effect of their editorial environment on the young Europeans gathered in Salzburg was a curious ambivalence concerning, on the one hand, the American "fixation" about Vietnam and, on the other, their own certainty that there was really nothing going on there for rational individuals to discuss: Why didn't we simply get out and be done with it? Outside of islands of sympathy among the delegations from Scandinavia and Switzerland —of all places—the Vietnam business became a conversation-stopper. It was too tiresome or too embarrassing a matter to discuss seriously before otherwise pleasant Americans unable to share the unanimity of civilized opinion.

It was easier to talk about U.S. commercial television, the absurdities of which become dramatically apparent when viewed in a baroque castle in a far-off land. One forgets how the sensibilities are dulled by continuous exposure until one sits in a darkened room with one's fellows from other cultures to observe the typical fare of a U.S. electronic evening. The canned laugh tracks become excruciatingly unbearable. Eric Sevareid on Vietnam is interrupted in mid-thought for a salad-oil commercial; the room erupts in laughter, and the Americans squirm with agony. This, after all, is our finest effort in the public interest.

The first, and possibly last, edition of *The Salzburg Review*, a mimeographed publication put out by the student body

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of the seminar on the mass media, contained two contributions which sum up better than I can the European reaction to a sampling of American TV. The following was written by a young Polish girl ordinarily working as a researcher for Radio Warsaw:

The waste land of freedom
two hundred millions of absolutely free monads
billions of free words and pictures
going straight into the hell of emptiness.

And from a young British producer for the BBC, under the title *Epitaph for a Commercial Station*, this arrow to the heart:

This is the fifteen-minute warning
The cold war is over
The hot line's gone dead
The missiles are coming
—But first, a word from our sponsor
Eat, drink,
And be merry
At your local cemetery

This is the ten-minute warning
London is burning
And Paris in ashes
—Stand by for an important announcement
Pop Corn
Pop Corn
Predigested Pop
Undemanding Corn
The best diet
Just try it

This is the five-minute warning
The sea is boiling
The sky has gone black
—We're closing down with this message:
Good Buy
Good Buy
We wish you all a last Good Buy

State-controlled television in Europe suffers from problems of its own. During the French elections last spring, General de Gaulle manipulated his government's system of allocating political time shamelessly to his own advantage. Even the supposedly insulated BBC has bent to the wrath of Prime Minister Harold Wilson.

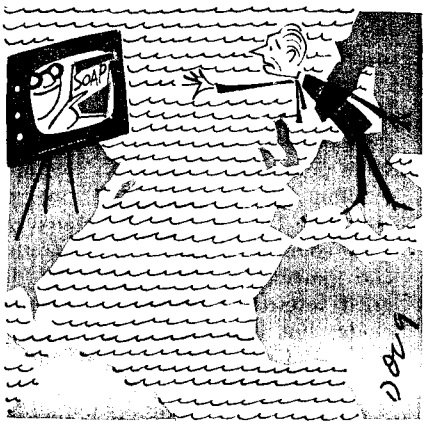
During our stay at Salzburg one of the events of the year was staged in Vienna by Eurovision, the interlocking network for cultural exchange among Western European countries. This highlight was an international song contest in which tunes written by the nationals in all the member nations were sung on stage by artists from each. Juries watched the performance in every capital and phoned in their votes for the winner, although barred from voting for their own national representative.

The production combined the worst features of the Major Bowes Amateur Hour, Miss America contest, and election-night "calls" on American TV. The music was generally of the guitar-and-shout school, already recorded by record companies crouched to capitalize on the huge exposure of the Eurovision winner. The hands-down winner was Miss Sandie Shaw, a platinum-haired transplant from California to London, who gyrated in a mini-mini-skirt before a set of revolving mirrors to the staccato beat of "Puppet On A String," which even as this is written is climbing the disc-jockey charts in America. A pretty young Swiss, singing old folk airs in native costume, received no votes at all.

WHILE it may be argued that imitation is the sincerest form of scorn, the Americanization of European broadcasting only serves to exacerbate the hostility of European "intellectuals" toward us. We are the extravagant uncle who corrupts the innocent children with his unworthy gifts.

If the issue can be joined at all, it is over what Europeans regard as America's defeatism in dealing with the private rape of the public resources of broadcasting. The fanfare in the States over the seductive new concept of "Public Television" triggers the question: What indeed is "Private Television"? The idea that commercial interests should be left free to exploit the major share of the air waves, in exchange for lip service and a little conscience money to a puny effort in the public interest, seems to Europeans to be a capitulation to the forces of evil. When the idea seems to carry the endorsement of most of the status figures in American society—foundations, statesmen, educators, businessmen—they conclude that indeed the Philistines have triumphed. The commercial networks and the advertising sponsors, just as they have been saying all along, are too powerful for America to handle.

It would be an error to conclude from their criticisms that the younger generation in Europe is all that preoccupied with the United States of America. There, as here, the young talk of generation gaps and the hypocrisy of everyone over thirty in their own societies. They dance with the same curious combinations of splendid isolation and total entwinement with one another. Their mood is existentialist. The new Europe is turning inward upon itself, as if caught between two gigantic and somewhat mad forces which may snuff out European lives in an eyeblink but about which there is little to be done. "Eat, drink, and be merry at your local cemetery" expresses both their cynicism and their capacity for living it up while it lasts. They can be critical of America, but they are not really curious about us.



The interesting exceptions were those from Iron Curtain or near-Iron Curtain countries—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia. When the lights burned late in the excellent American library at Schloss Leopoldskron in Salzburg, it would likely be one of these students poring over American periodicals, books, and research reports. Whatever their motives, they came to learn. Argue they would, and passionately, for special circumstances of their own systems. But whereas West Europeans seemed resigned to a thousand years of history, the East Europeans pumped for every contemporary scrap of information they might be able to use.

One rather dour Czech spent a dancing evening sitting on the sidelines before rising to cut in on the wife of an American faculty member. Although he confessed that he had never waltzed before, he swept his partner into a swirling pattern of Viennese smoothness. He had been studying the steps from his seat and mastered all but the detail of how to reverse. When his breathless partner sought to compliment him on his achievement, he replied solemnly: "I do nothing that I do not do well."

If the boast has a faintly American ring, it has been noted before that there is an affinity between Slavs and Americans, despite their ideological cleavages, that is not always apparent in the motherlands of Europe. Even Czech films, which have been winning artistic acclaim all over the world, are suffering these days from an American affliction. Czech audiences stay home and watch television instead of supporting these highly creative efforts at the box office; the charge is that they are too highbrow for the masses.

To be neither understood nor loved is, of course, the price we Americans pay for our power. Our faults are also the faults of others. If we have a special weakness, it is perhaps our eagerness for the good opinion of strangers. In our defensiveness and self-deprecation, there may be some consolation in this final accusation, advanced in halting English by a perplexed Marxist from one of the states of Eastern Europe.

"The trouble with you Americans," he said, "is—you are all too hap-pee!"

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HOW USEFUL ARE FILM FESTIVALS?

By HOLLIS ALPERT

IF ONE POSSESSED the time, the enthusiasm, the stamina, and strain-proof eyesight, it would be perfectly feasible to spend 300 days out of the year attending film festivals. Well over fifty have been scheduled for 1967, and hardly does one end before the next one begins. The truly dedicated "festival bum," as the species is known (and it exists), will wander from Cannes to Pesaro, Italy, from Cracow in Poland to San Sebastian in Spain. He will turn up in West Berlin and, undeterred by political boundaries, will sample the fare in Moscow, or, in alternate years, at Karlovy Vary in Czechoslovakia. Having accomplished what is known as the first phase, he will take in festivals at Locarno and Montreal, cross the ocean again for Venice, and return to these shores for the Lincoln Center and San Francisco festivals, perhaps visiting Cork en route. And, because some festivals coincide, he will heave sighs of regret at having had to miss Vancouver, Thessalonika, and Acapulco.

No one will defend the contention that all these festivals are necessary. A festival for science-fiction films held each year at Trieste seems a bit far out. On the other hand, there are those who wouldn't miss the annual 16 mm festival at Evian, and others who find out about the latest in industrial films at Lisbon. Some festivals can be categorized as just a form of promotion, usually touristic. Not long ago, Atlantic City considered holding a film festival, thereby seeking to upgrade its image as a watering place. The project fell through for lack of a qualified festival director. Those qualified were much too busy elsewhere.

The best organized and most popular festivals are usually those that have some form of governmental or institutional backing. The full weights of the French and Italian governments are behind the Cannes and Venice festivals; the city of Berlin, with unofficial Bonn participation, hosts its annual festival; and there is no mistaking the official nature of the Moscow festival. Obviously, these respective governments must feel there is something to be gained by playing host to film-makers from many different nations. For one thing, an honored film brings honor to its country of origin. For another, a festival provides the opportunity to put a country's best ideological foot forward—and its artistic foot, too.

IRON curtains have a way of being pierced by films, and the mutual interchange provided by films and the ideas they embody have a way of freshening the air in a particular country's industry. When Fellini's *8½* won at Moscow in 1963 the people who sent up the greatest cheers were those from so-called Iron Curtain countries. They felt they were being given new life and new latitude for their own work, and it was not long before new directions were discovered in films from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Rumania.

Yet it has become customary to question the purposes of film festivals. They are decried as offering neither the best nor the most representative. They are said to be surrounded by too much hoopla, by excessive commercialism, and the prizes are thought to be bestowed only after long infighting and sometimes governmental intervention. Some say the very fact that there are so many festivals vitiates the value and importance of all of them. Our native film industry takes the most downbeat attitude of all. Major film companies see little to be gained by placing their products in competition in festivals. Movies made available prior to their general release are, to be sure, often lambasted in advance and their box office chances are thus thought to be harmed.

If film festivals are to be regarded as merely one aspect of film commerce, then the complaints of Hollywood have some point. But there is a growing recognition in many quarters, including our State Department, that much more than commerce is served by festivals, and particularly by those that have great international prestige. These include, but are not confined to, those held at Cannes, Venice, Berlin, and Moscow.

Hollywood, sensing potential economic benefit, has begun to pay marked attention to the Moscow festival, where a particular entry can be seen by 10,000 or 15,000 people. The trade bonanza should be immense if the doors are ever opened completely to Hollywood's products in the Eastern bloc of countries, and the biggest crack in the door is that Moscow festival. But more important is the breaking down of the communications barrier that a festival provides, and if a single reason were required to justify its existence, this is the one that would be sufficient. For film is the one medium that allows people of diverse languages and cultures to best understand one another. Subtitles and simultaneous translations help complete the job of understanding. It is this aspect of universality that accounts, I suspect, for the proliferation of film festivals all over the world, and also for their fascination.

Not only is a festival a place to see film. It is also a gathering, a convention —of official delegates, journalists, artists, politicians, functionaries, intellectuals, as well as the film-makers who give the festival scene its sense of excitement. There is a *lingua franca* at festivals, a trading of ideas. Parochialism is lessened, standards are revised and broadened. The refining process will occur at screenings, press conferences, social events, and sometimes in what might be called hand-to-hand idea combat. The blend can be both heady and exasperating. But it is, above all, stimulating.

FESTIVALS began in 1932 as part of the Venice Biennale, and, ironically, their origin was in a then Fascist country. After 1934 the Venice festival became an annual event, with a wartime interruption between 1943 and 1946. And it was in 1946 that they took on a truly international flavor, with France inaugurating its festival that year. The French festival moved to Cannes in 1947, and Venice and Cannes have been locked in a battle for prestige ever since, with Cannes holding a slight edge at this moment.

It was at the early postwar festivals of Cannes and Venice that the astonishing resurgence of Italian film-making received its first acknowledgement. Suddenly, with *Rashomon* a prize winner, it was realized that Japan had entered the lists of great film-making nations. Hitherto ignored film industries such as India's were discovered to have great artistic potential, particularly as exemplified by the directorial achievements of Satyajit Ray. Cultural luster came to Sweden through the films—first lauded at festivals—of Sucksdorff, Sjoberg, and Bergman.

Admittedly, the major portion of any one country's film production is bound to be mundane, made either for commer-

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cial or propaganda purposes. But festivals provided the places and milieus for examination of the best, and a great lift and impetus was thus given to artistically oriented production. It became necessary, almost as a matter of face, for a country to encourage at least a few productions of a risky commercial nature, if only to be respectably represented at international festivals. Thus, while the bulk of West German film production is today devoted to ersatz Westerns and synthetic crime thrillers, the industry also encourages several young and more venturesome talents, and Germany wouldn't dream of showing at festivals the shoddy stuff it tosses into its distribution hoppers. Instead it will show the quite estimable *Young Torless*, and gain kudos thereby. A success at a festival encourages tries at more of the same. It is a misunderstanding of the festival's function to expect that each country will show its typical work. Rather it is the untypical that is shown.

On the other hand, there is a commercial tinge at many of the festivals. Cannes, in particular, has a trade fair aspect—not in the competitive showings at the Palais du Festival, but in the many cinemas of the resort, where a variety of new films of varying degrees of quality are shown to potential importers and exporters. A lot of people who make their livings off films by buying and selling, trading distribution areas, and the like, find film festivals a handy place to meet. "The industry has a genuine stake in the festivals," said one independent American distributor, explaining his presence at Cannes. "With so many directors, producers, and wheelers and dealers of one kind or another all concentrated in one place and at one time, the transportation costs alone saved in making deals amount to millions of dollars a year. Here I can find a dozen people I might have had to see separately otherwise, and that would have meant plane trips to London, Rome, and maybe even hiring a boat to track someone down on his yacht in the Aegean."

A comment of this kind would seem to support those who claim that the rot of commercialism has infected the festival beat. True, to a degree, but it might also be said that the rot of artistry has infected the film merchants who attend festivals with a view to profit.

Sooner or later the search for the new, the different, the significant, and even the masterpiece affects everyone present. "Not bad," I heard a studio vice president say about a film unveiled in the Berlin competition, "but it's basically commercial." What he really wanted to talk about was his discovery of an interesting film made by a fellow he'd never heard of before, but who was undeniably talented. "What have you seen that's good?" is the typical greeting when friends in the business meet at festivals. The search for new talent is a recognition, also, that talent is a salable commodity these days.

A whole new audience, international in scope, has grown up in recent years for the daringly different picture by a director who, often enough, received his first laurels at a film festival. A prize bestowed, and the word goes out. Thus *A Man and a Woman*, made on a low-low budget, won grand prize honors at Cannes in 1966, and it is now raking in more box-office gold than many a multimillion-dollar epic, laden with stars, turned out by Hollywood. Even when a prize winner doesn't go on to such lucrative earnings, it does at least get the kind of international exhibition it wouldn't have had a chance of obtaining otherwise.

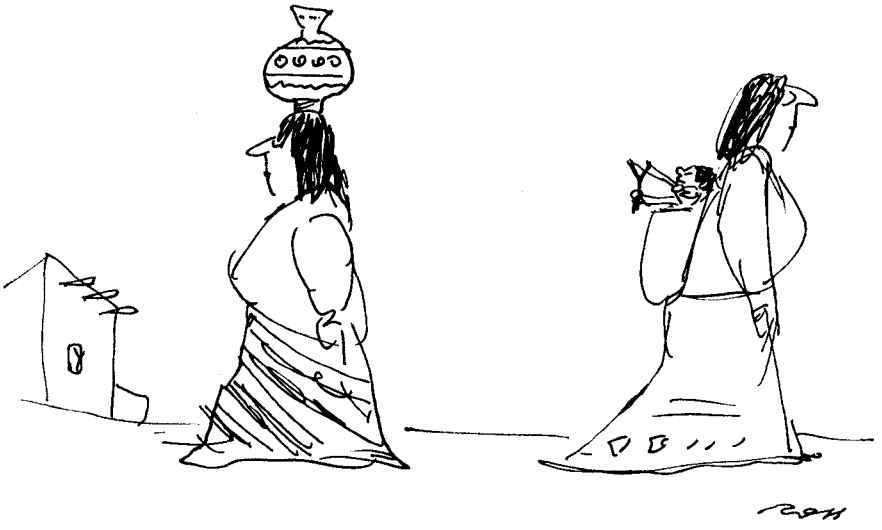
MISCONCEPTIONS abound about festivals, one of them being that "starlets" descend in voluptuous quantities and disrobe to the allowable minimum, and sometimes to the altogether. Incidents of the kind have occurred, but truth to tell there are few starlets at festivals, or stars, either, for that matter. Most of the personalities who attend have business there, a publicity function, or service on the jury, and sometimes duty as a country's official representative. The sexual aura of a festival, whether it be at Cannes, Berlin, or Mar del Plata, is invariably overrated. The occasional scandals that erupt—a film withdrawn by an irate director, a sudden censorship incident—are overrated, too. For the most part they are but minor incidents that enliven the festival scene; it's all forgotten by the next year, and usually the festival authorities will try to avoid such happenings again.

Actually, a festival is pretty serious business, and a fatiguing one at that. The sheer quantity of film shown can distort one's perspective after a time, and most festivalgoers would prefer events that are more selective and less grueling. Juries can get cantankerous, and, in an effort to find a common ground of agreement, will occasionally award prizes to turkeys. In fact, one year at Berlin the jury awarded the Golden Bear to a Turkish film. "We thought," a jury member lamely confessed afterward, "that the movie showed something good developing in Turkey. It wasn't a very good film, but it was the best Turkish film we had ever seen, and we wanted to provide encouragement to the industry."

This tendency to favor the "little film" over the "big film" is a characteristic of many juries. The most commercially oriented star or director, placed on film jury service, suddenly finds himself brimming over with sympathy for the orphan film from the orphan film country. There are critics who attend festivals who habitually lobby for this kind of movie—often mistaking nonrecognition for art.

But those who have attended festivals year after year have been privy to the growth and development of the mature film form. They have seen France's New Wave reach its crest; they were the first to view such important films as Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, Bergman's *Wild Strawberries*, Antonioni's *L'Avventura*. These landmark films first became landmarks at film festivals, and from their showings new currents flowed out in many different directions. One saw the softening of the hard line of ideology in Russian films, the renewed vitality of the British film, the beginnings of a low-budget movement in the American film. One, above all, saw a reflection of modern life, and new ideas and attitudes toward that life.

In recent years, the internationalization of film-making has become evident, as countries combine resources of finance and talent to make films with large international appeal. This year's grand prize winner at Cannes was *Blow-Up*, a film directed by an Italian, starring British actors, and financed by a major American company. Maybe only a vagrant



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straw in the wind, but more likely an indication that major talents will move around more freely than hitherto, and leading always to that important interchange of ideas that the common pursuit of excellence in the film medium entails. "Why doesn't Hollywood get with it?" Shirley MacLaine asked at Cannes this year, after serving on the jury—thus implying that her own horizons had been broadened by her experience.

Hollywood has been hesitant to get with it because it has been hurt so often, and because it hates to invest its money unwisely. Nevertheless, some of its biggest profits have been coming lately from films made by directors who first demonstrated their talents at film festivals. When this country's film industry willingly participates in the major international festivals, and settles for lumps as well as prizes, we will know that we, too, are coming of age filmically. Until that happens it will appear to others that we have no message of any value. For at film festivals they don't believe in Doris Day. They did believe in *David and Lisa* at Venice, though, and, oddly enough, at Berlin last year, in *The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming*. Unfortunately, United Artists lacked the good sense to show it in competition. They'd heard that American comedies did poorly at festivals. Festival audiences being captious, second guessing seldom works.

BUT, after attending some twenty festivals, I find it is the intangibles that somehow stick in my mind the most. Three years ago in Berlin I attended a party given by the Argentinian delegation. I sat at table with an Indian journalist, a Swedish film writer, an English critic, and an Egyptian movie star. The Egyptian's name was Achmed Mazhar, and we got into lively conversation about his country's special film-making problems. Mazhar was a handsome, intelligent, articulate man who, before the evening was over, invited me to visit him should I ever be in Cairo, his home. Back home, when a friend of mine was about to set off on a Middle Eastern jaunt I suggested he look up Achmed Mazhar. He did, and was accorded a splendid welcome—he happened to be Jewish, by the way. Mazhar wrote me afterward to thank me for having sent my friend his way.

I remembered him again during the recent Israeli-Arab imbroglio. While my sympathies were all with Israel and I was gratified that it had, for the time being, overcome the menace on its borders, I knew that it was not Achmed Mazhar who had been the menace, for that warm, civilized man had held out the hand of brotherhood, and there was no hate in him. Too bad that Nasser doesn't attend film festivals.

HARPER'S SESQUICENTENNIAL

By ALLAN NEVINS

FOR A NEWSPAPER, a magazine, or a book publishing house to survive for even a hundred years, maintaining its name and some recognizable part of its corporate identity, is a great feat. This is particularly true of the book publishing house, which is less fully sustained by circumstances of place than the London *Times* or Chicago *Tribune*, and less tied to a formula than *Blackwood's* or the *Atlantic*. All institutions have to be reborn from time to time as the price of survival. The book publishing house has to be reborn every season, with some changes in relations with the public, with authors, and with what Ellery Sedgwick called the "boiler room" or business necessities. Continuous vitality over a 150 years is an impressive fact in the cultural life of the nation, and that vitality we gratefully and admiringly salute in the House of Harper.

In doing so we salute the great variety of men and women who have labored under the firm name since 1817. First among them, of course, stand the four devoted Harper brothers, so unassuming, diligent, lofty in integrity, and kindly in demeanor. We do not forget their many good deeds. Columbia men remember, for example, that the brothers befriended and practically adopted Nicholas Murray, grandfather of one of the most distinguished presidents of the university. They toiled side by side from 1825—the year that the youngest brother, Fletcher Harper, joined his three elders—with a unity they hardly comprehended until the sudden death in 1869 of James, the senior partner and former mayor of New York.

The great editors stand with them in our memory: George William Curtis, scholar, man of letters, and unsurpassed teacher of civic spirit, who made *Harper's Weekly* the guide of American liberalism and reform for half a century; Henry Mills Alden, in time the Nestor of magazine editors, who graduated from a Hoosick Falls cotton mill by way of Williams College to the monthly that he helped gain its primacy; Carl Schurz of the magisterial pen; Thomas Nast of the biting pencil; William Dean Howells of the Easy Chair Department; and others down to the late Frederick Lewis Allen. If we invoked the eminent authors, led by John Lothrop Motley and George Bancroft among the historians, and by Herman Melville, W. D. Howells, Henry James, and Mark Twain among novelists, how these illustrious shades would crowd our rooms!

How different is publishing today. We have seen its methods almost revolutionized by the mass paperback explosion, which includes acceptance of the paperback book in every form, the expensive as well as the cheap. A firmer emphasis has been laid upon book distribution, with fresh methods that owe something to the book club, but avoid its evil aspect—the grant of success to a chosen few books at the cost of oblivion for most. New methods of printing and binding have crept in as fast as conservatism and the labor unions will permit.

THE dimensions of the book market have been vastly widened as urban and suburban centers bring larger populations within its reach. We have seen expanding educational systems whet the appetite for books despite the competition of the car and of television. Publishing has to a startling extent passed into new corporate hands, sometimes quite alien to the book trade of more intellectual and relaxed days. Meanwhile, the irresistible electronic invasion has made such progress that some experts even predict electronic substitutes for schools and for libraries. But we may trust that electronics will never displace the book.

In honoring Harper's in its 150th year, we honor the whole noble profession of publishing, the quickener and preserver of the intellectual and spiritual life of nations. Publishing, we must remember, far antedated the art of printing. Under the Ptolemies of Egypt, staffs of scribes prepared editions of the classics, sitting hunched on their benches like galley slaves at their oars. In the Rome of the Caesars, slaves toiled in droves to get out editions of books, and in the Dark Ages

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monkish copyists and illuminators succeeded them.

A cloudy line of publishers stretches back from Mainz on the Rhine and Subiaco on a fork of the Tiber, the little towns from which printing first spread slowly over Europe, back into the mists of the ancient world. A clearer line stretches forward from Caxton to the House of Harper just yesterday—that is, to Harper in 1843 bringing out *Martin Chuzzlewit* to be sold on the streets by newsboys, after what the best historian of the house calls "a James Harper pep talk"; and to the House of Harper today, about to publish the life story of Stalin's daughter. Publishing is a pursuit of venerable age, one of the first handmaidens of civilization through long centuries.

Yet we must not miss the significance of the continuous life span of 150 years that we now salute, a truly remarkable exhibition of continuous and sustained vitality. It places Harper's within a select roster of publishing establishments that the first nations of the West have delighted to honor. Ten such establishments might be named, but not more than ten. They hold a special eminence. No educated German or Austrian is forgetful of the debts which Teutonic lands owe to the old publishing house of Perthes; to its founder Johann Georg Justus Perthes, patron of learning in eighteenth-century Europe and founder of his great business in Gotha; to his son Wilhelm, remembered for one of the first great atlases of history; to his grandson and great-grandson, under whom the celebrated *Almanach de Gotha* commenced its career; and to later family names.

What student of European culture ignores the gifts of the House of Estienne to French letters? The founder Robert Estienne and his son Henri Estienne were two of the greatest Hellenists of their time. They gave seventeenth-century learning a peculiar radiance. Henri's great five-volume *Greek Thesaurus* is still mentioned with awe. The Estienne line and its press continued throughout the eighteenth century and its influence was felt into the twentieth. In England the House of Longmans, which published Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, is still active. In Scotland Archibald Constable, the publisher of Walter Scott's *Waverley Novels*, of the *Edinburgh Review*, and of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* that he revived and enlarged, founded a house that was still vigorous after the death of his grandson.

The builders of such houses as Perthes, Estienne, Longmans, Constable, and Harper's, said John Morley, must have the qualities of statesmen, and should be ranked as such. They must be deeply interested in all the movements of their time in thought—literary, scientific, and religious. They must be statesmen in their knowledge of the world, their ability to gather vigorous talents about them, and their sense of public responsibility. John Morley was himself a servant of Harper's, editing for the house, at one time, his influential *English Men of Letters* series. He, like another man briefly connected with the firm, Walter Hines Page, believed that the best publishers were more statesmanlike than most political leaders. Politicians, he thought, too often merely feigned an interest in the deep currents of thought and action; with the publishers it was a sincere interest, for their very lives depended upon it.

AND one principle upon which Morley, Walter Hines Page, and the leaders of Harper's today have emphatically agreed is that publishing must be statesmanlike in its respect for freedom of thought and utterance. It is at its best when it gives full rein to authors whose minds are as free as Luther's, as active as Jefferson's, as deep-probing as Lord Acton's, as humane as Tolstoy's. It is at its best when its publications have as much fire as the writings of Woodrow Wilson and John F. Kennedy that Harper's has published. The freedom that a statesmanlike publisher encourages in his authors includes respect for the idea of social, moral, religious, and political change, even to the far limits of revolution.

As we look back over the 150 years of Harper's the quality of its record that most impresses us is richness. It has been the house of God's plenty in letters. Unassuming but keen vision, free-ranging enterprise, a taste so catholic and unfettered that it has embraced the most diverse writings, lie plain upon the record. Had Harper's been a great crusading house, it might have been a narrow house. Had it emphasized philosophic profundity, or esthetic delicacy, it would assuredly have contracted its appeal. Instead, it rightly tried to serve our vigorous, many-sided democracy with a variety as great as that of our whole national life; serve it in books, in a literary magazine, in a long-dominant weekly of news and opinion, and in everything that the best writers could bring it. The late Maxwell E. Perkins remarked in one of his letters that the publisher ought to bring out books that reflect the spirit of the age and the nation. Yes, but only if the publisher realizes that this spirit is protean, versatile, and endlessly mutable—really a hundred spirits rather than one. The spirit of a nation and an age cannot be pinned down; it has the freedom of sunshine and the winds.

How magnificent was the old Harper list in its richness! William Dean Howells, Henry James, Woodrow Wilson, Mark Twain, Lafcadio Hearn, William Hickling Prescott, Booth Tarkington, Hamlin Garland, Herman Melville—all were there. So, of course, were the great Britons, from the Brontë sisters and Bulwer onward. It was Harper's who published Dickens and Thackeray in the standard editions familiar to long generations of Americans. Harper's generously paid Dickens on an ascending scale for his uncopyrighted books—£400 for *Bleak House*, £1,000 for *A Tale of Two Cities*, £1,250 for *Great Expectations*. To Harper's the historians owe a special debt. That house brought out most handsomely the original volumes of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, and to the author's delight promptly sold 5,000

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The Generals and the News "Spy"

By TREVOR L. CHRISTIE

THE CONFLICT between the sword and the pen in carrying out their respective roles is as old as war itself. On the one hand, the element of secrecy and surprise is one of the most powerful elements in the soldier's arsenal, and, on the other, the compelling duty of the newsman is to keep the public informed of the course of the struggle without giving aid to the enemy. If that unknown legendary Greek hero had been intercepted on his headline-making run from Marathon to Athens with news of the victory over the Persians, he might have been disciplined for leaking classified intelligence to the retreating foe.

These two irreconcilable doctrines have collided in every war in U. S. history, and Vietnam is no exception. General William C. Westmoreland's command insists that American correspondents are not hobbled by overt censorship, and the record seems to bear them out. But several men have lost their accreditation for brief periods, at least, for actions displeasing the brass, and every man in Saigon is constrained in some degree by his dependence on the Army for transportation, housing, and small favors. In recent weeks its legal officers have warned them that they are subject to the Uniform Code of Military Justice, the basic Army law, and might face courts-martial for disobeying orders "under some circumstances." None too subtly, the correspondents were reminded of the case of Thomas W. Knox, staff correspondent for the New York *Herald* during the Civil War, the only newspaperman in U. S. annals to be tried as a spy.

Knox, a brash young New Hampshirite, was hired by James Gordon Bennett in the spring of 1861, soon after hostilities began, to cover the lagging campaign in the West being conducted by Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. Knox's assignment had been made on the strength of some casual experience as a stringer for several Boston newspapers and as a reporter for the *Rocky Mountain News* in Denver. After reporting a few small engagements in Missouri and the Union victory at the battle of Shiloh, the tall, gangling correspondent arrived late in 1862 at Memphis, the headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee, to cover the first assault on the heights of Vicksburg, which was designed to cut the Confederacy in two. This operation was in charge of the red-haired, hot-headed Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman, Grant's subordinate.

Sherman had long nursed a deep distrust of the press. (Bruce Catton, in his *Grant Moves South*, says of Sherman, "The going-over he had received while commanding Kentucky in the fall of 1861 had permanently embittered him. He considered newspapermen liars at best and Confederate agents at worst and quite literally would have been delighted to hang them if he could have found a proper excuse.") On the eve of the attack, Sherman issued an order forbidding civilians, including journalists, from accompanying the expedition to Vicksburg.

But Knox, carrying a pass from Grant, either was not informed of the order or chose to ignore it and went aboard the military transport *Continental* at the invitation of its commander, Brig. Gen. Frank P. Blair, for the dash down the Mississippi and into the Yazoo as part of a naval squadron under Rear Adm. David D. Porter. Sneaking ashore twice but staying out of the General's way,

Knox watched while Sherman's forces attacked Haines' Bluff on the land side of Vicksburg and were hurled back by the defenders at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou on December 29, 1862. The attackers suffered about 2,000 casualties out of an army of 30,000—through no fault of the General.

Hampered by the restrictions under which he was acting, Knox wrote an incomplete and necessarily inaccurate account of the affair and mailed it in care of a "blind" in Cairo, Illinois. But the letter was intercepted by a civilian post-office inspector, A. H. Markland (in apparent violation of the postal regulations), and turned over to Sherman. (In *Yankee Reporters 1861-65* author Emmett Crozier writes that Sherman threatened to shoot Markland when he sought to join the expedition, but relented when he identified himself.)

At first sight the commander did not appear to be greatly disturbed by the discovery of the letter, and he directed his chief of staff, Maj. J. H. Hammond, to handle the question of discipline. But Knox was furious, vowed to take up the incident with the Postmaster General, and demanded the return of his story. When this was refused he took the next boat for Cairo.

A few days later the correspondent fired off a second report on the battle and this time he opened up on Sherman with all barrels blazing. He prefaced his dispatch by saying that his notes had been destroyed by the military and he had been compelled to write from memory, but "had they acted as earnestly and persistently against the rebels as against the representatives of the press there is little doubt that Vicksburg ere this were in Union hands."

In a story spread across the front page of the *Herald* on January 18, 1863, under the black headline *Vicksburg Disaster*, Knox accused Sherman of ordering the attack without adequate reconnaissance, bungling the operation through indecision, and denying his men proper hospital care. Describing his actions during the battle as "unaccountable," he wrote: "General Sherman was so exceedingly erratic that the discussion of a twelve month ago with respect to his sanity was revived with much earnestness. . . . Insanity and inefficiency have brought their result."

WHEN the papers trickled through to the front and Sherman read this dispatch he exploded. He called Knox in for a grilling aboard his flagship, *Forest Queen*, and upbraided him for criticizing his generalship and questioning his sanity. Standing his ground, Knox defended his story on the ground that Sherman's order had blocked him from getting a complete account of the battle. At one point, cocking his huge head to one side, he said: "Of course, General, I have no feeling against you personally but you are regarded as the enemy of our set and we must in self-defense write you down." Sherman arrested him on the spot and ordered him court-martialed under the 57th Article of War.

Within a few days Knox, realizing his plight was no joke, began to have second thoughts, and he wrote Sherman a conciliatory letter explaining that he had since been given a true picture of the engagement. "I find to my regret," he wrote, "that I labored under repeated errors and made in consequence several misstatements which I now take pleasure in correcting. . . . I am (now) fully convinced of your prompt, efficient, and judicious management of the troops under your control from its commencement to its close."

But this gesture did not appease Sherman's wrath and he approached General Blair, a member of a powerful political family in Missouri, demanding to know if he was the source of Knox's reports datelined: "On Board Steamer

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Continental." Blair denied it hotly, and, showing he was not overawed by his superior, replied, "I hope to receive no more letters of the same character from you and I shall not answer them in the same spirit if I do."

General Sherman accepted Blair's denial and in reply remarked that his letter "enables me to put the fellow where he really belongs as a spy and infamous dog." To Admiral Porter he explained the reasons for the court-martial as "not that I want the fellow shot but I want to establish the principle that such people cannot attend our armies in violation of orders and defy us, publishing their garbled statements and defaming officers who are doing their best."

Now shaking in his journalistic boots, Knox went on trial on February 5, 1863, at Young's Point, Louisiana, before a military court comprised of a brigadier general, four colonels, and a major. According to the official War Department records, the charges against him were these: 1) giving information to the enemy; 2) being a spy; and 3) disobedience of orders. The trial droned on for fourteen days as the officers, garbed in full uniform, sash, and sword, heard the testimony against the accused.

In the end, the court found the defendant not guilty on the first two charges and guilty on the third, but without "criminality." He was sentenced "to be sent without the lines of the army and not to return under punishment of imprisonment"—i.e., banishment from General Grant's and General Sherman's theater of war.

This verdict did not satisfy the vindictive Sherman, however, and he insisted that it be reviewed in Washington by the Judge Advocate General and by the Commander-in-Chief, Abraham Lincoln. Pointing out that Southern newspapers often published extracts from Northern papers such as the *Herald* and thereby made a sham of security, he declared: "To this cause may well be attributed the past reverses to our armies and the failure of almost every plan devised by our generals. I believe this cause has lost us millions of money, thousands of lives, and will continue to defeat us to the end of time unless some remedy be devised."

By this time the entire press corps in Washington and in the field had risen in Knox's defense and had drawn up a petition to President Lincoln to overrule his sentence on the grounds that the regulation Knox had violated was as obsolete as the "laws of the Medes and the Persians." A delegation composed of Albert D. Richardson of the *Tribune* and James M. Winchell of the *Times* called on Mr. Lincoln at the White House to press their case, and it turned out to be a memorable occasion.

The President received them amiably and, throwing one long leg over the arm of his chair, regaled them with a couple of jokes. After the correspondents had laughed in the right places they presented their memorial, and Mr. Lincoln, untangling his leg, considered it soberly. Pacing the floor, he said to Richardson, according to the latter's report, "I shall be glad to serve you or Mr. Knox or any other loyal journalist. But just at present our generals in the field are more important to the country than any of the rest of us or all the rest of us. It is my fixed determination to do nothing whatever which can possibly embarrass any one of them. Therefore I will do cheerfully what I have said but it is all I can do." (As Lincoln once said of Grant, "What brand of whisky does he drink?")

Whereupon the President sat down at his desk and wrote an Executive Order, "To Whom it May Concern," disclosing that the presiding officer of the court-martial, Brig. Gen. J. M. Thayer, considered that Knox's offense was "technical rather than wilfully wrong. . . . Now, therefore, said sentence is hereby so far revoked as to allow Mr. Knox to return to General Grant's headquarters and to remain if General Grant shall give his express assent and to again leave the department if General Grant shall refuse such assent."

Reading the order over carefully, the President handed it to Richardson with, as Richardson described it, a "little sigh of relief and, despondent and weighed down with his load of cares, he sought relief in plain speaking. He said with great earnestness: 'God knows I want to do what is wise and right but sometimes it is very difficult to determine. . . .'" (Six weeks later, as he recounted in his book *Silent Service*, Richardson and two other correspondents were captured while trying to run the gauntlet of the Rebel batteries at Vicksburg and passed twenty months in half-a-dozen Confederate prisons before escaping.)

If Knox thought this Presidential "pardon" would grease his way back into Sherman's camp he did not reckon with the general's mulishness. In another effort to mollify Sherman he wrote expressing his regret "at the want of harmony between portions of the press and the army and the hope that there may be a better feeling in the future," but it didn't work. In the first place, Grant, referring to Sherman as "one of the ablest soldiers and purest men in the country," declined to interfere unless Sherman gave his consent, and Sherman slammed the door with deadly finality despite the President's request. To Knox he replied:

> After having enunciated to me the fact that newspaper correspondents were a fraternity bound together by a common interest that must write down all who stood in their way and that you had to supply the public demand for news, true if possible but false if your interest demanded it, I cannot be privy to a tacit acknowledgement of that principle.
>
> Come with a sword or musket in your hand prepared to share with us in sunshine or storm, in prosperity or adversity, in plenty or scarcity, and I will welcome you as a brother and associate; but come as you now do expecting me to ally the reputation and honor of my country with you as the representative of the press, which you yourself say makes so slight a difference between truth and falsehood, and my answer is, Never Never.

As a footnote to this refusal, Sherman, thanking Grant for backing him up, ob-

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"I don't care how bad the news is—you promised to read them 'Winnie the Pooh'!"

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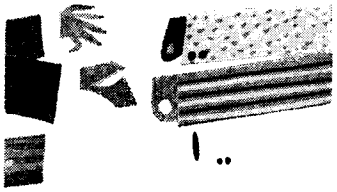
Public Relations



Lessons of History

MANY corporate executives have had to learn the hard way that careful attention to public attitudes is essential to profitable operations. Had they sought the lessons of history they could have found guidance in the careers of leading businessmen who pioneered in public relations. And the learning process would have been less painful than putting both hands on a hot stove.

One of the wise chief executives who understood the importance of public acceptance for a business organization was the late Walter S. Gifford, for twenty-three years president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. Despite extensive obituaries which appeared in the press at the time of his death a little more than a year ago, almost nothing was written about the emphasis he put on understanding public opinion and his contribution to the development of corporate public relations. His performance was much too important to American business to be overlooked or passed over lightly.

In 1925 when Mr. Gifford was elected president of his company the philosophy of the necessity of business' acting in the public interest, so clearly expressed by Theodore M. Vail, had penetrated the top levels of AT&T. Gifford built on that base, and it was during his regime that the structure of corporate public relations was erected on which the company operates today.

Mr. Vail had, in 1908, formally established AT&T's public relations department with the hiring of a full-time staff member, James D. Ellsworth of Boston, to handle publicity and advertising. It was at that time that the company began the systematic explanation of its policies to the public. But Gifford knew that more was needed, and he set out on a search for the right man to succeed Mr. Ellsworth, who was due for retirement. Gifford found his man, Arthur W. Page, in 1927, at Doubleday, Page & Company, the book publishers. Mr. Page had been with the firm for twenty-two years, during the last fourteen of which he had served as editor of the magazine *World's Work*. Page's articles on the responsibility of the corporation to society had attracted Gifford's interest. The two worked closely and slowly built, one step at a time, the organization which has served the company so well through difficult periods of depression, the New Deal, and World War II.

PAGE, who entered the company as a vice president, had a keen understanding of the problems of business as a whole and the special difficulties of a natural monopoly, as the telephone company had to be. As a highly regulated company it was imperative for AT&T to be continuously alert to public moods, for they could be translated quickly into governmental actions which, if excessive, could hamper successful operations. Page believed that a corporation had to act in such a way, internally as well as externally, that the company's customers would think well of it. Page also worked on the principle that good relations with the public could not come from the actions of a single department but were the job of every person connected with the company, from the operators and installers right through every echelon of the corporate structure.

Page felt that a company had to announce what its policies were and then adhere to them. In this way the public could judge whether the company was following its announced policies, and the written objectives would be the guide for management. Shortly after Page joined the company Gifford announced the corporation's basic position of providing the best possible service at the lowest possible cost. Inherent in the Gifford policy was the idea that the best ambassadors for AT&T were its employees, for if they did not think it was a good place to work—a good company—who else could really believe it? Accordingly, employee security, good working conditions, fair pay, sound pension plans were all part of developing good public relations.

Page—who, incidentally, was the first public relations executive to hold the rank of vice president in any corporation, and the last one to come in at the top in his department—paid less attention to publicity than he did to developing policies and training management to consider the impact of every decision on the public. He understood clearly that good relations stem from good company policies, not from building a façade. It was not an easy job to condition all managers to consider more than immediate profit when they made corporate decisions. And the long-term effect of company decisions on the public were often more important to success than a quick profit.

It is worth recalling that these views were new at the time. Some of Gifford's statements are worth reading today.

In 1928, speaking in Boston to the Telephone Pioneers, Gifford said:

> We must have a satisfactory financial condition if we are to go forward. In addition to that, we must at all times have public approval, because certainly in the United States you can't, no matter what your ability or what your intentions, succeed in the long run without public approval.

In New York in 1938, Gifford said about community service:

> Modern business is everybody's business. It is responsible not only to its stockholders but also to the general public. In this modern world corporations, large or small, must give adequate attention to community obligations if they expect to keep the good will of the public.

In Chicago in 1940 Gifford said:

> One hears a lot of talk about public relations as if it is something that could be pulled out of a hat, or that it is just some kind of a trick. In our judgment public relations is a way of living. If your background of living is not right I don't think any amount of publicity or any amount of effort will result in good public relations.

The sad fact is that much of what Gifford said is still considered balderdash by many executives of large corporations. It may be that the best way for them to learn is to run into a buzz saw so hard that they will be forced to learn that neither tricks nor gimmicks result in good relations with the public. But, if the corporate executives want to stay out of trouble, they might ponder and follow the Gifford-Page example.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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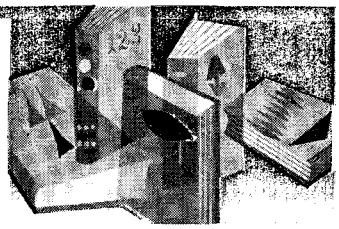
Books in Communications



The Paper War

THESE ARE DAYS of dangerous technological change for those who publish and are published. The rapid expansion of the information industry, the booming photocopying business threaten to destroy old, trusted relationships in fields of learning—to cut the author off from his royalty; to undermine the publisher's traditional market; to drive out of business valuable medical and scientific journals; to computerize libraries, again to the detriment of authors; and to erect new, mutually exclusive monopolies of processed knowledge, as when broadcasting companies buy up book publishers.

Lately the affected interests have been laying down a barrage of small arms fire against a paper enemy, the computerized card and the xerographic copy. Now a larger gun has been brought to the front. *Nearer to the Dust* (Williams & Wilkins, $4.95), by George A. Gipe, proclaims that man could copy himself to death. As the means of storing, duplicating, and retrieving masses of data and knowledge are perfected, the author-thinker is turning into the forgotten man. Gipe's book is a remarkably clear examination of the clash between the new technology and traditional ways of spreading knowledge, namely by book, journal, and magazine. It makes a persuasive case for copyright reform.

The photocopying industry has equipped every office and library with a private printing press. It has empowered clerks and secretaries to become impromptu publishers. Such copiers pay no royalties, Gipe points out, while adding indiscriminately to the broad distribution of original work. Libraries, he believes, are especially guilty. At least one reproduces the table of contents of magazines and makes available on demand a photocopy of the article desired. If such practices continue, Gipe says, it may no longer be profitable to put out technical journals, which are more readily copied than bought. A significant volume of publishing may then fall to the Government Printing Office, which has no obligation to make a profit. "The question is," he asks, "do we as a society really want to make commercial publishing unprofitable?"

Photoduplication is one of our fastest growing industries. Next year the market for the sale and rental of office copying machines and supplies is expected to top $1 billion. Copying gets cheaper all the time. Right now it costs about 10 cents to the user to duplicate a page. But soon the cost may drop to a penny. A supercopying machine can transfer a whole novel onto microfilm. The microfilm can then be retransferred to a printout replica for perhaps 25 cents.

In *Nearer to the Dust,* Gipe sees danger signals ahead for publishers in Community Antenna Television, in the coming Congress-supported Corporation for Public Television, and, most particularly, in the "vertical integration" of the education industry—the process by which electronics firms are rapidly acquiring textbook manufacturers and publishing houses so they will have access to the stores of copyrighted knowledge they need to feed into their education machines. "Why bother to purchase permission from the copyright owner when you can wait a while and purchase the owner himself?"

Gipe contends that the proposed 1967 copyright revision fails to solve three major problems: "1) the need to control photocopying of the printed page; 2) the need to provide a system of permissions and payments for the right to print out stored information, including the made-to-order texts transmitted via electronics; 3) the need to control the monopoly power represented by the vertical integration of the education industry."

Reviewing various proposals, the author favors one advanced by Washington attorney Norton Goodwin for a compulsory licensing system of permission and payments. Under this, a registration number would be assigned to all copyrighted material and filed in a clearing house. This would signify that the material was available for copying, without permission, by any means—microfilm, machine-read code, facsimile, teletype, etc. The royalty would be a uniform license fee of 10 cents a copy.

In one stroke, the author maintains, this system would solve all three problems. Furthermore, he says, it would entirely eliminate the need for the scramble to control copyrighted material in the education industry. All information would be available to everyone.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

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Harper's

Continued from page 59

sets of his classic. It was Harper's who issued Macaulay's *History of England* at 25 cents a volume, $1 for the complete set, enabling the author to repeat in America the tremendous success he had scored in Great Britain. The fifth volume was added after Macaulay's death.

All the while, Harper's was the prime schoolmaster of America. Its sets of standard works at low prices, its *Classical Library*, *Fireside Library*, *Franklin Square Library*, and above all its *Family Library*—which eventually ran to the 295 titles listed by Eugene Exman in his admirable volume on the partnership—were teachers on a scale hardly approached in any other land. The *Family Library* list began with Milman's *History of the Jews*, Lockhart's *Life of Napoleon*, Southey's *Nelson*, and Galt's *Byron*, and it ran down through Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* to Salkeld's *Grecian and Roman Antiquities*. From its site near Brooklyn Bridge, Harper's loomed up decade after decade like a lighthouse.

THE disadvantage of the magnificent Harper's list of books was that its amplitude discouraged additions. Any great publishing house must be reborn from time to time. Its main functions include not merely preservation and distribution, but creation. Publishers maintain a sensitive, precarious relationship with three clients—the great shy public; the business manager who keeps an anxious eye on paper prices, mailing costs, advertising charges, and general economic trends; and the temperamental author. Each element in the triple equation is fascinating; each is incalculable and hence dangerous. But the author offers the greatest attractions, perils, and opportunities of all, for the publisher is worth little who does not from time to time not merely support him, but inspire him to larger powers. This creative opportunity is the greatest in publishing.

Did Dickens shape his publishers, or did his English publishers shape Dickens? The answer is both. Of course, no publisher can assert a major role in producing a book like Mark Twain's *The Mysterious Stranger*, or Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*, or the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay, to name three Harper titles, but he can play a part; he can do something.

The creative function is one to which few publishers will make any claim; they do not often pretend to bring books into existence. The true creator is the author, and usually he or she is the sole creator. Yet Harper's did repeatedly act as a true creative agent. This was true in art. That astute critic Joseph Pennall declares that American art began in the department of Charles Parsons in Franklin Square. He encouraged artists to express their own ideas, to develop their own styles, to paint what they actually saw. The creative touch was sometimes evident in Harper's treatment of its fiction, exercised chiefly through the successive editors of *Harper's Monthly* and other magazines. It was the creative encouragement of Henry Mills Alden that prompted the shy, sensitive Lafcadio Hearn to undertake some of his best efforts, and he hailed with enthusiasm the touch of divine fire in such a masterly work as *Chita: A Tale of the Lost Island*. The creative editorial touch was evident in some of the great series that Harper's published: notably in the *American Nation Series* that brought out Frederick Jackson Turner's volume on *The Rise of the New West*.

This creative opportunity was one that the Mr. Harper of our day, whose other name is Cass Canfield, comprehended when he went to London, well aware that the splendid old Harper list of the Mark Twain-Henry James-Howells days and the immortal Thackeray-Dickens era could be almost a liability. Rebirth was essential. The new names at once began to appear: H. G. Wells, Hilaire Belloc, J. B. Priestley, Sheila Kaye-Smith, H. M. Tomlinson, Philip Guedalla, Julian Huxley, Mrs. E. M. Delafield. They were matched by an equal list of Americans.

Did any great names get away? The greatest. Bernard Shaw began explaining one day why it was wise for a publisher to operate a bookstore. Mr. Canfield contradicted him, and, in a whiff of disputation, all hope of an agreement vanished. Furthermore, the creative touch could be carried too far. It was Canfield who once suggested to Winston Churchill in the mid-Thirties that Churchill ought to write a history of the English-speaking peoples. Churchill got up, began walking excitedly about the room, and talking volubly. A spark had fallen in tinder, but the blaze leaped in an unexpected direction. He walked about so excitedly that he walked right into another publisher's office!

As all publishers from the days of John Heming and Henry Condell have known, a great book can come from only one person, the man who writes it. Nevertheless, to play a part in the creative process is the supreme function that any publisher can exercise. Unfettered opportunity and a tradition of nursing the divine fire furnish the foundation. Then a glinting word, a seminal idea, has often done the work in the past, as it will do it many times more in the future. But behind that word or idea must lie one fundamental prerequisite: freedom.

This article is based on remarks by Dr. Nevins at the Pierpont Morgan Library exhibition in New York commemorating the 150th anniversary of the House of Harper.

Labyrinth

Continued from page 52

quest as essentially the conquest of his private minotaurs of stress, frustration, fear, and doubt.

"Quite apart from the success or failure of this particular attempt," Roman Kroitor emphasized, "there is no doubt that such a complex of technologically based art as we've used here will play an increasingly vital role in the evolution of human society. Indeed, it may be the only means by which man will be able consciously to direct and shape profound global cultural changes." In a parting aside, he added, "The inadequacy of the written word alone to project a working definition of a total human society is apparent all around us. Pictures transcend language. They have only been primitive in their philosophical content because we have just really begun to use them."

Whether *Labyrinth* is wholly successful as a communications vehicle is debatable. Much of its message may be lost to audiences often more involved in the mechanics of physical movement than in being moved emotionally; its sober inquiry is not geared for easy acceptance or analgesic escape.

What makes the NFB project noteworthy, however, is not its metaphysical implications, intricate production techniques, technical innovations, its architectural structure or the heroic architectonics of its story line. Rather, it is the fact that such an exceptional production has been created by a government information agency—one that functions in countless areas at home and abroad on a Parliamentary appropriation of about $6,000,000. (In simpler arithmetic, this means that the world's largest government-sponsored production and distribution agency provides a cultural program of education and entertainment that costs each Canadian citizen approximately 30 cents a year.) Though overall expenditures in 1966 were almost double the sum appropriated, the NFB not only balanced its budget but refunded $27,500 to the Receiver General because of income from film sales or rentals and production assignments commissioned by other Canadian government departments.

In *Labyrinth*'s sophisticated art-and-media mix, the National Film Board of Canada has proved that it doesn't need Ariadne's ball of thread to find its way around in the maze of mass communications. The "Sleeping Giant" has awakened—to the sound of applause.

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Generals

Continued from page 61

served that "Mr. Lincoln, of course, fears to incur the enmity of the *Herald* but he must rule the *Herald* or the *Herald* will rule him; he can take his choice." And to a friend in Cincinnati he went even further: ". . . . Mr. Lincoln and the press may, in the exercise of their glorious prerogative, tear our country and army to tatters but they shall not insult me with impunity in my own camp."

THE *Herald* subsequently replaced Knox as correspondent with the Army of the Tennessee, but two months later it sent Knox a telegram while he was cooling his heels in St. Louis: REPORT AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT. As he boarded the first express train east he did not know it but he was on the way to join the Army of the Potomac at a place called Gettysburg. By the time he reached the scene on the Fourth of July the great battle was over, but he filed a melancholy dispatch describing corpse-strewn Cemetery Ridge on the day after Armageddon. One passage read:

> At Waterloo, at Wagram and at Jena the wheat grows more luxuriantly and the corn shoots its stalks farther toward the sky than before the great conflicts that rendered those fields famous. The broad acres of Gettysburg and Antietam will in future years yield the farmer a richer yield than he has hitherto received.

On that very day Vicksburg fell at last before federal onslaughts, and, taken together with the Confederate disaster at Gettysburg, it broke the back of the Southern cause and assured the preservation of the Union. Thus, as Knox must have known, it demonstrated that while President Lincoln needed the support of the *Herald* and every other Northern newspaper and their correspondents in the dark hours leading to victory, he needed the generalship of Grant, Sherman, and Meade even more.

In the ensuing years Knox carved out a prolific literary career, writing two books a year for a long stretch. Picking up where Creasey had left off, he wrote *Decisive Battles Since Waterloo*, among which he included both Vicksburg and Gettysburg, and biographies of Henry Ward Beecher, James G. Blaine, and Robert Fulton. He roamed the world in search of copy and fashioned a collection of some forty travel books factual and fictional, ranging from the Polar Sea to Patagonia, for one of which he was awarded the Siamese Order of the White Elephant.

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FOOT COMFORT—Double deerskin moccasins, slippers, casuals, 50 styles. Free catalogue SR. Cottage Crafts, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

FRESH FLOWER PERFUMES, hand blended, of exquisite fidelity to living flowers. Circular. May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

MANGO—Aristocrat of tropical fruits. Shipping through August. Write for free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC BOOKS wanted. Special interest—Alfred Stieglitz; Photo-Secession; Federal Security Administration. Box C-736.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

FOURTH ANNUAL MENTOR POETRY CONTEST—$100 in cash awards. Merit certificates. $3 entry fee includes year's subscription. Rules 10¢, sample issue 50¢. DEADLINE AUGUST 15TH. North American Mentor Magazine, John Westburg & Associates, Conesville, Iowa 52739.

PERSONALS

COME TO PUTNEY to see Carol Brown's uncommon fabrics: new Finnish, Norwegian cottons; Danish upholstery fabric; Irish handwoven bedspreads, throws, tweeds, capes, coats. Kinsale cloaks. Putney, Vermont 05346. US 91 and 5.

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HARPSICHORD—Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 10014.

EXCITING LETTERS WANTED. Literary, historical, and scientific letters of famous persons. Immediate cash. Autographs bought and sold. Catalogues issued. Doris R. Harris, 1300 South Beacon, San Pedro, California 90731.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, interested in eager, creative, emotionally-mature students for entrance to unique new school. Innate intelligence, yearning for learning, not Board scores, basis for consideration.

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" PLAQUE, 8½" x 4", typographically baroque, $1.50, deluxe edition, $2.50. Wry Idea Company, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

NATIONAL ZIP CODE DIRECTORY—35,000 Post Offices—$1.00, refundable. Staydrysr, Whitestone, New York 11357.

EAT TO LIVE? Tasty, natural, whole foods—all kinds—home raised and prepared here on our farm. Free of all artificials and poisons. Shipped anywhere. Unique? Oh my! Do write. Betty Keene, Walnut Acres, Penns Creek, Pennsylvania 17862.

IS YOUR MONEY well invested? If not, (1) study mutual funds carefully, (2) compare fund for fund, (3) send for our folder, "We are a little different," Mutual Funds Advisory (nationwide service), 382 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

BLUE GLASS LINERS for silver saltcellars and condiment holders. Glass inserts replaced. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 seeking liberal arts education. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two-week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Students may start in July, August, January or February. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

JOBS ABROAD. Year-round and summer for young people. Send $1.00 for publication, JOBS ABROAD, containing applications, to I.S.T.C., 866 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

PLAY ALONG RECORDS! Classical/Jazz. Famous Music Minus One LPs. Free 32 page catalogue. Write MMO, 43 West 61st Street, NYC 10023.

WERE YOU BORN August 2nd, 1921 in New York City? Need your cooperation for fascinating research project. Please reply Box C-756.

SAVE MONEY, obtain the best, knockdown bookcases solid Philippine mahogany cut exact measurements. Easy to assemble and finish. Information write C C Co., 2623 15th Avenue, San Francisco, California 94127.

FOR SALE: Authenticated Vuillaume cello, also cello attributed to Lupot. Box C-771.

LIMITED SUPPLY, 291 ONLY: full-size leather replica of 13th century knight's helmet + do-it-yourself kit with ostrich plumes from West Germany. $9.95 postpaid plus customs, money order or bank draft, no stamps. Address: "de Vos Winkele," Pan Am Building, Suite 303 East, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

NEED A CONTACT in Southeast Asia? Available for any type of assignment. Permanently located in Saigon with contacts in Bangkok, Hong Kong and Singapore. Box C-762.

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PERSONALS

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT. Lawyer-social worker with administrative and research experience anxious to combine both creatively. Box C-308.

ENGLISH COUPLE will take charge of motherless home. Wife will cook, care for children, husband will tutor, drive, garden. Prefer suburb or country. $650 per month. Box C-764.

VERSATILE YOUNG WOMAN, B.A., experienced: article writing, promotion, PR, radio-TV programming seeks meaningful work with social action agency or education project, preferably San Francisco, but will consider other location. Box C-772.

YOUNG, EXPERIENCED governess teacher wishes year abroad with American family. Excellent references. Box C-754.

INNOVATOR—Highly creative, intelligent, aware humanitarian, 43, superb writer, discussion and interview skills, experienced social sciences research, community leadership, data processing, engineering teaching, seeks fulfilling and challenging position "where the action is." Box C-768.

NEED HOUSEBOY? Experienced, 22, loves children, outdoors. Prefer Southwest. Box C-773.

ASSISTANT TO TOP MAN. Good record. Novelist. Like to combine interest in arts with administrative experience. Box C-747.

SUMMERHILLIAN TEACHER, male, 25, desires child work in warm, nonauthoritarian environment. Fall, NYC. Box C-763.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY. President of Division in top Publishing/Printing Company is looking for outstanding secretary with 5-10 years' experience with corporate officer. Excellent skills and flexibility in hours necessary. Opportunity to advance to Administrative Assistant level. Midtown, Park Avenue, New York location. Salary: $150+. Box C-767.

EDITOR. Major publisher of prestige periodicals and books offers unique opportunity on one of its national magazines. Publication enjoys six-figure circulation among discerning, highly-educated professionals. Salary to $20,000. Unsurpassed fringes. Ideal environment. NYC area. Full details to Box C-705.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE, NYC, has opening in advertising department for excellent typist. Applicant must enjoy detail and dealing with the public via telephone and in person. Good salary plus excellent fringe benefits. Send letter and/or resume to Box C-737.

MANPOWER INC. needs experienced stenos, typists immediately to work temporarily. Call the Manpower office in your city.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

INTERESTING, INDIVIDUALIZED SKILL TEACHING. College and Secondary. Liberal Arts or Education, B.A. minimum. Single, travel. Enjoy working independently. Start June or September. Interviews NYC area. Reply SR Box A-528.

ART GALLERIES in St. Louis, Kansas City, Philadelphia, Detroit, Portland, Oregon seeking polished, poised sales personnel with Art or Interior Decorating background. High earnings potential. Submit resume. Box C-715.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized for 50 years in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

JOBS FOR COLLEGE WOMEN in New York. Alumnae Placement Agency, Inc., 541 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information, $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

MONTESSORI DIRECTRESS. Beginning September 1967. Montessori Association, Box 929, Fort Collins, Colorado 80521.

MUSIC PUBLISHER, 85 miles from NYC, specializing in school and church music, seeks aggressive young addition to Sales Department with experience in direct mail list management. Prime responsibility reorganization and supervision of Topsy-like mailing lists plus some outside trade travel. Resume and requirements to Box C-774.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

RUSTIC CHARM, Chappaqua area, N.Y. Complete privacy. Wooded 2½ acre estate. Main house: large living room, fireplace, dining area, kitchen fully equipped, 2 bedrooms, 2 tiled bathrooms, 1 small bedroom, full basement, equipped laundry, deep freeze, enclosed porch. Separate guest house—living room, bedroom, electric kitchen. Now rented one year lease, $1,500. Asking $46,000, make offer. SR Box C-749.

COUNTRY ESTATE—gracious, secluded. Large acreage. Manor house, 13 rooms and two other family homes. $75,000. Box 397, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430.

60-YEAR-OLD HOUSE in 50 acres of woodland teeming with wildlife, 1,500 ft. high in lake country north of Mt. Monadnock with easy access, deep well, central heat, 30 ft. living room, 3 fireplaces, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, full cellar. $19,000. Guy Murchie, RFD, Marlboro, N.H. Phone 603-827-3766.

GREAT NECK, N.Y. Charming barn-red Dutch Colonial, lovely tall trees, corner property, center hall, wood-burning fireplace living room, dining room, eat-in kitchen, screened porch, 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Low taxes, asking $31,000, principals only. 516-HU 2-2898.

For Rent—Furnished

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, new cottages overlooking lake and mountains. Private estate with air field, trout, bass fishing, deer, bear, grouse and turkey hunting, Skiing, skating, swimming, tennis, golf and riding at nearby world-famous Homestead Resort Hotel. Call or write for brochure: Clinton M. Hester, Shoreham Building, Washington, D.C. 202-347-2836; 703-522-1451.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breath-taking views. Weekly. Box C-766.

BROOKLYN—SEAVIEW VILLAGE. 7½ rooms. $250 month. Utilities extra. 212-CL 1-9336.

For Summer Rental

WHITINGHAM, VERMONT—Charming farmhouse, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, kitchen, dining, large pine living room, fireplace. Marlboro Music Festival, summer theater, golf, swimming nearby. $250 per month; $75 per week. R. Morgan, 415 Rye Beach Avenue, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

WRITER'S RETREAT, Granby, Connecticut. Fireplace, brook, cosy. $100 two weeks. September less. SR Box C-755.

CHALET, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT. $160. July 15th-29th. 802-457-1231.

HOUSE, GREAT POND, TRURO. Massachusetts, available for season. $1,750. Also house available July, $600 with washer-dryer. Box 606, Wellfleet. Tel. 617-349-2319.

COMFORTABLE SEASIDE COTTAGE, Port Clyde, Maine. Restful, scenic. Adults only. SR Box C-752.

WHITINGHAM, VERMONT—"Crooked Barn"—on 160 acres; 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, kitchen, large living room and fireplace. Near Marlboro Music Festival, summer theater, golf, swimming. Call weekday evenings 914-WO 7-3054 for details.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN. 3 large rooms, air conditioning. To 9/1/68. $250 monthly. Phone evenings 212-LE 5-7167.

APARTMENT WANTED

Unfurnished

EAST SIDE MANHATTAN. SR staff member, spouse and books seek 3-5 room apartment in quiet, well-run (preferably older) building. Now or Fall. Box B-702.

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

PIED-A-TERRE SHARE charming, air conditioned. Lower Fifth NYC apartment. Keep some clothes, receive messages, sleep over as needed. Sole use many weekends. Responsible professional woman seeks same. References. Reasonable. Box C-758.

MINNEAPOLIS: University coed wants same for air-conditioned apartment beginning September 1st. SR Box C-775.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SENECA LAKE. Beautiful 1-2 acre sites. Excellent fishing, swimming, trees, trails, views, good roads, privacy. Allen Pomeroy, Ovid, N. Y. 14521. Phone 607-869-5964.

NOVA SCOTIA—Presenting Ecum Secum Shores. 1 to 3 acre oceanfront retreats on the beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Famous sailing waters and nearby Atlantic salmon streams. Picturesque harbors, magnificent views, fragrant spruce trees and your own "private beach." Unusual opportunity for investment or summer homesite—not distant but different! $2,500 per retreat. Terms. For tourist information on Nova Scotia write Nova Scotia Travel Bureau, Halifax, Nova Scotia. For free brochure on vacation retreats write: Maritime Enterprises, Ltd., "Canada's Ocean Playground," P.O. Box 283, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

WESTON AREA. Colonial with 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. 90 acres, view, two brooks. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Vermont. 802-824-6000.

ADIRONDACK LAKEFRONT, 100' by 350', $1,700. Clean air. Water sports. Established community. SR Box C-703.

WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

RESORT HOTEL—30 rooms plus 15 cottages, 7 acres, 940' lakefront. Prospect Point, Spring Lake, Michigan. 616-842-5700.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SOUTHERN VERMONT LODGE. On Rt. 103, one of Vermont's busiest east-west highways, small lodge and restaurant. 5 minutes to Okemo Mt. Ski Area, lakes and recreation. Newly renovated, fully equipped. $49,500. Ludlow Lodge, 98 Main Street, Ludlow, Vermont 05149. 802-228-5671.

CAMPS

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

FAMILY CAMPING

STOP . . . to and fro EXPO! Write: Recompence Shore Campsites, Freeport, Maine.

(Continued on page 68)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 67)

RETIREMENT LIVING

ABOUT TO RETIRE? Enjoy it with maximum freedom, desired privacy in gracious, new, suburban-residential setting. Affordable Life Lease, monthly fee provide meals, services, scheduled health care. J. J. Boomgard, Jr., FRIENDS FELLOWSHIP COMMUNITY, 2030 Chester Boulevard, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

VACATIONS

MEXICO! ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only 3 hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Transportation not included. For details write Hoteles Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 56, Mexico 6, D. F.

UNCOMMERCIALIZED LAKE, MOUNTAIN RESORT. Brochure. Weld Inn and Motel, Weld, Maine.

ON THE EXPO ROUTE! Topnotch Inn, Stowe, Vermont. Gorgeous, cool, mountain scenery. Moderate rates, club-like atmosphere. Patio dining. Private, uncrowded 18-hole golf privileges; famous pro. Pool, tennis and pro; sauna. Riding nearby. Summer stock. Write Dept. SR: Brochure. For Reservations, Tel. 802-253-7355.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at the superb Maine resort two hours from Boston. Fine cuisine, cocktail lounge, pool. Gay color folder. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on a sparkling lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, hiking, fine food, Hi-Fi music, true relaxation. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

PHOENIX, ARIZONA'S beautiful Casa Saguaro resort apartments. Large pool, refrigerated. Request rates, brochure. 333 West Medlock.

VERMONT LODGE—Three apartments, studio to 4 bedrooms, Thermopane vacation headquarters, near Mt. Snow and everything. Box C-603.

INCREASE AWARENESS, GAIN PERSPECTIVE, rest, recuperate. Beautiful estate facilities: lodging, nutritious meals, pool. Program: Relax-Rebound, Art Exploration, Counseling, Meditation. Evarts Loomis, M.D., "Meadowlark," Fairview, Hemet, California 92343.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

WYOMING MOUNTAIN RETREAT. Quiet, friendly, comfortable. Fishing. Horses. Library. Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snow-village Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

ENJOY A WEEK of Great Books, great fun and great conversation at Colby College, Waterville, Maine, August 13th through 20th. Write Great Books Summer Institute, 500 Lewis Tower, 15th & Locust Streets, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Late May through October. Folder.

GARDEN GABLES INN, Lenox, Massachusetts 01240. Quiet, restful. Breakfast. Convenient restaurants. Beautiful grounds, in town. Swimming pool. Folder.

VACATIONS

"A SOUTHERN VERMONT VACATION GUIDE." Write for free summer, fall booklet to: Valley of the Inns, Box E, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

CRESTWOOD on a wooded knoll overlooking Peconic Bay. Fishing, boating, bathing, excellent continental cuisine. Adele Posner, Nassau Point, Peconic, L.I., N.Y. 516-PE 4-9092.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming housekeeping apartments, each with kitchens, verandas, air-conditioning, 1-2-3 rooms. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May 26th-October 16th. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907.

THE YODLER—Peace and quiet, fun and frolic. Stowe, Vermont.

DON'T GET ULCERS from mountain climbing over molehills. Come to the HOTEL BEACHCOMBER in Antigua and relax in the sun.

GURNEY'S INN . . . For the fortunate few who can afford the very best. Write for brochure. Dept. 1, Gurney's Inn on the brink o' the beach, Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345. Open all year. Keepers of the Inn, Joyce and Nick Monte.

THE HAYLOFT LODGE and Restaurant: Finest in French and American Cuisine. Extensive wine cellar. Comfortable, clean accommodations. Spacious barn, wood paneled rooms. Close to Marlboro Music Festival. Coldbrook Road, Wilmington, Vermont 05363. Tel. 802-464-3710.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. Weekly, $69 to $79, meals included. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

NEW WRINKLE? No. Walker's Wrinkle, Brooklin, Maine, provides vacationers with comfortable rooms, excellent meals.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

TANGLEWOOD BOUND? Rooms for week or weekend. $6.00 per person. Mrs. D. F. Davis, Orchard House, Tyringham, Massachusetts.

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH—casual island living for your vacation. Write Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

SAND BEACH FARM. Stonington, Maine. John Marin scenery. Beach private. Food, heavenly. Cool, quiet, comfortable. 207-367-2205.

VACATION PLUS . . . Combine recreation, fellowship with congenial people and stimulating discussions on world issues at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate. Swimming, fishing, boating, folk dancing, excursions. Generous family-style meals. Room and board $6 to $9 daily. For full information address WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Conway, New Hampshire 03818.

INFORMAL MODERN HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented creative guests. Day Camp. All sports. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. 12404.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

VACATIONS

RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Near Woodstock. Private Baths, Filtered Pool, Delectable Food. Trails, Trout Streams, Tranquillity. 914-688-7761.

LAKE MICHIGAN FAMILY VACATION RETREAT. Untamed sand beach, tennis pro, children's program, chamber and folk music, films, chalets and apartments in unspoiled verdant setting. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

NEAR TANGLEWOOD—The Inn at the Shaker Mill. 25 guests. Horses, Trout, Robust Table. M.A.P. Canaan, New York 12029.

CHEQUIT INN, historic SHELTER ISLAND, N.Y. (off eastern tip L.I.), one place left in world dedicated to *proposition nice people are not necessarily rich* . . . au contraire . . . Superb food . . . pleasant rooms, most with private bath. Golf, tennis, sandy beaches, sailing nearby. Piano bar. Swiss owner-manager. Brochure, price list. Phone: 516-SH 9-0018.

TANGLEWOOD, JACOBS PILLOW—Shadowood Inn, The Rosenbergs, Lenox, Massachusetts. Phone 413-637-9737. Congenial, literate, informal atmosphere. Jewish-American cuisine. Rates reasonable. Brochure and rates upon request.

IN VERMONT—The Beckoning Country—The Brandon Inn: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip and putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air-conditioning. Less than three hours to EXPO '67. Tel. 802-247-5766. Write Box 75, Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Brandon, Vermont 05766.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

PAINTING IN THE MOUNTAINS. Top instruction. Excellent food. Breathtaking location. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia 24018.

TRAVEL

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZY Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE GUYANA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*Guy-ANN-a.) Caribbean Report, Suite 700, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

YACHTING VACATIONS IN EUROPE: Selection comfortable cruising Yachts GREEK ISLANDS, also unattended craft Irish Rivers. V. E. B. Nicholson & Sons (Antiqua) Ltd., Lynch's Quay, Cobh, Ireland.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1735

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Place faith in.	64 38 167 52 128 97 41
B. Unpropitious.	30 54 48 90 116 72 101 136 174 23
C. Distinguished as being above others, by birth, talent, high station, merit, or virtue.	56 80 9 22 123 166 43
D. Brisk, spirited (music direction).	127 33 69 159 91 170
E. Describing one at an instant of incautiousness (2 wds.)	24 45 99 11 60 131 108 119
F. Pang.	153 146 35 89 7 98
G. Unreservedly.	1 28 62 175 67 82 147 143
H. Soften by kneading, rubbing, etc.	102 15 4 59 121
I. Beneficiary of a certain form of insurance.	117 68 84 115 46 169 165 55 122
J. Magnificent mountain in our NW; an actual "fairy-tale prince"; more precipitous.	162 26 83 77 73 120 112
K. Name given to Solomon in Ecclesiastes.	17 88 130 151 65 176 40 138
L. The eternal military man in Peregrine Pickle (surname).	156 16 2 34 118 87 157 75
M. Person or thing which emits puffs of breath or smoke.	19 37 63 25 158 93 140
N. Everlasting.	5 103 74 132 44 20 134
O. Home of Bernard Berenson, near Florence, now property of Harvard (2 wds.)	141 13 133 86 129 163
P. In greater want.	104 66 154 39 96 139 3
Q. Last Congress under President Wilson (comp.)	42 31 152 95 135 53 168 57 18 8
R. Surprise greatly, as with something unaccountable.	12 36 105 148 124 21 61 51
S. Chief component of the atmosphere of Venus.	160 109 173 144 81 71 47
T. Irregular-looking, as if eaten away.	161 92 114 125 145
U. Plant with useful astringent roots.	27 58 94 137 85 29 126 111
V. About to happen immediately.	79 14 106 113 10 100 142 49
W. Custom in some primitive tribes of a new father's taking to bed and imitating the discomforts of childbirth.	164 107 6 110 172 78 150
X. Official dispenser of funds to the needy.	76 149 32 50 155 70 171

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 G	2 L	3 P		4 H	5 N	6 W	7 F	8 Q	9 C	10 V						
11 E		12 R	13 O		14 V	15 H	16 L	17 K		18 Q	19 M	20 N	21 R	22 C		23 B						
24 E		25 M	26 J	27 U		28 G	29 U	30 B	31 Q	32 X	33 D	34 L	35 F	36 R	37 M	38 A						
39 P		40 K	41 A	42 Q	43 C	44 N	45 E	46 I	47 S	48 B		49 V	50 X		51 R	52 A						
53 Q		54 B	55 I	56 C	57 Q	58 U	59 H	60 E	61 R	62 G	63 M	64 A	65 K	66 P		67 G						
68 I	69 D	70 X	71 S	72 B	73 J	74 N	75 L		76 X	77 J	78 W		79 V	80 C	81 S	82 G						
83 J	84 I	85 U	86 O	87 L	88 K	89 F		90 B		91 D	92 T	93 M	94 U	95 Q	96 P	97 A						
98 F		99 E	100 V	101 B	102 H	103 N	104 P	105 R		106 V	107 W	108 E	109 S		110 W	111 U						
112 J	113 V	114 T	115 I	116 B		117 I	118 L	119 E		120 J	121 H	122 I	123 C	124 R	125 T	126 U						
127 D	128 A		129 O	130 K	131 E	132 N		133 O	134 N	135 Q		136 B	137 U	138 K	139 P	140 M						
	141 O	142 V		143 G	144 S	145 T		146 F	147 G	148 R	149 X	150 W		151 K	152 Q	153 F						
154 P	155 X	156 L		157 L	158 M		159 D	160 S	161 T	162 J	163 O	164 W	165 I	166 C		167 A						
168 Q	169 I	170 D	171 X	172 W	173 S	174 B	175 G	176 K														

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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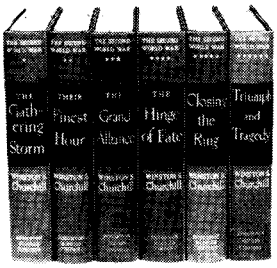

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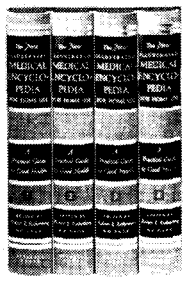

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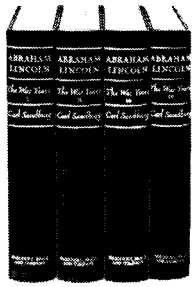

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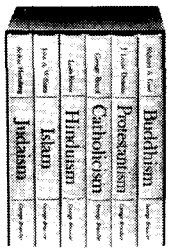

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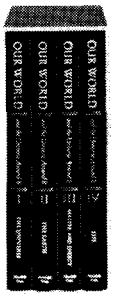

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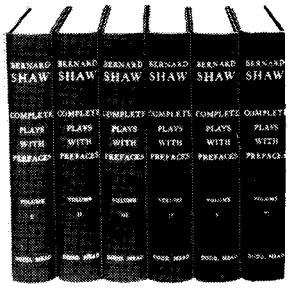

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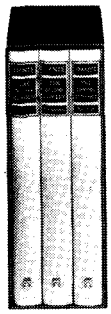

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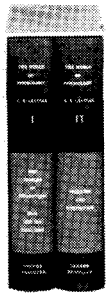

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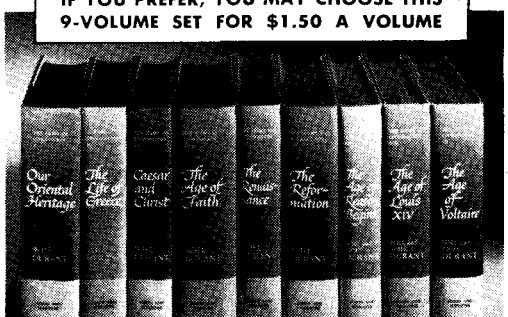

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